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# A COURSE IN CITIZENSHIP

BY

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WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT



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AMERICAN SCHOOL PEACE LEAGUE

*"With Good Will Doing Service."*





## PREFACE

THIS course in citizenship has a significant history. In 1910 the Massachusetts Branch of the American School Peace League appointed a Committee on Methods to devise a practical working outline for teachers which was designed to aid their efforts in giving children an ideal of human brotherhood. Under the direction of Mr. Henry D. Hervey, then of Malden, and the late Mr. B. C. Gregory, of Chelsea, a group of grade teachers in those two cities put together preliminary data for such teaching. Mr. Gregory's sudden death took from us a keen and eager helper.

In the later meetings of the Committee on Methods the ideal of citizenship as Good Will to All Men was accented. Step by step the outline developed into a plan which the Committee has called a Course in Citizenship.

The Committee on Methods received valuable suggestions from Mr. James Van Sickle, of Springfield, Mr. Wilbur F. Gordy, of Hartford, Connecticut, and Mr. Frank Spaulding, of Newton. The detailed planning and execution of the course is due to the five authors, with much kindly assistance from Mr. A. B. Safford, of Reading, Mr. Asher J. Jacoby, now of Elmira, New York, Mr. Clarence Dempsey, of Haverhill, Mrs. Emma B. Gulliver, of Boston, and Mr. William Orr, Deputy Commissioner of Education for Massachusetts. The wisdom of experienced teachers has been abundantly contributed.

When the outline was prepared and every topic carefully discussed as to its best uses in school, a copy was

sent to nearly a hundred superintendents of schools, presidents of colleges and of normal schools, and professors of education throughout the United States. They were asked especially whether the outline, when enlarged and enriched with appropriate material for each year, could find a useful place in the school curriculum. The answers, coming from twenty-two widely scattered States, were almost uniformly favorable. Enthusiastic reception has followed the many talks on this outline of the Course in Citizenship given at educational meetings in America and in Europe. The Federal Bureau of Education printed in Bulletin no. 8, 1912, an early form of the outline.

ELLA LYMAN CABOT, *Editor*.  
FANNIE FERN ANDREWS,  
FANNY E. COE,  
MABEL HILL,  
MARY McSKIMMON.



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## INTRODUCTION

I HAVE great pleasure in writing the introduction to this course in citizenship. It has been prepared by teachers who know, much better than I do, the capacity of the child, during the eight years from six to fourteen, to take in the ideas that this course seeks to inculcate. In this respect it is a practical work. The reputation and experience of its authors insure this. I have been given the privilege of reading many of the chapters of the book and of examining with care a synopsis of its contents and its general plan of arrangement. These justify my expressing an opinion in regard to it from the standpoint of one who is profoundly impressed with the necessity for stirring in the heart of the child patriotism and an ambition to do effective public service as a citizen.

In the early years, the lessons given are simple, with the intention of promoting kindness to one's fellows and to animals, and helpfulness at home and in school, and are well calculated to neutralize the natural tendency in the child to selfishness.

The chapter on manners struck me as admirably adapted to remedy a growing evil among children trained in American homes and in American schools. The danger of the coming generation is a lack of respect for authority and a lack of sense of obligation to observe the rights and the comfort of others. Cardinal Newman said that a gentleman was one who gave another no unnecessary pain. I am sorry to say that with the lax home discipline and the undue prominence and

demoralizing importance that we give to the wishes and whims of our children, it is of the highest importance to refresh the curriculum of our primary schools with instruction, iterated and reiterated, upon this very important part of a child's character, which cannot but seriously affect the future man or woman. We hope and believe that there is a wide improvement in the increase of the fraternal spirit and of the social sense. Nowhere can this progress be clinched for the next generation so well as in our primary and intermediate schools. There is no necessary connection between democracy and rudeness and slouchy conduct and manner. There is no necessary connection between democracy among adults and in government and a lack of discipline in our schools. There is no necessary causal connection between an abolition of privilege, caste and class, and bad manners. The strikes among school-children that we have noted in the public press in various important cities are a most discouraging sign of the kind of discipline that these children have had at home and in the schools. It is just such an evil that this course in citizenship will help to remedy.

When we reach the higher grades of the course, an examination of the poems and stories used, and the methods adopted, to arouse patriotism in the boys and girls, strongly commends them. Of course, a child cannot be given a proper preparation for good citizenship unless love of country is implanted in his heart. In great national stress, when we were in a civil war or when we had a foreign war, there was no trouble in working on the imagination of the children and making them feel the thrill of patriotic emotion; but in times of peace this must be done in other ways. The struggles, courage,

self-sacrifice, and heroism of our ancestors as pioneers in winning the East and the West, and in the Revolution, in the War of 1812, and in the Civil War, are all legitimate instrumentalities with which first to awaken the interest of the child in the story, and then to give his country a personality, for which a concrete affection is thus inspired in him.

I am glad to observe, too, that in a number of the chapters there is brought home to the child the necessity for siding with, sympathizing with, and actively aiding, officials charged with the execution of the law. In the Anglo-Saxon idea of government there was a sense of personal responsibility on the part of the private individual for the proper conduct of government and of identity with it. The part that a jury took in the administration of justice in the English law was a significant illustration and enforcement of this personal responsibility. In continental monarchical forms of government, however, the state was an entity different from the people, and the ordinary subject had the view that the government should have agents to enforce the law and that he need have no anxiety or care in regard to it. There are lessons in this book, which if absorbed by the child — and they are simple enough, it seems to me, for him to absorb them — will certainly fix in his mind the identity of his interest with that of the government.

Then there is a most wholesome course on our duty to welcome to this country, as a refuge, the poor and congested peoples of other countries, who will show their appreciation of the opportunities given them by becoming law-abiding, patriotic citizens and contributing, in their sturdy industry, prudential virtues, and civic activity, to the general welfare.



Then there are much-needed lessons in this course to impress upon the youth who are to receive them the idea that we are not the only people in the world; that we should earnestly cultivate friendship and sympathy with other peoples, and that it is our duty to preserve peace and avoid war; these lessons will also arouse the proper aspiration for a settlement of international disputes by peaceable methods.

Running through the book is a correct appreciation of the great benefits that we have received from past generations and of the importance of preserving them. The poems and stories have been selected with care, and are an earnest of the success with which the book can be used. Beginning with the municipal government and then dealing with the state and federal government, the lessons explain our complicated political system in a simple way. Of course, the interest of the child will first be most easily caught by object lessons in the functions that are daily performed before his eyes in all the multifarious activities of a properly conducted municipal government; and, with this as a basis, the further explanation of his relation to the state and federal governments becomes a matter of easy ascent.

To the authors of the book, all who realize the capital importance of a proper preparation of the coming generation for useful citizenship should feel a debt.

WILLIAM H. TAFT.

NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT.

## TO THE TEACHER

### THE NEED OF A COURSE IN CITIZENSHIP

WHO am I? Where am I going? Who is my neighbor? What ought I to do? Every child sooner or later meets these questions along his path and on his answers hang the issues of his life. To anticipate the direction of the unique life of each child, and to go with him hand in hand a little way — this is the hope of parents and teachers. They must not only be ready with living answers to his questions when they are asked; they must through every year prepare the way for both question and answer by an attitude of expectation. A teacher does not say to her pupil, "You are the child of your parents. They have done much for you. How can you repay it?" but she herself never forgets the need of instilling loyalty and devotion to the family. Quietly and persistently she drops seeds of appreciation, and in daily ways of suggested service she tends and waters in every child the opening leaves of good will.

"For we are members, one of another," that is her constant creed for herself and her class. "With good will doing service," that is the spirit of her daily lessons. The greatest gift from teacher to pupil is an enlarging and enduring standard in his relation to work, play, family, friends, citizenship. Even at six years a child is old enough to feel that he is a member of the school and of his home, and is eager to serve them both in minute but precious ways. Year by year his world widens and he is ready to accept new ties as his own. Throw a peb-

ble into a stream. From a small center the ever-widening circles radiate till they reach the most distant shore. So loyalty to the simplest ties may enlarge circle by circle in the stream of a child's growing life till it reaches the shore of good will among all men.

#### PLAN OF THE COURSE

Our theme is, therefore, that of citizenship governed by good will and expressed in service. We begin in Grade I with the Home as a center. Through the year by story and poem and above all by definite suggestions for helpfulness, the teacher will strengthen the children's devotion to their family. In Grade II the School and Playground are taken up. Both are of absorbing interest to little children and in both they need to see meanings and opportunities greater than they have appreciated. Already in very concrete ways they can be shown how significant in our towns are the public schools, how much thought and money are spent for them, how year by year the schools point onward to new opportunities. In Grade III the children will be ready to take pleasure in recognizing and beginning to help the neighborhood that bounds their little world. The parable of the Good Samaritan told at the beginning of the year gives the keynote for neighborliness.

In these first grades the spirit of helpfulness and good will is suggested through stories, poems, and deeds of kindness rather than by direct teaching about home, school, or neighborhood. In the fourth grade boys and girls can begin to know what a town or city stands for and to see as parts of a whole its different departments: fire, police, health, charity, street, school, and government. The age of hunger for fact has arrived. We can



take advantage of it and develop responsibility in respect to laws and officials.

In Grade V we reach out to the nation as a whole. In every instance we try to relate the historical struggles and achievements with the struggles and achievements of everyday life. When our subject is the heroic virtue of pioneers, we not only give examples from the brave deeds of early settlers, but show how every one of us is called on to be a pioneer in new courage, in advanced and difficult standards of honor, in self-forgetting loyalty.

Grade VI is also given to patriotism because this is the central duty of citizenship. Without our homes and our country we are but strangers on the earth. Until we love our country warmly and intelligently we are not fit to leave the public schools. The need of our time is, in Professor James's stirring words, "to inflame the civic temper." We can do it only by giving to the youth of our land clear, concrete, intimate knowledge of his country's history and by calling on him for his uttermost service. Grade VI accents American ideals: honesty, sympathy, courtesy, industry, courage, self-control, reverence, a sacred regard for the truth.

In Grade VII we show how the life of our nation, from its beginning to the present day, has been closely interrelated with the great world movements. This study will point out to the pupil that even the most distant countries are closely linked to ours. We show also that a citizen of the United States, the melting-pot of the nations, has peculiar obligations in strengthening the ties of human brotherhood; that our national ideals can be realized only if we do our share in promoting the spirit of good will.

In Grade VIII we point out each nation's contribution to the world's work; the acts of friendship, justice, and honor among nations which have drawn them together; and the remarkable growth of agencies such as international conferences, treaties, and the Hague Court of Arbitration, which are making the world one great family. We show the necessity for coöperation on the part of each and all. The course ends with suggestions as to how each one of us can link his individual life to the life of the whole through good will and active service.

#### RELATION TO THE SCHOOL CURRICULUM

This material can be used in many ways. We will suggest a few.

1. *Morning exercises and talks.* Probably the most frequent use of this course in citizenship will be in the morning exercises. In the stories, suggestions for talks, and the bibliography, every teacher will find treasures. Morning exercises may drop into drowsy routine; they may be significant events in a school. This course gives an opportunity to use them for consecutive and definite ends. Can we not, day by day and year by year, deepen a child's conception of his family, his city, and his nation — his human ties? Citizenship is a cold word on lips ignorant of the fire at its heart, a dim word to eyes half closed. But follow the path of devoted citizens and patriots. Watch Clara Barton leaving home and friends to plunge gladly into hardship and horror in the flooded Ohio Valley; look at Lazeer gently and resolutely laying down his life in Cuba that yellow fever may be conquered forever. Patriotism is a word of perilous beauty.

Trace back even a little way the efforts of valiant leaders to bless all people with free education, the march of the pioneer across a bewildering continent, the devotion of the scientist pressing through dark problems to the light of knowledge, the blood-stained toil of laborers in mines and tunnels to make our progress swift, our lives secure, the fathers' struggle to give their children bread. Every advance has meant courage, sacrifice, coöperation. Thinking of these things, our gratitude rises with outstretched hands claiming the right of service.

2. *Reading and story-telling.* Many teachers will like to associate the course in citizenship with reading, literature, and story-telling. In our extracts and references throughout this course we mean to use literature that is beautiful, moving, and of lasting value. Tolstoy's story, "Where Love is God is," to take one instance, illustrates with rare vividness the blessings of kindness to our neighbors. Such stories may be used with great advantage as reading-lessons.

All children love stories. We can use, for example, when teaching "obedience," the delightful story of "Raggylug," in Ernest Seton Thompson's *Wild Animals I Have Known*, and every child in the class will drink it in, moral and all. A moral alone is sharp and bitter as salt without soup, but a moral shaken and stirred into a genuinely good story adds flavor that the child himself appreciates.

3. *Dramatization.* This plan can be of assistance in pageants, in plays, and in the celebration of anniversaries, birthdays of great men, and special occasions. Pictures, too, and, where available, the educational pictures of the biograph illustrating historical events and



various forms of social service, can be used to make the lessons more vivid.

4. *History and geography.* The connection of this outline with history and geography will be clear when we glance at the plan from Grade V to Grade VIII. When the class is studying colonial history the heroic virtues of the early settlers will add appropriate stories. The subject of courage can be illustrated by the story of Daniel Boone, and that of self-control by Washington's conduct after the disastrous defeat of St. Clair. Geography will be well remembered if it is lighted up by a study of racial characteristics and of national flags and songs.

5. *Civics and citizenship.* Throughout our course the accent on good citizenship is marked. In Grades IV and VI especially the outline will lend itself to lessons in citizenship, but the subject is never lost sight of and we believe that the material in definition and support of good citizenship will be a help to every teacher. Our nation cannot afford to have indifferent, ignorant, prejudiced, or corrupt citizens. The inspiration of teaching leaps out of the hope of fanning a great flame of patriotism that shall burn all corruption from politics. Every child in our nation belongs in the teacher's care. If she can instill and inflame in him love and loyalty to his ties, she will have rescued and redeemed the nation.

6. *Ethical training.* Some schools already have definite periods for moral lessons. To them this outline offers a progressive course and many concrete illustrations. Our plan has a single center, the increase of sympathy and good will from year to year. There are no "don'ts" in the foreground; it is positive and not negative, and above all, it dwells not on the self-conscious

idea of virtue for its own sake, but on such loyalty to our actual ties as shall demand every inch of virtue we can acquire.

All good ethical teaching will inevitably reach across from school to home and from home to school. The teacher aims to make the children more helpful, more sympathetic, more obedient at home as well as at school. Her lessons on hygiene and cleanliness should make the daily care of children easier for the parents; her constant exemplification of the spirit of helpfulness suggests to children what they can do to help at home. Our course aims directly to make vivid to children the value of their own homes, and to help them see their homes as part of the working community. In carrying out the plan of this course, parents and teachers can join, the parents following at home and encouraging by home reading the development of good will, which the teacher is strengthening at school.

Unless ethical instruction passes into ethical action, it is worse than useless. Therefore, this course has been planned to give opportunities both for action and training in grasping the principles of right-doing. The spirit of good will grows by service. In every grade we suggest special forms of helpfulness suited to the age and opportunities of the children; — e.g., in Grade II ways of service to the old and feeble; in Grade III ways of service in helping the neighborhood. The older boys may well express their service through civic clubs and the younger boys and girls in Bands of Mercy. In every case the teaching must crystallize into habits of right action.

7. *Incidental teaching.* The use of this outline as an aid in teaching reading, history, geography, civics does not in the least preclude incidental teaching. Often the

very best occasions for instilling moral lessons come through some incident in school or in the neighborhood. The opportunities due to special events should always be used. We believe, however, that our book will suggest stories or acts that will help the teacher to make even more graphic and permanent the lessons of any special occasion.

A teacher may find it preferable to use the topics for each year in a different order from that we have assigned. The marking by months is meant to be suggestive only. The teacher may change the order of subjects, repeat any topic if it seems to her wise and take, if it is best, more or less than a single month on any topic. We do not think of our course as a narrow-gauge road along which every teacher must go, stopping at each station on schedule time. It is rather a series of beacon lights in a wide field, but with a definite goal to be attained at the end of the year.

Great ideals are invading our time. Welcomed or rejected in their weak and humble birth, the ideals of democracy and good will are yet destined to flower anew, blossoms in the twentieth century from a perennial vine. By imparting and by living in the spirit of citizenship every teacher becomes a branch of the great tree of democracy whose roots penetrate from land to land. In her teaching of the ideal of democracy and good will she expresses our perpetual gratitude to the world.

# A COURSE IN CITIZENSHIP

## GRADE I

### HOME

By MARY McSKIMMON

### INTRODUCTION

THE one great theme for the year is Kindness. The ideal of kindness is to be woven into all the relations of the child and directed especially toward his home, his playmates, and that part of the animal world with which children come in contact. In this year the work will be successfully accomplished when the child's life finds its natural expression in activity controlled and beautified by kindness toward all who come within the circle of his little world.

#### *Stories to be used in this grade*

*Child's Book of Stories*, Penrhyn W. Coussens. Duffield.

*For the Children's Hour*, Caroline S. Bailey and Clara M. Lewis. Milton Bradley Co.

*Mother Stories and More Mother Stories*, Maud Lindsay. Milton Bradley Co.

*How to Tell Stories to Children, Stories to Tell to Children, Best Stories to Tell to Children*, Sara Cone Bryant. Houghton Mifflin Co.

*All About Johnny Jones*, Verhoeff. Milton Bradley Co.

*Old Deccan Days*, Mary Frere. Joseph McDonough Co.



*The Silver Crown*, and *The Pig Brother*, Laura E. Richards. Little, Brown & Co.

*The Fables of Æsop*, Joseph Jacobs. The Macmillan Co.

*Collections of poems containing helpful material*

*The Land of Song*, Book 1, Katherine H. Shute. Silver, Burdett & Co.

*Open Sesame*, Book 1, Blanche W. Bellamy and Maud W. Goodwin. Ginn & Co.

*A Book of Verses for Children*, E. V. Lucas. Henry Holt & Co.

*Three Years with the Poets*, Bertha Hazard. Houghton Mifflin Co.

*Graded Poetry*, Alexander and Blake. Maynard, Merrill & Co.

*Poems by Grades*, Ada van S. Harris and Charles B. Gilbert. Charles Scribner's Sons.

*The Listening Child*, Lucy W. Thacher. The Macmillan Co.

*Poems Every Child Should Know*, Mary E. Burt, Doubleday, Page & Co.

## SEPTEMBER: KINDNESS TO PLAYMATES

For the Teacher:

WHAT IS GOOD

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY

"What is the real good?"  
I asked in musing mood.

Order, said the law court;  
 Knowledge, said the school;  
 Truth, said the wise man;  
 Pleasure, said the fool;  
 Love, said the maiden;  
 Beauty, said the page;  
 Freedom, said the dreamer;  
 Home, said the sage;  
 Fame, said the soldier;  
 Equity, the seer; —

Spoke my heart full sadly:  
 "The answer is not here."

Then within my bosom  
 Softly this I heard:  
 "Each heart holds the secret;  
 Kindness is the word."

*Suggestions for morning talks*

(Put these ideas into daily practice whenever opportunity presents itself.)

How to show kindness to playmates.

By helping to put on coats and overshoes.

By refraining from tale-bearing when things go wrong while at play.

By letting new children and smaller ones share in the games.

By helping the teacher make shy newcomers feel at home.

By learning to play, and to pass up and down stairs, or through rooms and corridors without running into one another.

By sharing candy, cake, and fruit with a playmate before tasting it.

By keeping pleasant, instead of sulking, when one can't have one's own way.

Read: "The Horse's Prayer," in *English for Foreigners, Book II*, p. 119, by Sara R. O'Brien. Houghton Mifflin Co.

*Poems to read to children*

"Mabel on Midsummer Day," Mary Howitt, *Poetry for Children*. Houghton Mifflin Co.

"Fairies of the Caldun Low," Mary Howitt, *Book of Famous Verse*. Houghton Mifflin Co.

"The Children's Hour," Longfellow, R.L.S. No. 11. Houghton Mifflin Co.

"The Nurse's Song," William Blake, *Poems*. The Macmillan Co.

"Lullaby of an Infant Chief," Scott, *Poetry for Children*. Houghton Mifflin Co.

"Old Gaelic Lullaby," Unknown, *The Land of Song*, I.

"A Good Boy," "Foreign Children," "A Good Play,"

"The Lamp Lighter," Robert Louis Stevenson, *A Child's Garden of Verses*. Charles Scribner's Sons.

"Suppose," Phoebe Cary. See Grade II, p. 77.

## DEEDS OF KINDNESS

EPES SARGENT

Suppose the little cowslip  
Should hang its golden cup,  
And say, "I'm such a tiny flower,  
I'd better not grow up;"  
How many a weary traveler  
Would miss its fragrant smell!  
How many a little child would grieve  
To lose it from the dell!



Suppose the glistening dewdrop  
Upon the grass should say,  
"What can a little dewdrop do?  
I'd better roll away;"  
The blade on which it rested,  
Before the day was done,  
Without a drop to moisten it,  
Would wither in the sun.

Suppose the little breezes,  
Upon a summer's day,  
Should think themselves too slight to cool  
The traveler on his way;  
Who would not miss the smallest  
And softest ones that blow,  
And think they made a great mistake  
If they were acting so?

How many deeds of kindness  
A little child may do,  
Although it has so little strength,  
And little wisdom, too!  
It wants a loving spirit,  
Much more than strength, to prove  
How many things a child may do  
For others, by its love.

## THE QUEEN BEE

THE BROTHERS GRIMM

A king once had two sons who were thought to be very clever; but they wasted their time and money and never did very much good in the world. They had a younger brother, whom they called "simpleton" because he was quiet and simple.

They made fun of him, telling him that he would

never get along in the world because he was not as clever as they were.

One evening they all went out for a walk together, and in their path they found an ant hill. The two elder brothers wanted to upset the ant hill, so that they could see the little ants running about in their fright and carrying away their eggs to a safe place. But the simpleton said: —

“No, no; let the poor little things alone. Don’t spoil their nice house.”

Then they went on until they came to a lake where a great many ducks were swimming.

The brothers wished to catch one to roast, but the simpleton said: —

“Please leave the poor birds in peace. I cannot bear to have you kill any of them.”

So the ducks were left to live, and the three brothers walked on again until they came to a bee’s nest in a tree, with honey running all over the trunk.

The two brothers wanted to light a fire under the tree to smother the bees, so that they could take away the honey, but the younger brother begged them not to.

“Leave the poor things in peace,” said he. “I cannot bear to think of their being burnt.”

Again they listened to him, even though they thought him stupid; and they all walked on until they came to a castle.

Inside the castle they found an old man who seemed to be very deaf. When he saw them he did not say a word, but led them to a table covered with good things to eat. After they had eaten and drunk as much as they wished, he showed them beds where they could sleep.

The next morning the gray old man came to the eldest brother, made signs to him to follow, and led him to a stone table, on which were written three sentences. The first sentence said: —

"In the wood under the moss are hidden a thousand pearls lost by the king's daughter. Whoever can find them all in one day before the sun goes down will free the castle from its spell. But if he should search and not succeed before sunset, he will be turned to stone."

The eldest brother read these words and decided to try. He looked all day, but at sunset he had found only a hundred pearls, and was therefore turned into stone.

In spite of this, the second brother made an attempt and began his task in the evening, so that he looked all night. By sunset next day he had found only two hundred pearls and was turned to stone like his brother.

At last the simpleton had to look for the pearls, but he was very unhappy at having to do it, for he thought that he was so much stupider than his brothers that if they had failed, of course there could be no chance for him.

As he sat thinking about it, he saw coming toward him the ant king, whose life and house he had saved. He had brought with him five thousand of his ants, and it was not long before they had found all the pearls, and piled them up in a large heap. Then they went home, hardly waiting for his thanks. They had been glad to help him and thus show their gratitude.

When the simpleton went back to the castle with the pearls, he was given another task to do. It was to bring from the bottom of the lake where it was sunk, the key of the princess's sleeping room.

Of course, he could not possibly hope to do this by himself, but when he went down to the lake he found there the very ducks that he had saved from being killed. They knew him at once, and when they heard what he wanted, they quickly dived to the bottom of the lake and got the key for him.

Now the third thing he had to do was the hardest of all. He had to go into the room where the king's three

daughters were sleeping, find out which was the youngest, and wake her. They all looked so much alike that he could not tell them apart. The only difference was that before going to sleep the eldest had eaten barley sugar, the second a little syrup, and the youngest a spoonful of honey. But how could he tell which had eaten the honey? Just as he was wondering what he should do about it, in came the queen bee he had seen the day before. She quickly flew to each of the sisters, and lit on their lips as if they were flowers. And, of course, she knew all about honey because she made it herself, so she could tell which one had eaten the honey.

She remained sitting on the mouth of the youngest. Then the boy knew which sister to waken. The castle was freed from its spell in a moment, and every one who had been turned to stone was changed back again.

You may be sure the older brothers no longer thought their younger brother was a simpleton.

## OCTOBER: KINDNESS TO ANIMALS

For the Teacher:

### THE DIVINE IMAGE

WILLIAM BLAKE

To Mercy, Pity, Peace, and Love,  
All pray in their distress,  
And to these virtues of delight  
Return their thankfulness.

For Mercy, Pity, Peace, and Love,  
Is God our Father dear;  
And Mercy, Pity, Peace, and Love,  
Is man, his child and care.



*Suggestions for morning talks*

How should you treat your dog, if you want him to love you?

Pat him kindly.

Speak to him gently.

Why does pussy dislike to have you pull her tail? Why does she purr when you stroke her fur the right way?

What three things must you remember every day if your pets are to be glad they are yours?

To feed them at the right time.

To give them plenty of clean, fresh water to drink.

To give them a good warm bed at night.

Did you ever think how much the toads and frogs and turtles and birds must suffer when they are frightened and hurt?

How can you try to be a friend to every animal you see?

How can you help the birds?

In summer by keeping shallow pans of water for them to drink from and bathe in.

In winter by fastening a suet bag to a tree. Watch for the chickadees, woodpeckers and juncos. Some of them will find it.

*Poems to read to children*

"Hiawatha's Childhood," Longfellow. R.L.S. No. 13-14. Houghton Mifflin Co.

"Piccola," Celia Thaxter. See Grade II, p. 60.

"I Love Little Pussy," Jane Taylor, in *Three Years with the Poets*, Hazard. Houghton Mifflin Co.

"Thank You, Pretty Cow," Jane Taylor, in *Three Years with the Poets*, Hazard. Houghton Mifflin Co.

"Mary's Lamb," S. J. Hale, in *Poetry for Children*. Houghton Mifflin Co.

- "Who Stole the Bird's Nest," Lydia Maria Child. *Graded Poetry Selections*. Educational Publishing Co.
- "The Little Ladybird," Caroline B. Southey. *Nature in Verse, for Children*. Silver, Burdett & Co.
- "The Lamb," William Blake. R.L.S. No. 59. Houghton Mifflin Co.
- "A Night with a Wolf," Bayard Taylor. See Grade III, p. 89.
- "St. Francis to the Birds," Longfellow. *Voices for the Speechless*. Houghton Mifflin Co.
- "Playing Robinson Crusoe," Kipling, *Just So Stories*. Doubleday, Page & Co.

### THE OX WHO WON THE FORFEIT <sup>1</sup>

Long ago a man owned a very strong Ox. The owner was so proud of his Ox, that he boasted to every man he met about how strong his Ox was.

One day the owner went into a village, and said to the men there: "I will pay a forfeit of a thousand pieces of silver if my Ox cannot draw a line of one hundred wagons."

The men laughed and said: "Very well; bring your Ox, and we will tie a hundred wagons in a line and see your Ox draw them along."

So the man brought his Ox into the village. A crowd gathered to see the sight. The hundred carts were in line, and the strong Ox was yoked to the first wagon.

Then the owner whipped his Ox, and said, "Get up, you wretch! Get along, you rascal!"

But the Ox had never been talked to in that way, and he stood still. Neither the blows nor the hard names could make him move.

At last the poor man paid his forfeit, and went sadly

<sup>1</sup> From *Jataka Tales*, Ellen C. Babbitt. The Century Co.

home. There he threw himself on his bed and cried: "Why did that strong Ox act so? Many a time he has moved heavier loads easily. Why did he shame me before all those people?"

At last he got up and went about his work. When he went to feed the Ox that night, the Ox turned to him and said: "Why did you whip me to-day? You never whipped me before. Why did you call me 'wretch' and 'rascal?' You never called me hard names before."

Then the man said: "I will never treat you badly again. I am sorry I whipped you and called you names. I will never do so any more. Forgive me."

"Very well," said the Ox. "To-morrow I will go into the village and draw the one hundred carts for you. You have always been a kind master until to-day. To-morrow you shall gain what you lost."

The next morning the owner fed the Ox well, and hung a garland of flowers about his neck. When they went into the village the men laughed at the man again.

They said: "Did you come back to lose more money?"

"To-day I will pay a forfeit of two thousand pieces of silver if my Ox is not strong enough to pull the one hundred carts," said the owner.

So again the carts were placed in a line, and the Ox was yoked to the first. A crowd came to watch again. The owner said: "Good Ox, show how strong you are! You fine, fine creature!" And he patted his neck and stroked his sides. At once the Ox pulled with all his strength. The carts moved on until the last cart stood where the first had been.

Then the crowd shouted, and they paid back the forfeit the man had lost, saying: "Your Ox is the strongest Ox we ever saw." And the Ox and the man went home, happy.

THE SNOW-BIRD <sup>1</sup>

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN

When all the ground with snow is white,  
The merry snow-bird comes,  
And hops about with great delight  
To find the scattered crumbs.

How glad he seems to get to eat  
A piece of cake or bread!  
He wears no shoes upon his feet,  
Nor hat upon his head.

But happiest is he, I know,  
Because no cage with bars  
Keeps him from walking on the snow  
And printing it with stars.

NOVEMBER: RESPONSIBILITY FOR  
CLEANLINESS AND CARE

For the Teacher:

## GRADATIM

JOSIAH GILBERT HOLLAND

Heaven is not reached at a single bound;  
But we build the ladder by which we rise  
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,  
And we mount to its summit round by round.

*Suggestions for morning talks*

Why should children have clean bodies?  
To keep well.

<sup>1</sup> From *Little Folk Lyrics*. Houghton Mifflin Co.



To be self-respecting.

To be pleasant companions.

Why should they brush their teeth thoroughly every day?

Teeth not cleaned are not pleasant to look at.

Unclean teeth decay easily.

Decayed teeth lead to sickness.

What can even the smallest children in school do to make themselves clean and so help to keep well and strong?

Come to school every day with clean hands and face.

Brush their teeth every day.

Keep their hair well brushed.

Clean the nails after washing the hands.

Bring a handkerchief to school every day. Use it before school begins.

How can little children help to keep their clothes neat and tidy?

By hanging up coat and hat as soon as they come in.

By trying to find the clean places on the crossings, so as not to step in the mud.

What other things will clean children remember?

Never to throw paper on floors or sidewalks or playgrounds.

To help their teachers keep the school always clean and beautiful.

Never to put pencils in the mouth.

Never to wet the fingers in the mouth in order to turn pages of books or to handle cards.

Never to spit on floors or on sidewalks.

Never to mark with chalk any fences or buildings.

Never to scratch desks.

Never to swap gum or suckers.

*Poems and stories to read or tell to children*

*Clean Peter and the Children of Grubbylea.* Trans. by Ada Wallas. Longmans, Green & Co.

*Goops and How to be Them, and More Goops,* Gelett Burgess. F. A. Stokes Co.

*The Pig Brother,* Laura E. Richards. Little, Brown & Co.  
"Billy, Betty and Ben as Soldiers." *The Golden Ladder Book.* The Macmillan Co.

### TOM, THE CHIMNEY SWEEP <sup>1</sup>

Once upon a time there was a chimney-sweep, and his name was Tom. He lived in a great town where there were plenty of chimneys to sweep; he could not read or write and he never washed himself, for there was no water in the court where he lived.

Tom and his master, Mr. Grimes, set out one morning for Harthover Place, where they were to sweep the chimneys. Mr. Grimes rode the donkey in front and Tom with the brushes walked behind. Soon they came up with a poor Irishwoman, trudging along with a bundle at her back. She walked beside Tom and asked him all about himself, till Tom thought he had never met such a pleasant-spoken woman.

At last they came to a spring; there Grimes stopped, clambered over the low wall, knelt down, and began dipping his head into the spring, and very dirty he made it. Tom was picking the flowers as fast as he could, but when he saw Grimes actually wash he stopped quite astonished, and said, "My! master, I never saw you do that before."

"Nor will again, most likely. 'T was n't for cleanliness I did it, but for coolness. I'd be ashamed to want washing every week or so, like any smutty collier-lad."

<sup>1</sup> Abridged from *The Water Babies*, by Charles Kingsley.

"I wish I might go and dip my head in," said poor little Tom.

"Thou come along," said Grimes. "What dost thou want with washing thyself?" — and he began beating Tom.

"Are you not ashamed of yourself, Thomas Grimes?" cried the Irishwoman.

Grimes seemed quite cowed and got on his donkey without a word.

"Stop," said the Irishwoman. "I have one more word. Those that wish to be clean, clean they will be; and those that wish to be foul, foul they will be."

How many chimneys Tom swept at Harthover Place I cannot say, but he lost his way in them, came down the wrong one, and found himself in a room the like of which he had never seen before. The room was all dressed in white, white curtains, white chairs, and white walls. Then looking toward the bed he held his breath with astonishment. Under the snow-white coverlet, upon the snow-white pillow, lay the most beautiful little girl Tom had ever seen.

"She never could have been dirty," thought Tom, and then, "Are all people like that when they are washed?" And he looked at his own wrist and tried to rub the soot off. Looking round, he saw close to him, a little ugly, black, ragged figure with bleared eyes and grinning white teeth. What did such a little black ape want in that sweet young lady's room? And behold, it was himself reflected in a great mirror.

And Tom for the first time in his life found out that he was dirty and burst into tears of shame and anger. He turned to sneak up the chimney again and hide, but upset the fender and threw the fire-irons down with a great noise. Under the window spread a tree, and Tom went down the tree like a cat and across the garden towards the woods.

The under-gardener, mowing, saw Tom, threw down his scythe, and gave chase. Grimes upset the soot bag in the new gravel yard; but he ran out and gave chase to Tom. Tom ran on and on; he was far away from Harthover, having left the gardener and Grimes behind. Through the wood he could see a clear stream, and far, far away the river. Then he fell asleep and dreamed that the little white lady called to him, "Oh, you're so dirty; go and be washed"; and then he heard the Irishwoman say, "They that wish to be clean, clean they will be."

All of a sudden he found himself between sleep and awake, in the middle of the meadow, saying continually, "I must be clean, I must be clean." He went to the bank of the brook, and dipped his hand in, and found the water cool, cool; and he said again, "I must be clean, I must be clean." And he put his poor, hot, sore feet into the water; and then his legs. "Ah," said Tom, "I must be quick and wash myself."

## DECEMBER: MAKING OTHERS HAPPY

For the Teacher:

### SERVICE <sup>1</sup>

EDWARD ROWLAND SILL

Fret not that the day is gone,  
And thy task is still undone.  
'T was not thine, it seems, at all:  
Near to thee it chanced to fall,  
Close enough to stir thy brain,  
And to vex thy heart in vain.

<sup>1</sup> From *Complete Poems*. Houghton Mifflin Co.



Somewhere, in a nook forlorn,  
Yesterday a babe was born:  
He shall do thy waiting task;  
All thy questions he shall ask,  
And the answers will be given,  
Whispered lightly out of heaven.

*Suggestions for morning talks*

There is excellent material that will arouse little children to the festival spirit of Christmas, in *Christmas in Olden Times*, and in *Many Lands*, by Evelyn D. Walker (W. M. Welch & Co., Chicago). The second part is of great value to the primary teacher in awakening the interest of little children in the Christmas customs of Scotland, Norway, Sweden, Russia, France, Italy, Germany, etc. Many of these pretty festivities could be represented by home-made devices, and by a few dolls dressed in the costumes illustrated in the volume named.

Christmas makes us happy because it gives us the chance to make others happy.

We should give gifts that bring happiness.

Something that has cost loving, careful thought and work, even if it cost only a little money.

Pleasant greetings and kind wishes.

A little Christmas letter to friends that are far away.

What is the Christmas spirit for receiving gifts?

Always remember to thank every one who has given you the smallest gift. The smallest first grade child can write, "I thank you," at this time of year.

Did you ever try to make an absent sick child happy by giving him a scrap book, where each scholar did something to make it beautiful?

Make the birds happy by putting your Christmas tree out of doors, when you are through with it. Fasten on it some bones or suet, and place some bread or suet on a board.

*Poems and stories to read or tell to children*

"While Stars of Christmas Shine," Emilie Poulsson, *Holiday Songs*, etc. Milton Bradley Co.

"An Old Christmas Carol," and "A Visit from St. Nicholas," Moore, in *Three Years with the Poets*, Hazard. Houghton Mifflin Co.

"Purring When You're Pleased," Mrs. Alfred Gatty, *Parables from Nature*. Everyman's Library.

*When the King Came*, George Hodges, chaps. I-IV. Houghton Mifflin Co.

"Story of Christmas," in *The Story Hour*, Kate Douglas Wiggin and Nora A. Smith. Houghton Mifflin Co.

"Little Pine Tree," and "Little Fir Tree," Hans Christian Andersen.

"The Little Friend," Abbie Farwell Brown, *The Flower Princess*. Houghton Mifflin Co.

*Bed-Time Stories*, Louise Chandler Moulton. Little, Brown & Co.

"The First Christmas Tree," "The Symbol and the Saint," and "The Coming of the Prince," Eugene Field, *Little Book of Profitable Tales*. Charles Scribner's Sons.

"Bethlehem Town," and "Jest 'fore Christmas," Eugene Field, *Poems*. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Old Carols, (1) "From far away we come to you," (2) "We three kings of Orient are," (3) "There came three kings at break of day."

"The Little Fir Tree," Sara Cone Bryant, *Stories to Tell to Children*. Houghton Mifflin Co.

HILDA'S CHRISTMAS <sup>1</sup>

MARTHA A. L. LANE

Standing apart from the childish throng,  
Little Hilda was silent and sad;  
She could not join in the happy song,  
She could not echo the voices glad.

"What can I do on Christmas day?  
I am so little and we are so poor."  
She said to herself in a dreary way  
"I wish there was never a Christmas more.

"Mother is sick and father can't know  
How children talk of their gifts and their joy,  
Or he'd surely try, he loves me so,  
To get me just one single toy."

"But Christmas is n't for what you get,"  
She heard a small, sweet, tender voice, —  
"It's for what you give," said wee Janet,  
And the words made Hilda's heart rejoice.

"It is n't our birthday," went on the mite,  
"It is Christ's, you know; and I think he 'd say  
If he were to talk with us to-night  
That he 'd wish us to keep it his own way."

A plan came into Hilda's head;  
It seemed to her she could hardly wait.  
"I can't give nice things," she bravely said,  
"But I 'll do what I can to celebrate."

"I can give the baby a day of fun;  
I can take my plant to the poor, lame boy;

<sup>1</sup> By permission of the author.

I can do mother's errands, — every one;  
And my old kite I can mend for Roy.

“I can read to father and save his eyes;  
I can feed the birds in the locust grove;  
I can give the squirrels a fine surprise  
And grandma shall have a letter of love.”

Now when that busy day was done,  
And tired Hilda crept to bed,  
She forgot that she had no gift of her own.  
“What a lovely Christmas it was!” she said.

## JANUARY: FAITHFULNESS

For the Teacher:

Whatever any one does or says, I must be good;  
just as if the gold, or the emerald, or the purple were  
always saying this, “Whatever any one else does, I must  
be emerald and keep my color.” — MARCUS AURELIUS.

*Suggestions for morning talks*

Read to the children Phoebe Cary's poem, “A Leak in  
the Dike.”

Discuss with the class the character of little Peter:

His obedience to his mother.

His kindness to the old man.

His courage in stopping with his arm the leak in the  
great dike.

His faithfulness to his task through the long, dark,  
cold night.

Why he is remembered and loved and honored.

Peter is the boy whose deeds prove his faithfulness.

How can we be faithful too?



By coming to school every day on time: this is being faithful to one's school.

By keeping a promise: this is being faithful to one's word.

By trying to do one's work exactly right: this is being faithful to one's duty.

By going straight home when school is done: not loitering by the way or going to play when forbidden, is being faithful to one's mother.

How many other ways can you think of?

Doing errands well without forgetting.

Going to bed cheerfully and readily when bedtime comes.

Telling the truth is being faithful to God.

*Poems and stories to read or tell to children*

"The Lost Doll," Charles Kingsley, in *Three Years with the Poets*, Hazard. Houghton Mifflin Co.

"Robin Redbreast," William Allingham, *Book of Famous Verse*. Houghton Mifflin Co.

"Twinkle, twinkle little Star," Jane Taylor, in *Selections for Memorizing*. Ginn & Co.

"If I were a Sunbeam," Lucy Larcom, *Childhood Songs*. Houghton Mifflin Co.

"Good-Night and Good-Morning," and "Lady Moon," Lord Houghton. R.L.S. Nos. 59 and 70. Houghton Mifflin Co.

"A Child's Prayer," M. Betham Edwards, in *Poems by Grades*, Harris and Gilbert. Charles Scribner's Sons.

"The Tempest," James T. Fields. R.L.S. No. X. Houghton Mifflin Co.

*The Cock, the Mouse, and the Little Red Hen.*

Félicité Lefèvre. Jacobs & Co.

"Dust under the Rug," Maud Lindsay. See Grade III, p. 111.

"Story of the Pigs," Joel Chandler Harris, *Nights with Uncle Remus*. Houghton Mifflin Co.

"The Seven Ways of the Woods," Ellen C. Babbitt, *Jataka Tales*. Century Co.

## A LEAK IN THE DIKE <sup>1</sup>

PHOEBE CARY

*A Story of Holland*

The good dame looked from her cottage  
 At the close of the pleasant day,  
 And cheerily called to her little son  
 Outside the door at play:  
 "Come, Peter, come! I want you to go,  
 While there is light to see,  
 To the hut of the blind old man who lives  
 Across the dike, for me;  
 And take these cakes I made for him —  
 They are hot and smoking yet;  
 You have time enough to go and come  
 Before the sun is set."

. . . . .

And now, with his face all glowing,  
 And eyes as bright as the day  
 With the thoughts of his pleasant errand,  
 He trudged along the way;  
 And soon his joyous prattle  
 Made glad a lonesome place —  
 Alas! if only the blind old man  
 Could have seen that happy face!

<sup>1</sup> Abridged from the *Poetical Works of Alice and Phoebe Cary*. Houghton Mifflin Co.

Yet he somehow caught the brightness  
Which his voice and presence lent;  
And he felt the sunshine come and go  
As Peter came and went.

And now, as the day was sinking,  
And the winds began to rise,  
The mother looked from her door again,  
Shading her anxious eyes;  
And saw the shadows deepen  
And birds to their homes come back,  
But never a sign of Peter  
Along the level track.  
But she said, "He will come at morning,  
So I need not fret or grieve —  
Though it is n't like my boy at all  
To stay without my leave."

But where was the child delaying?  
On the homeward way was he,  
And across the dike while the sun was up  
An hour above the sea.  
He was stopping now to gather flowers,  
Now listening to the sound,  
As the angry waters dashed themselves  
Against their narrow bound.  
"Ah! well for us," said Peter,  
"That the gates are good and strong,  
And my father tends them carefully,  
Or they would not hold you long!"

. . . . .  
But hark! Through the noise of waters  
Comes a low, clear, trickling sound;  
And the child's face pales with terror,  
And his blossoms drop to the ground.

He is up the bank in a moment,  
And, stealing through the sand,  
He sees a stream not yet so large  
As his slender, childish hand.  
*'Tis a leak in the dike!* He is but a boy,  
Unused to fearful scenes;  
But, young as he is, he has learned to know  
The dreadful thing that means.

For he knows the smallest leak may grow  
To a flood in a single night;  
And he knows the strength of the cruel sea  
When loosed in its angry might.

And the boy! He has seen the danger,  
And, shouting a wild alarm,  
He forces back the weight of the sea  
With the strength of his single arm!  
He listens for the joyful sound  
Of a footstep passing nigh;  
And lays his ear to the ground, to catch  
The answer to his cry.

He sees no hope, no succor,  
His feeble voice is lost;  
Yet what shall he do but watch and wait,  
Though he perish at his post!

He thinks of his brother and sister,  
Asleep in their safe warm bed;  
He thinks of his father and mother,  
Of himself as dying — and dead;  
And of how, when the night is over,  
They must come and find him at last:  
But he never thinks he can leave the place  
Where duty holds him fast.



The good dame in the cottage  
Is up and astir with the light,  
For the thought of her little Peter  
Has been with her all night.  
And now she watches the pathway,  
As yester eve she had done;  
But what does she see so strange and black  
Against the rising sun?  
Her neighbors are bearing between them  
Something straight to her door;  
Her child is coming home, but not  
As he ever came before!

"He is dead!" she cries; "my darling!"  
And the startled father hears,  
And comes and looks the way she looks,  
And fears the thing she fears:  
Till a glad shout from the bearers  
Thrills the stricken man and wife —  
"Give thanks, for your son has saved our land,  
And God has saved his life!"  
So, there in the morning sunshine  
They knelt about the boy;  
And every head was bared and bent  
In tearful, reverent joy.

'T is many a year since then; but still,  
When the sea roars like a flood,  
Their boys are taught what a boy can do  
Who is brave and true and good.  
For every man in that country  
Takes his son by the hand,  
And tells him of little Peter,  
Whose courage saved the land.

They have many a valiant hero,  
Remembered through the years:

But never one whose name so oft  
Is named with loving tears.  
And his deed shall be sung by the cradle,  
And told to the child on the knee,  
So long as the dikes in Holland  
Divide the land from the sea!

## THE DOG OF HELVELLYN

MARY McSKIMMON

High up on the mountain side a hunter climbed followed by his faithful dog. In the mist and storm the hunter lost his way, slipped over a steep cliff and was killed. The good and faithful dog never left his side. The storm cleared off and the stars came out, while the noble animal waited for his master to get up and speak to him.

Morning came and the bright sunshine, but the dog never thought of giving up his watchful care. All alone on the mountain where no one came for many weeks, he watched faithfully by his dead master.

He must have found food for himself somewhere. Perhaps he caught little field mice or rabbits that lived there, and drank water from a brook close by. Never did the good dog forget his master's love and care for him, and so through the weary weeks and months with never a word to cheer or comfort his aching heart he watched faithfully.

At last one day a party of huntsmen came to the spot where the good dog waited. It made their hearts ache to see how thin and worn the poor dog was. They took up the body of his master and the faithful dog followed close behind, till they reached the long lost home.

Should not a child learn to be faithful when a dog knew the lesson so well?

## FEBRUARY: THE KINDNESS OF GREAT MEN

For the Teacher:

The bravest are the tenderest,  
The loving are the daring.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

### *Suggestions for morning talks*

Tell the children the story of "The Ugly Duckling."

Hans Andersen, the author, wrote it to show how greatly kindness is needed everywhere. He became a great and honored man who was always kind to the unfortunate.

Abraham Lincoln, whose birthday we remember this month, had a heart brimful of kindness. His heart was filled with pity for the poor black slaves, and he caused them to be freed. He was always good to his mother. Once he said, "All that I am, I owe to my mother."

Henry W. Longfellow showed his kindness to every one, friend, neighbor, and stranger alike. Listen to the poem called "The Children's Hour." What does it show us about his own children?

Hundreds of years ago an English soldier named Sir Philip Sidney was wounded in a battle. He was suffering terribly and was almost dying of thirst. Some one took him a cup of water. Just as he was going to drink it, he saw another poor wounded soldier look longingly at the water. Sir Philip gave it all to him saying, "Take it, your need is greater than mine." What made him give away the water he wanted so much?

Robert Louis Stevenson wrote poems that all children love. For many years he lived far away from his home on an island called Samoa. The people were brown there. They were poor and humble and had no money or rich gifts to give Mr. Stevenson to show their love for all his daily kindness to them, so they built a long, long road straight up the hills from the sea to his home. Mr. Stevenson was delighted to have a beautiful smooth road to ride on, and he called it "The Road of the Loving Hearts." Why?

Hundreds of years ago a great man called St. Francis was so kind to all, that people said even a big gray wolf stopped killing the sheep of the poor peasants because St. Francis asked him to. (Read extracts from *Everybody's St. Francis*, Maurice F. Egan. The Century Co.) How could a man have so much power with wild beasts?

### THE WOLF OF GUBBIO <sup>1</sup>

What time St. Francis abode in the city of Agobio (Gubbio) there appeared in the country an exceeding great wolf, terrible and fierce, which not only devoured animals but also men, so that all the city folk stood in great fear; none durst go forth of that place. St. Francis, having compassion on the people, went forth with his companions, putting all his trust in God. And the others misdoubting to go further, St. Francis took the road to the place where the wolf lay. In the sight of many of the townsfolk that had come out to see this miracle, the wolf made at St. Francis with open mouth. St. Francis called to him: "Come hither, brother wolf: I command thee in the name of Christ that thou do no

<sup>1</sup> Abridged from *The Little Flowers of St. Francis*. The Macmillan Co.



harm, nor to me nor to any one." O wondrous thing! the wolf shut his jaws and stayed his running, and when he was bid, came gently as a lamb and laid him down at the feet of St. Francis. Thereat St. Francis thus bespake him: "Brother wolf, much harm hast thou wrought in these parts, spoiling and slaying the creatures of God, without His leave: But I would fain, brother wolf, make peace between thee and these; so that thou mayest no more offend them, and they may forgive thee, and nor men nor dogs pursue thee any more." The wolf with movements of body, tail, and eyes, and by the bending of his head, gave sign of his assent, and of his will to abide thereby. Then spake St. Francis again: "Brother wolf, sith it pleaseth thee to make this peace, I will see to it that the folk of this place give thee food so long as thou shalt live; for I wot well that through hunger hast thou wrought all this ill. But I will, brother wolf, that thou promise me to do none hurt to any more; dost promise me this?" And the wolf promised. Then quoth St. Francis, "I will that thou plight me troth for this promise," and stretching forth his hand, the wolf lifted up his right paw and laid it gently on the hand of St. Francis. Then quoth St. Francis: "Brother wolf, I bid thee come now with me and let us stablish this peace in God's name." And the wolf obedient set forth with him; and straightway the bruit of it was spread through the city, so that all the people, men-folk and women-folk, great and small, young and old, gat them to the market place to see the wolf with St. Francis. And St. Francis said to them; "Brother wolf hath promised me to offend no more in any thing; and do ye promise him to give him every day whate'er he needs." Then promised all the folk with one accord to give him food abidingly. Then quoth St. Francis: "And thou, brother wolf, doth thou promise to keep this pact of peace?" And the wolf knelt him

down and bowed his head. Therewith all began to lift up their voices blessing God, that had sent St. Francis unto them, who by his merits had set them free from the jaws of the cruel beast. And thereafter this same wolf lived two years in Agobio; and went like a tame beast in and out the houses, from door to door, without doing hurt to any or any doing hurt to him, and was courteously nourished by the people; and as he passed thuswise through the country and the houses, never did any dog bark behind him. At length, after a two years' space, brother wolf died of old age: whereat the town-folk sorely grieved, sith marking him pass so gently through the city, they minded them the better of the virtue and sanctity of St. Francis.

## MARCH: GENEROSITY

For the Teacher:

Dust as we are, the immortal spirit grows  
Like harmony in music; there is a dark  
Inscrutable workmanship that reconciles  
Discordant elements, makes them cling together  
In one society. How strange that all  
The terrors, pains, and early miseries,  
Regrets, vexations, lassitudes interfused  
Within my mind, should e'er have borne a part,  
And that a needful part, in making up  
The calm existence that is mine, when I  
Am worthy of myself!

WORDSWORTH, *The Prelude*,  
Book 1.

*Suggestions for morning talks*

Read Phoebe Cary's poem "A Legend of the North-land."

Be sure that the children's ideas are clear concerning

the details of the story. Try to have them find the truth underlying the make-believe.

What kind of a country is the Northland?

What is the reindeer used for?

Where do the children get their clothes?

What was the good saint doing?

Why did he ask the woman for a cake?

Why did she make a small one, and still a smaller?

Why did she keep them all?

Do we like stingy people?

Do we want to be stingy?

What was her punishment?

Contrast this story with the true and well known devotion of the eider duck that plucks the down from her own breast to line the nest and keep her babies warm in the cold land of Labrador. Why do we love this bird?

How can a child be generous?

Sharing his pleasures.

Letting others play with his toys.

Letting his playmate or little sister have the prettiest apple, or the largest piece of cake.

By not taking up too much of the teacher's time from the rest of the class.

Letting some one else have the first chance on the swing.

By refusing to take all the good things, even if they are offered to him.

*Poems and stories to read or tell to children*

"I Love You, Mother," Joy Allison. See Grade III, p. 91.

"Little Bell," Thomas Westwood. *Fireside Encyclopedia of Poetry*. H. T. Coates & Co.

- "Alec Yeaton's Son," T. B. Aldrich. R.L.S. No. 124. Houghton Mifflin Co.
- "George Nidiver," Anonymous; quoted in Emerson's "Courage," *Society and Solitude*. Houghton Mifflin Co.
- "The Pied Piper," Browning. R.L.S. No. 115. Houghton Mifflin Co.
- "The Fairies of the Caldou Low," Mary Howitt. *Book of Famous Verse*. Houghton Mifflin Co.
- "Mabel on Midsummer Day," Mary Howitt. *Poetry for Home and School*. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
- "The Tree," Björnstjerne Björnson. R.L.S. No. CC. Houghton Mifflin Co.
- "A Year's Windfalls," Christina Rossetti. *Poems*. The Macmillan Co.
- Fables and Folk-Stories*, H. E. Scudder. Houghton Mifflin Co.
- The Happy Prince*, Oscar Wilde. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
- Nature Myths and Stories for Little Children*, Flora J. Cooke. Flanagan, Chicago.
- Book of Nature Myths*, Florence Holbrook. Houghton Mifflin Co.
- The Golden Windows*, Laura E. Richards. Little, Brown & Co.
- "The Star Dollars," "The Shower of Gold," Grimms' *Fairy Tales*. R.L.S. No. 107. Houghton Mifflin Co.

## A LEGEND OF THE NORTHLAND <sup>1</sup>

PHOEBE CARY

Away, away in the Northland,  
 Where the hours of the day are few,  
 And the nights are so long in winter,  
 They cannot sleep them through;

<sup>1</sup> From the *Poetical Works of Alice and Phoebe Cary*. Houghton Mifflin Co.



Where they harness the swift reindeer  
To the sledges, when it snows;  
And the children look like bear's cubs  
In their funny, furry clothes:

They tell them a curious story —  
I don't believe 't is true;  
And yet you may learn a lesson  
If I tell the tale to you.

Once, when the good Saint Peter  
Lived in the world below,  
And walked about it, preaching,  
Just as he did, you know;

He came to the door of a cottage,  
In traveling round the earth,  
Where a little woman was making cakes,  
And baking them on the hearth;

And being faint with fasting,  
For the day was almost done,  
He asked her, from her store of cakes,  
To give him a single one.

So she made a very little cake,  
But as it baking lay  
She looked at it, and thought it seemed  
Too large to give away.

Therefore she kneaded another,  
And still a smaller one;  
But it looked when she turned it over,  
As large as the first had done.

Then she took a tiny scrap of dough,  
And rolled and rolled it flat;

And baked it thin as a wafer —  
But she could n't part with that.

For she said, "My cakes that seem too small  
When I eat of them myself,  
Are yet too large to give away."  
So she put them on the shelf.

Then good Saint Peter grew angry,  
For he was hungry and faint;  
And surely such a woman  
Was enough to provoke a saint.

And he said, "You are far too selfish  
To dwell in a human form,  
To have both food and shelter,  
And fire to keep you warm:

"Now you shall build as the birds do,  
And shall get your scanty food  
By boring, and boring, and boring,  
All day in the hard, dry wood."

Then up she went through the chimney,  
Never speaking a word,  
And out of the top flew a woodpecker,  
For she was changed to a bird.

She had a scarlet cap on her head,  
And that was left the same,  
But all the rest of her clothes were burned  
Black as a coal in the flame.

And every country schoolboy  
Has seen her in the wood;  
Where she lives in the trees till this very day,  
Boring and boring for food.

And this is the lesson she teaches:

Live not for yourself alone,  
Lest the needs you will not pity,  
Shall one day be your own.

Give plenty of what is given to you,  
Listen to pity's call;  
Don't think the little you give is great,  
And the much you get is small.

## APRIL: KINDNESS SHOWN BY GOOD MANNERS

For the Teacher:

SAINT MATTHEW <sup>1</sup>

JOHN KEBLE

There are in this loud stunning tide  
Of human care and crime,  
With whom the melodies abide  
Of th' everlasting chime;  
Who carry music in their heart,  
Through dusky lane and wrangling mart,  
Plying their daily task with busier feet,  
Because their secret souls a holy strain repeat.

For the Class:

Politeness is to do and say  
The kindest thing in the kindest way.

*Suggestions for morning talks*

Read: "The Whole Duty of Children," in *A Child's Garden of Verses*, by Robert Louis Stevenson.

<sup>1</sup> From *The Christian Year*.

Tell the story of "Purring When You're Pleased," in *Parables from Nature*, by Mrs. Alfred Gatty. Everyman's Library.

Since courtesy is only putting into use in church, at home, at school, in the street, in cars, the kind feelings we hold in our hearts towards others, many of the stories and poems in the previous lists may be used again in teaching the subject of Good Manners.

For discussion:

How may a child practice good manners at home?

Never interrupt a conversation between people older than you are.

Do not choose the best seat in the room.

Learn to say "Please" whenever you ask for anything.

Learn to say "I thank you," not "Thanks," when any kindness has been shown you.

You must not sulk or answer back when reproved.

Pass behind, not in front of people.

What are some of the ways of being well-mannered at school?

On your way to school, learn to say "Good-morning" to all whom you know. Never say "Hello" to grown people.

Say "Good morning" to your teacher on entering school.

Do not stare at visitors.

How may politeness be shown on the street?

If you are playing with a cart, hoop, or sled, look out not to run into any one.

Never block up the pathway of passers-by.

Touch your cap to all ladies whom you know.

Let us think of some ways we can show politeness while traveling.



We should not rush for the best seats.

A polite boy will always give his seat, lifting his cap as he does so, to any lady who is standing.

How can we be polite in church?

By getting there on time.

Not talking or whispering or staring around.

Sitting quietly.

Not putting on gloves or overcoat till the services are over.

In general.

Let us learn to say, "Yes, mother," "No, father," "Yes, Miss ——."

Our manners can never be good manners unless we practice them every day.

When a visitor comes, either at home or school, find her a chair and lay aside her wraps or umbrella.

When passing through an open doorway, hold the door open for those behind you.

Practice until you can pass cups and saucers nicely.

Say "Excuse me," even if you are not to blame.

Always open the door for your mother or when any other older person leaves the room where you are.

Move away from the end seat of a car so that it will be easy for ladies to get in.

Offer to carry bundles. Run when you are asked to do an errand.

Avoid whispering in company.

### TROTT MAKES A VISIT <sup>1</sup>

There was once a little French boy named Trott, who lived with his pretty mamma in a beautiful house near

<sup>1</sup> From *Mon Petit Trott*, A. Lichtenberger. Adapted by Marjorie L. Henry.

the sea. The story I am going to tell you is about little Trott's visit with one of his mamma's friends, Mme. de Tréan (Mme. is the French word for Mrs.).

Mme. de Tréan lives in a little red house with two towers, not far from Trott's home. Her house is perched up all alone on a great rock which stands out over the sea, and seems to say to the people who pass by — "Go on, do not notice me."

Mme. de Tréan is very old. She has very white hair and cheeks with wrinkles. Her hands, on which she wears beautiful rings, tremble when she takes your hand in hers. Her back is bent, and she can walk only a little way each day in her sunny garden. Sometimes she goes for a little drive in her black carriage with the black coachman and the black horse. The rest of the day she sits very still in her parlor, all alone. She can never see any one — for she is blind.

To-day Trott is going with his mamma to take lunch with Mme. de Tréan. They are just a little late so Trott has to run to keep up with his mother. At last they arrive and an old servant leads them into the parlor. Mme. de Tréan is sitting in a large arm-chair, all alone. Mamma greets her kindly, and Trott, when she has kissed him, sits quietly in his chair until lunch is served.

"Come, my little man, come and give me your arm."

Trott runs to Mme. de Tréan, very proud and very happy to help the dear old lady. She takes his little hand in hers and slowly they go to the dining-room. Trott is lifted to a big high chair, and a napkin is tied around his neck.

Trott does not say a word. In the first place he knows that children must not talk at the table, and then he is very busy trying to be polite. Certainly if he put his elbow on the table or if he upset his glass Mme. de Tréan would not see him. But to make that an excuse

would be all the worse; it would be just like telling a lie.

Just now Trott is having such a hard time with a piece of fish that will not come on to his fork. He is trying so hard to take it up nicely without touching it with his fingers, that his forehead is all perspiration and his little face is as red as can be. Hurrah! The fish is caught. Oh! but there is a little drop of gravy on the cloth. What a shame! But no one has seen. — Trott waits until mother stops speaking:

“Madame, —”

Madame de Tréan starts with surprise.

“What is it, my little friend?”

“I made a spot with the gravy sauce! I am very sorry.”

Madame de Tréan smiles happily.

“You have done right, my little Trott, to tell me what you did wrong. We should always act so that every one may see us, and if sometimes we do something which is not quite right, at least we should not hide it.”

When lunch is over Mme. de Tréan invites mother and Trott to take a little drive. Mamma has promised to spend the afternoon with another friend, but she says:

“Trott would just love to go, madame. Don’t you want to go driving with Mme. de Tréan?”

Trott does not want to go very much. He was going to play with his little friend Marie. That would be more fun. He is just going to say so when he thinks that poor Mme. de Tréan must get very lonely, and it would not be polite to say “no.”

“Yes, mother, I should like to go.”

The big black horse brings the carriage to the door, and side by side Mme. de Tréan and little Trott drive away.

## MAY: AVOIDING QUARRELS AND MAKING PEACE

For the Teacher:

### CHRISTABEL

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

Alas! they had been friends in youth;  
But whispering tongues can poison truth;  
And constancy lives in realms above;  
And life is thorny; and youth is vain;  
And to be wroth with one we love,  
Doth work like madness in the brain.  
And thus it chanced, as I divine,  
With Roland and Sir Leoline.  
Each spake words of high disdain  
And insult to his heart's best brother:  
They parted — ne'er to meet again!  
But never either found another  
To free the hollow heart from paining —  
They stood aloof, the scars remaining,  
Like cliffs which had been rent asunder;  
A dreary sea now flows between —  
But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,  
Shall wholly do away, I ween,  
The marks of that which once hath been.

#### *Suggestions for morning talks*

What are some of the ways that quarrels begin?

Through trying to tease: — calling names.

Because some one always insists on “bossing” the others.

When we forget to be kind and generous, and all snatch something at the same time.

When we are tale-bearers.



What can we do to be peacemakers?

Run away from children who are cross and quarrelsome, and find some one else to play with.

Remember that it always takes two to make a quarrel, and that we must not be one of them.

Sometimes if you see a quarrel coming on you can stop it by starting a new game, and by saying, "Come on, let's all play."

When you are angry, stop and count ten before you speak. Try to make your neighborhood a nice place to live in, by avoiding all unkind words and deeds that annoy others.

There is a beautiful verse that says, "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God." If you avoid quarrels and try to make others do the same, you are a peacemaker.

Read: "A Hint," Anna Pratt, in *Three Years with the Poets*. Houghton Mifflin Co.

## THE DISCONTENTED SQUIRREL

ETHEL CABOT

Once upon a time there was a family of squirrels that lived in a nice warm hole in a tall tree. They would have been a very happy family if it had not been for one little squirrel that had a very bad temper. When they gathered together to have their supper he grabbed the biggest nuts and took more than his share. He pushed the others if there was no room, and bit and scratched them. At night he took the best place to sleep in the middle of the hole and crowded the littler ones out on to the edge where it was cold. Mother squirrel did all she could to correct him, but at last father squirrel said he could stand the quarreling no

longer, so one morning he told little squirrel to follow him.

They ran down the trunk of the tree and over the dry leaves; and on and on they went until they came to a part of the wood that the little squirrel had never seen. It was all new and strange to him. Finally they came to a very large oak tree and up this father squirrel ran, little squirrel following after. Near the top they came to quite a large hole, and father squirrel said, very sternly, "Go into this hole and stay there till you can be a good little squirrel." Little Squirrel crept into it and heard his father scrabbling down the tree-trunk and pattering off over the dry leaves, and he felt very lonely for a moment. Then he began looking round the hole; he found a soft bed of leaves and a good pile of nuts and he thought, "It will be fun to have the place all to myself and do just as *I* please." So he tried to play some games, but he found he could n't play all alone. He went back to the hole and began to think his home and brothers and sisters better than he had realized. Then it began to grow dark and there were no nice little brothers and sisters to cuddle up to and keep warm against, and no good mother to say "Good-night" to him. The night seemed very long. The next morning when he woke up it was raining and he felt very, very far away from his home. He sat looking out of the hole and thought of the nice things his brothers and sisters were doing; how they were scampering about together; and he thought he would like very much to go home. All the day it grew worse and worse; that night he said to himself that if only his father would come and take him back he would be a good squirrel, and he cried himself to sleep.

The next morning, as he was sitting very still, he thought he heard a pattering on the leaves that sounded

like his father! Yes! he heard feet scrambling up the tree-trunk and then, — his father popped into the hole! Looking at little squirrel he asked, "Can you be good now?" and little squirrel said he was *sure* he could. "Come home, then, with me," said his father. They ran down the tree and over the dry leaves, and as they came to the part of the wood that little squirrel knew, he was happier and happier. When they came to their hole, his mother kissed him and all the little brothers and sisters crowded about him and said how glad they were to have him at home again.

When supper-time came they wanted to give him the best of everything, but he was careful to give the biggest nuts to his little sister; not to begin to eat till all the others had theirs; and to keep his elbows and knees tucked under him. When he cuddled down to sleep that night he was careful to give the little ones the best place and sleep on the outside himself. From that day on he was a great help to his mother and father, and never quarreled with his brothers and sisters; and he found himself happier than ever before.

## JUNE: PROTECTION AND CARE OF PLANTS AND FLOWERS

For the Teacher:

IN A LONDON SQUARE <sup>1</sup>

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH

Put forth thy leaf, thou lofty plane,  
East wind and frost are safely gone;  
With zephyr mild and balmy rain  
The summer comes serenely on.

<sup>1</sup> Copyright by The Macmillan Co.

Earth, air, and sun and skies combine  
To promise all that 's kind and fair: —  
But thou, O human heart of mine,  
Be still, contain thyself, and bear.

December days were brief and chill,  
The winds of March were wild and drear,  
And, nearing and receding still,  
Spring never would, we thought, be here.  
The leaves that burst, the suns that shine,  
Had, not the less, their certain date: —  
And thou, O human heart of mine,  
Be still, refrain thyself, and wait.

For the Class to learn:

### TO A CHILD

WORDSWORTH

Small service is true service while it lasts.  
Of humblest friends, bright creature! scorn not one.  
The daisy, by the shadow that it casts,  
Protects the lingering dewdrop from the sun.

#### *Suggestions for morning talks*

Why does running or playing among plants and shrubs  
injure them?  
Because it is stealing, we must never pick a garden flower  
or a branch of a plant without permission.  
Why should we never destroy the wild flowers or even  
pick them wastefully?  
Remember that every garden flower means that some  
one has toiled hard to make it grow. If you spoil it,  
you can never make it beautiful again.  
Try to have a garden of your own where you can plant



the seeds and care for your plants till the blossoms come.

*Poems and Stories to read or tell to children*

Selected poems from the preceding lists.

"Clyhis, Goldenrod, and Aster," "Persephone," "The Poplar Tree," "Daphne," from *Nature Myths and Stories for Little Children*, Flora J. Cooke. A. Flanagan Co.

Stories from *The Book of Nature Myths*, Florence Holbrook. Houghton Mifflin Co.

"Discontent," Sara Orne Jewett, *Play Days*, Houghton Mifflin Co.

*All Things Beautiful*, Cecil F. Alexander. R.L.S. No. CC. Houghton Mifflin Co.

"Little White Lily," George MacDonald, *Children's Garland from the Best Poets*. The Macmillan Co.

"Little May," Mrs. Emily H. Miller, *Poetry for Children*. Houghton Mifflin Co.

"Spring," Celia Thaxter, *Poems*. Houghton Mifflin Co.

"Good-Night and Good Morning," Lord Houghton. R.L.S. No. X. Houghton Mifflin Co.

*The Tree*, Björnstjerne Björnson. R.L.S. No. CC. Houghton Mifflin Co.

"Daisies," Frank Dempster Sherman, *Little Folk Lyrics*. Houghton Mifflin Co.

"The Child's World," William Rands, *Selections for Memorizing*. Ginn & Co.

*Pippa's Song*, Robert Browning. R.L.S. No. 115. Houghton Mifflin Co.

*The Baby Plant and its Friends*, Kate L. Brown. Silver, Burdett Co.

"The Dandelion," Thomas Bailey Aldrich, *Poems*. Houghton Mifflin Co.

WHEN THE DOGWOOD BLOOMS <sup>1</sup>

ALICE LOUNSBURY

There is one flower in the woods which every one must see. It is the dogwood, a large white blossom that comes on shrubs or small trees. Now that it is in bloom the woods look gayer than if they were going to a party. These blossoms can be seen from a long way off, and no one could help thinking that they made the country beautiful, even if he did n't love flowers.

Philip Todd has grown to love the dogwood, just as much as he does his pets. He went out yesterday to hunt for wild flowers with Sallie and me. Tommy had gone away by himself sometime before we started. We passed ever so many people coming away from our woods, and every one of them had bunches of dogwood in his arms.

Grandmother is very much displeased with the people who break off large branches from the trees. She says they are thoughtless, and have no knowledge of the harm they are doing. Most of them also throw the branches away before they reach their homes, as the flowers fade quickly. Grandmother thinks it will only be after they have truly learned to know flowers and to love them that they will stop being so cruel.

<sup>1</sup> Abridged. Copyright, by F. A. Stokes Co.

# GRADE II

## SCHOOL AND PLAYGROUND

By MARY McSKIMMON

### INTRODUCTION

THE general subject for this year is "Good Will in School and Playground." The ideal of good will is to be wrought into habit through the experiences of each day. Stories, poems, songs and morning talks can be given on the subjects suggested for the year.

The first-grade collection of stories and poems will be equally helpful in furnishing material for this grade. Let the teacher remember that her high privilege is to train her class, through the daily life of the school, in the expression of these ethical relationships. It is the content of the ideal for which she should strive, and not the form. Indeed, it is not essential that children should be taught the words "Sympathy," "Gratitude," etc.; it is all important that they should learn to express them in every relation of their lives.

### SEPTEMBER: SYMPATHY

For the Teacher:

#### FRIENDSHIP

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

A ruddy drop of manly blood  
The surging sea outweighs,  
The world uncertain comes and goes;

The lover rooted stays.  
I fancied he was fled, —  
And, after many a year,  
Glowed unexhausted kindliness,  
Like daily sunrise there.  
My careful heart was free again,  
O friend, my bosom said,  
Through thee alone the sky is arched,  
Through thee the rose is red;  
All things through thee take nobler form,  
And look beyond the earth,  
The mill-round of our fate appears  
A sun-path in thy worth.  
Me too thy nobleness has taught  
To master my despair;  
The fountains of my hidden life  
Are through thy friendship fair.

*Suggestions for morning talks*

Sympathy means sharing another's feelings. If you give a poor thirsty dog a drink of water, that kind deed shows that you feel pity for the dog. If you let your little brother play with your cart, that shows that you have a feeling of love for the child who is not so big and strong as you.

In the poem of "Mary and Her Lamb," we have a picture of a little girl whose love for her pet awakened the lamb's love for his little mistress.

In Taylor's poem "A Night with a Wolf" (see Grade III, p. 89), we see how the fear of the terrible storm made the man and wolf so kind to each other that they shared the same bed.

If you direct a stranger to the place where he wants to go, you show that you have sympathy for him in his need.



## GRADE II: SCHOOL AND PLAYGROUND 49

Let us count up all the ways that we might share our feeling of kindness with the visitor at school.

Did you ever think how strange and lonesome the school must seem to a new scholar? How many kind things can you think of doing for him to make him feel at home?

We must show our kind feelings to the visitors at our homes, by greeting them pleasantly, shaking hands politely with them, and sharing with them every pleasure while they stay.

Did you ever think that you might show your little playmate in the hospital how sorry you are for him by sending him a scrapbook to amuse him? When you have the time you can cut out pictures or amusing stories, and paste them on big sheets of paper, tying them into covers, making a book to help him while away his hours of pain.

Learn: "Mary Had a Little Lamb," Sarah J. Hale.  
R.L.S. No. 59, Houghton Mifflin Co.

Read: "The Lost Doll," Charles Kingsley. Hazard's  
*Three Years with the Poets*. Houghton Mifflin Co.

"A Night with a Wolf," by Bayard Taylor,  
Grade III, page 89.

"On Another's Sorrow," William Blake. *Poems*.  
The Macmillan Company.

### TROTT GOES DRIVING <sup>1</sup>

Trott and Mme. de Tréan are sitting side by side in the big black carriage drawn by the big black horse. It is such fun to go driving! But Mme. de Tréan looks very

<sup>1</sup> From *Mon Petit Trott*, by A. Lichtenberger. Adapted by Marjorie L. Henry.

sad. She can't see any of the lovely things about her — not one. It must be miserable to be always in darkness, always, always, with nothing but black everywhere, or perhaps see terrible things that frighten you. Trott is thinking about this when Mme. de Tréan asks:

"Is n't there a beautiful view on the side where the sea is?"

"Oh, yes, madame — that is — oh, *rather* pretty," answers Trott.

Trott thinks how selfish he is — the view is so bright, so full of color and sunshine, that Trott was just going to say so — he was going to forget that Mme. de Tréan can see nothing, and that if he told her how lovely everything was it might make her sadder still.

"Only *rather* pretty, Trott? You are hard to please."

Trott does not know what to say. It is true that the view is *very* lovely. He can not tell a lie. What shall he do?

"It — it is n't as lovely as heaven, is it madame?" he asks.

Mme. de Tréan smiles, and lays her hand gently on Trott's head. Trott is very happy now. It seems as though a little light shone on Mme. de Tréan's sad face. That is because she will see heaven, Trott thinks, and soon perhaps, for she seems very old.

Really the view is too lovely: Trott wants to laugh, to jump, to dance, and to sing. He can hardly sit still. He is afraid that he will say something silly. The big rock over there looks like a funny man all doubled up. He wants to ask — But *she* can not see! And the little house he sees among the pines. "Is n't that little Hop o' my Thumb's house?" he wants to ask. She can not see! How funny the great red cliff is! Trott is just dying to talk, to ask questions. You would think that all those lovely things went right into his eyes and touched a little spring under his tongue, a little spring

which has to jump, to talk, to say all sorts of things, to ask questions which may hurt Mme. de Tréan — oh! without meaning to, of course, but it would hurt just the same. Really it is very hard — how can he stop it?

He thinks of a fine plan! If he did that all the lovely view could not get in and tickle his tongue. He would be just like Mme. de Tréan, and would be sure not to ask her any questions to make her sad. He carries out his plan. Now Trott is n't gay at all. What do you suppose he has done? He guesses that they must now be driving past the red rocks. If he should spread his fingers apart just a little wee bit — No — no — that would not be fair.

"Do you see the great red rocks, Trott? They look like great mushrooms. Do you see them?" asks Mme. de Tréan.

"No, madame, I do not see them."

"How is that? Have they run away?"

"I do not know, madame."

Madame de Tréan is very much surprised.

"And how do you manage not to see them?"

Trott does not know what to answer.

"Is n't the view worth looking at? Is n't it very lovely?"

"Oh, yes, madame, it was very pretty. But it was too pretty you see, — because — Then I thought that it would be better — because — that way —"

Mme. de Tréan does n't quite understand. Trott's voice is very jerky as though he were trying to explain something or as though he were going to cry. Mme. de Tréan lays her hand on his cheek to pet him, and feels two little fists pressed hard against his tightly closed eyes. She understands now.

Gently and tenderly she takes his little hands in hers, and says so sweetly to Trott, —

"But, darling, you must tell me all about what you see. It will be just as though I saw it myself."

Truly? Oh, how glad he is! He opens his eyes, and tells Mme. de Tréan about everything he sees. And it *is* true; Mme. de Tréan no longer looks sad; she listens to Trott and gently holds him close to her.

## OCTOBER: OBEDIENCE

For the Teacher:

### ODE TO DUTY

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

Stern Lawgiver! yet thou dost wear  
The Godhead's most benignant grace;  
Nor know we anything so fair  
As is the smile upon thy face:  
Flowers laugh before thee on their beds  
And fragrance in thy footing treads;  
Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong;  
And the most ancient heavens, through Thee,  
are fresh and strong.

For the Class:

### THE LAW OF THE JUNGLE

RUDYARD KIPLING

Now these are the laws of the Jungle, and many and  
mighty are they;  
But the head and the hoof of the Law and the haunch  
and the hump is — Obey!



*Suggestions for morning talks*

Why should a child not loiter on the way to school or from school?

How many times should a good boy or girl be told to do a thing? Just once.

How can a child obey the laws of good behavior when his teacher is out of the room?

What is the school rule one must obey about taking off overshoes?

When it is bedtime an obedient child goes to bed cheerfully. A child can show how much he loves his father and mother, by the way he obeys their teaching about bathing, dressing, politeness, behavior at table, doing errands, etc. Every member of the home has to obey if all are to be happy.

We all have to obey the laws of our town or city against throwing snowballs or stones, breaking windows or electric lights, stealing flowers or fruit, or trespassing on other people's property.

Once a big troop ship called the Birkenhead was taking soldiers from England to a distant land. Off the Cape of Good Hope, she struck a hidden rock and began to sink. The soldiers were called on deck where they made a straight column and stood still. The life boats were filled with the women and children, and not a single soldier left his place in the line. The ship sank lower and lower in the water, and those brave men, who had stood every man in his place, saluted their flag and went down with their ship. Even in the presence of death, not one man became a coward by forgetting to obey the officer's command, "Every man will stand still in his place."

Read: "The Turtle Who Could n't Stop Talking,"  
Ellen C. Babbitt, *Jataka Tales*. Century Co.  
"Lady Moon," Lord Houghton. Hazard, *Three  
Years with the Poets*. Houghton Mifflin Co.

## WELLINGTON AND THE PLOWBOY

ADAPTED BY MARY McSKIMMON

Men who hunt foxes often do great damage to the farmers' crops, by riding over the fields on horseback. One day, a farmer, who was at work in his field, saw a party of red-coated huntsmen with their dogs, coming across one of the meadows toward a wheatfield. As the wheat was just springing up, the farmer did not like to have it trampled on.

Calling one of his plowboys, who was working close by, he told him to run quickly and shut the gate, and to make sure that none of the hunters went into the field. The boy hurried away, and reached the field just in time to shut the gate as the first huntsman rode up.

"Open the gate at once, my boy," said the man, "we want to go through this field."

"I can't do it, sir," answered the boy. "Master has ordered me to let no one pass through, so I cannot open the gate myself, nor allow you to do so."

By this time others of the hunting party had come up, and one was so angry that he threatened to thrash the boy with his whip if he did not open the gate. The lad replied that he was only obeying his master, and that it was his duty to do so.

Another gentleman offered to give the boy a sovereign if he would allow them to pass through. This was very tempting to the boy who had never had so much money; but he remembered his duty, and refused to disobey his master's orders.

This delay annoyed the hunting party very much, and at last a stately gentleman rode up and said, "My boy, you do not know me, — I am the Duke of Wellington, one not in the habit of being disobeyed; I command you to open the gate this moment, so that my friends and I may pass."

The boy looked in wonder at the great soldier. He had heard of his many victories and was proud to be talking to so great a man. He took off his hat, bowed to the great Duke, and replied: —

"I am sure the Duke of Wellington would not wish me to disobey my master's orders; I must keep this gate shut, and cannot allow any one to pass without the farmer's permission."

The Duke was pleased with the boy's answer, and, raising his hat, he said: "I honor the boy who can neither be bribed nor frightened into disobeying orders. With an army of such soldiers I could conquer the world."

The hunting party now no longer tried to pass through the forbidden gate, but, turning their horses, rode in another direction. The boy ran toward his master, shouting: "Hurrah! Hurrah! I have done what Napoleon could not do. I have driven back the Duke of Wellington."

## NOVEMBER: HELPFULNESS

For the Teacher:

### THE FOOL'S PRAYER<sup>1</sup>

EDWARD ROWLAND SILL

"T is not by guilt the onward sweep  
Of truth and right, O Lord, we stay;

<sup>1</sup> Abridged from *Poems*, E. R. Sill. Houghton Mifflin Co.

'T is by our follies that so long  
We hold the earth from heaven away.

"These clumsy feet, still in the mire,  
Go crushing blossoms without end;  
These hard, well-meaning hands we thrust  
Among the heart-strings of a friend.

"The ill-timed truth we might have kept —  
Who knows how sharp it pierced and stung?  
The word we had not sense to say —  
Who knows how grandly it had rung?"

*Suggestions for morning talks*

How many more ways can you think of to be helpful to  
your teacher and classmates besides these? —

Helping the teacher pass and collect books, pencils,  
papers, etc., so quietly that no one is disturbed, and  
so carefully that nothing is dropped.

By being in your own seat promptly every session.

By trying hard to follow your teacher's directions the  
first time she speaks.

By keeping your books and tools all in good order.

Helping the new children to find their way about the  
building.

Helping other children to own up when they have  
done wrong.

By helping a playmate learn a lesson that was harder  
for him than for you.

By cleaning boards and erasers, helping put the books  
in nice even rows, and tidying up your part of the  
school room, your own desk, first.

By picking up all the papers on your sidewalks and  
playgrounds.



By putting all banana skins and orange peelings and apple cores in a waste barrel — never throwing them on the ground.

Read: "Do All That You Can." Margaret E. Sangster, *Little Knights and Ladies*. Harper and Brothers.

## THE FIRST THANKSGIVING

MARY McSKIMMON

When the Pilgrims came to this land nearly three hundred years ago, they found, in their chosen home, no one but Indians. The first year the Pilgrims' crops failed, and with nothing in their storehouses, they would have starved, if the Indians had not given them corn. When the snow and ice of that bitter winter were gone, the Indians showed them how to plant corn, so as to get a big harvest, and taught them how to catch great nets full of little fishes called alewives, in the streams. The Indians put one or two of these fishes in each hole where they planted three or four kernels of corn. The sandy soil was made rich and fertile, so that the corn could grow large and strong. When harvest time came, the Pilgrims had a fine crop. They could make enough hasty pudding, brown bread, and johnny-cake to last till the next harvest.

Then they invited the Indians who had helped them so much to come to their first Thanksgiving feast. The Indians were delighted to come; they brought with them deer and fat, wild turkeys to add to the feast.

They were greatly pleased with all the good things which they had to eat and they emptied one big platterful after another, saying, "Ugh! ugh! ugh!" because it tasted so good to the red men of the forest.

## DECEMBER: GRATITUDE

For the Teacher:

THE CELESTIAL SURGEON<sup>1</sup>

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

If I have faltered more or less  
In my great task of happiness;  
If I have moved among my race  
And shown no glorious morning face;  
If beams from happy human eyes  
Have moved me not; if morning skies,  
Books, and my food, and summer rain  
Knocked on my sullen heart in vain: —  
Lord, Thy most pointed pleasure take  
And stab my spirit broad awake.

*Suggestions for morning talks*

For every gift or kindness we receive, we ought to show kindness in return by look and word and deed. This is gratitude. Giving presents in return for presents is only one way of showing that we are grateful. The very best ways are by good behavior, being busy at our work, and helping every one whom we have a chance to help.

Every kindness shown to you ought to be met with a kind and prompt "Thank you."

Every second grade child is big enough to write "I thank you," in return for a kindness from some one at a distance.

No child is deserving of the presents given him until he has in some way or other shown his gratitude.

<sup>1</sup> Abridged from *Poems*, by R. L. Stevenson. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Do you remember to say, "I thank you," to the teacher who has tried so hard to make your lesson plain to you? Do you know that if you are truly grateful to your mother and your teacher you will not only say, "Thank you," but you will try in every way to please them?

There is hardly a day that we do not receive some kindness or favor that deserves "I thank you" from us. How many such kindnesses can you think of that you have received to-day?

Read: "The Queen Bee," Grimm, in *German Household Tales*. R.L.S. No. 108. Houghton Mifflin Co.  
 "Christmas Tree," Mary A. McHugh, in *Thro' the Year*, Book I. Silver, Burdett & Co.

## THE KING'S WHITE ELEPHANT<sup>1</sup>

ELLEN C. BABBITT

Once upon a time a number of carpenters lived on a river bank near a large forest. Every day the carpenters went in boats to the forest to cut down the trees and make them into lumber.

One day while they were at work an Elephant came limping on three feet to them. He held up one foot and the carpenters saw that it was swollen and sore. Then the Elephant lay down and the men saw that there was a great splinter in the sore foot. They pulled it out and washed the foot carefully so that in a short time it would be well again.

Thankful for the cure, the Elephant thought: "These carpenters have done so much for me, I must be useful to them."

So after that the Elephant used to pull up trees for the

<sup>1</sup> From *Jataka Tales*. Century Company.

carpenters. Sometimes when the trees were chopped down he would roll the logs down into the river. Other times he brought their tools for them. And the carpenters used to feed him well, morning, noon, and night.

Now this Elephant had a son who was white all over — a beautiful, strong, young one. Said the Elephant to himself, "I will take my son to the place in the forest where I go to work each day, so that he may learn to help the carpenters, for I am no longer young and strong."

So the old Elephant told his son how the carpenters had taken good care of him when he was badly hurt, and took him to them. The white Elephant did as his father told him to do and helped the carpenters and they fed him well.

When the work was done at night the young Elephant went to play in the river. The carpenters' children played with him in the water and on the bank. He liked to pick them up with his trunk and set them on the high branches of the trees and then let them climb down on his back.

One day the king came down the river and saw this beautiful white Elephant working for the carpenters. The king at once wanted the Elephant for his own and paid the carpenters a great price for him. Then with a last look at his playmates, the children, the beautiful white Elephant went on with the king.

The king was proud of his new Elephant and took the best care of him as long as he lived.

## PICCOLA <sup>1</sup>

CELIA THAXTER

Poor, sweet Piccola! Did you hear  
What happened to Piccola, children dear?

<sup>1</sup> From *Poems and Stories for Children*. Houghton Mifflin Co.



'T is seldom Fortune such favor grants  
As fell this little maid of France.

'T was Christmas-time, and her parents poor  
Could hardly drive the wolf from the door,  
Striving with poverty's patient pain  
Only to live till summer again.

No gifts for Piccola! Sad were they  
When dawned the morning of Christmas-day;  
Their little darling no joy might stir,  
St. Nicholas nothing would bring to her!

But Piccola never doubted at all  
That something beautiful must befall  
Every child upon Christmas-day,  
And so she slept till the dawn was gray.

And full of faith, when at last she woke,  
She stole to her shoe as the morning broke;  
Such sounds of gladness filled all the air,  
'T was plain St. Nicholas had been there!

In rushed Piccola sweet, half wild:  
Never was seen such a joyful child.  
"See what the good saint brought!" she cried,  
And mother and father must peep inside.

Now such a story who ever heard?  
There was a little shivering bird!  
A sparrow, that in at the window flew,  
Had crept into Piccola's tiny shoe!

"How good poor Piccola must have been!"  
She cried, as happy as any queen,  
While the starving sparrow she fed and warmed,  
And danced with rapture, she was so charmed.

Children, this story I tell to you  
Of Piccola sweet and her bird, is true.  
In the far-off land of France, they say,  
Still do they live to this very day.

## JANUARY: OTHER HOMES THAN OURS

For the Teacher:

### A COURT LADY

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

Each of the heroes around us has fought for his land and  
line,  
But thou hast fought for a stranger, in hate of a wrong  
not thine.

Happy are all free peoples, too strong to be dispossessed.  
But blessed are those among nations, who dare to be  
strong for the rest!

### *Suggestions for morning talks*

A collection of dolls dressed in costumes of other countries will be invaluable for interesting children in people and customs beyond the sea. Show the pupils scrapbooks and pictures of children's homes in far-off lands: pictures of Chinese homes, ricefields, temples, fishing-boats, etc., to interest children in the home of the laundryman; pictures of Indian chiefs, squaws, papooses; pictures of Japanese children playing politely in the streets; of cherry-blossom time, chrysanthemum time, etc.; pictures of the

snow hut, seals, dogs, and sledges of Eskimo children. Interest your pupils about all the children whose schoolhouses fly the American flag — in the United States, Porto Rico, Hawaii, Philippines, and Alaska.

## FOREIGN CHILDREN<sup>1</sup>

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

Little Indian, Sioux or Crow,  
 Little frosty Eskimo,  
 Little Turk or Japanee,  
 Oh! don't you wish that you were me?

You have seen the scarlet trees  
 And the lion over seas;  
 You have eaten ostrich eggs,  
 And turned the turtles off their legs.

Such a life is very fine,  
 But it's not so nice as mine:  
 You must often, as you trod  
 Have wearied *not* to be abroad.

You have curious things to eat,  
 I am fed on proper meat;  
 You must dwell beyond the foam,  
 But I am safe and live at home.

Little Indian, Sioux or Crow,  
 Little frosty Eskimo,  
 Little Turk or Japanee,  
 Oh! don't you wish that you were me?

<sup>1</sup> From *A Child's Garden of Verses*. Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE FORGIVING INDIAN<sup>1</sup>

Many years since, when white people were making settlements near the tribes of Indians, an English gentleman was standing one evening at his door, when an Indian called and asked for food. The man replied that he had none to give him. The Indian then asked for a little corn and received the same answer. He then asked for a cup of water, when the man said sternly, "Begone, you Indian dog, you can have nothing here." The Indian looked steadfastly at the Englishman for a moment, and then turned and went away.

Some time after, this gentleman, being very fond of hunting, followed his game until he was lost in the woods. After wandering about for some time, he saw an Indian hut and went in to inquire his way home. The Indian told him he was a long distance from his cabin, and very kindly urged him to stay all night. He prepared some supper for the hunter and gave him his own bed of deerskin to lie on for the night. In the morning the Indian, in company with another Indian, insisted on going with the Englishman to show him the way home. Taking their guns, the two Indians went before, and the man followed. After traveling several miles the Indian told him he was near a white settlement, and then stepped before the man's face and said, "Do you know me?"

The man answered with much confusion, "I have seen you."

"Yes," replied the Indian, "you have seen me *at your own door*; and when an Indian calls on you again, hungry and thirsty, do not say, 'Begone, you Indian dog!'"

<sup>1</sup> Abridged from Cowdery's *Primary Moral Lessons*.



## FEBRUARY: CHILDHOOD OF GREAT MEN

For the Teacher:

### CASA GUIDI WINDOWS

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

Bring violets rather. If these had not walked  
Their furlong, could we hope to walk our mile?  
Therefore bring violets. Yet if we self-baulked  
Stand still, a-strewing violets all the while,  
These moved in vain, of whom we have vainly talked.  
So rise up henceforth with a cheerful smile,  
And having strewn the violets, reap the corn,  
And having reaped and garnered, bring the plough  
And draw new furrows 'neath the healthy morn,  
And plant the great Hereafter in this Now.

### *Suggestions for morning talks*

Children of the second grade are always interested in the childhood of great men. They should be as familiar with significant incidents in the daily life of the children who become famous as with the doings of their playmates. This early companionship with great lives will be a constant impetus to learn more and more of the men whose deeds have changed the current of events in the world.

Stories to discuss with the class: —

Joseph and his brethren.

Moses and his bulrush cradle.

David the shepherd boy.

David and Jonathan's friendship — the story of the arrows.

King Arthur and his sword.

Alfred the Great learning to read to please his mother.

James Watt learning the power of steam by watching the kettle-lid.

Benjamin Franklin turning the grindstone, and paying too much for the whistle.

Charles Lamb sharing his dinner at the Bluecoat School with his lifelong friend S. T. Coleridge.

John Ruskin teaching himself to draw while he traveled with his father.

Horace Mann braiding straw to help his widowed mother.

Robert Louis Stevenson and his gratitude to his nurse, Alison Cunningham.

Booker T. Washington, the black slave child.

Louisa M. Alcott making others happy in her childhood.

Queen Victoria studying harder than other children that she might know how to rule.

Joan of Arc tending her sheep, and dreaming of saving her country.

Read: "When Lincoln was a Little Boy," in *Howe's Second Reader*. Charles Scribner's Sons.

## THE CHILDHOOD OF GEORGE WASHINGTON

George Washington was born in Virginia and had the pleasure of being a country boy. The meadow where he played as a lad was near to the beautiful Rappahannock River. There he could fish and learn to swim and to row. He went to school in the old field schoolhouse, and was taught by the sexton of the church. Probably he learned only reading, writing, and a little arithmetic in

school, but he learned far more at home from his father and mother and his brother Lawrence.

Lawrence was fourteen years older than George, and he made it his special interest to look after George. When the latter was only eleven years old his father died suddenly, and his mother became like father and mother both to him. Every day she gathered her children round her and taught them about God and about the need of right-doing. George never forgot his mother's help. He kept safe all his life the book from which she taught him; and you can see it still at Mt. Vernon. In his copy-book he wrote many a good motto: — "Sleep not when others speak," "Sit not when others stand," "Speak not when you should hold your peace."

George was always brave and loved good sport. He practiced running, leaping, wrestling, and rode fearlessly on the most fiery horse. We think of Washington as a man who loved fair play; he was also a *boy* who loved fair play. His school mates always wanted George to be the umpire whenever they quarreled; and they agreed gladly to whatever decision he made.

I have told you how much George's mother did for him. He once had a chance to do a brave, unselfish act for her. His brother Lawrence had found a place for him in the navy. His mother had agreed to have him go; his clothes were all in the trunk. And then, just at the last moment, George's mother could not bear to part with him, and for her sake he gave up his cherished plan. I think it must have been harder for him to give up his plan than to ride a dangerous horse, but he saw his mother was comforted, and went gladly back to school.

## MARCH: KEEPING ONE'S WORD

For the Teacher:

PARACELSUS

ROBERT BROWNING

I go to prove my soul!  
I see my way as birds their trackless way.  
I shall arrive! what time, what circuit first,  
I ask not: but unless God send his hail  
Or blinding fireballs, sleet or stifling snow,  
In some time, his good time, I shall arrive:  
He guides me and the bird.

For the Class:

Dare to be true;  
Nothing can need a lie.  
The fault that needs one most  
Grows two thereby.

GEORGE HERBERT.

*Suggestions for morning talks*

If we are to be loved and trusted, we must learn early to keep our word. When we have made a promise, we must keep it. When we agree to a bargain, we must stand by it. A great poet once said: "An honest man's the noblest work of God."

The policeman has promised to take care of the people in our town. He keeps his word and guards us from harm.

The fireman has promised to protect us and our homes from fire. He keeps his promise and fights the flames as bravely as ever a soldier fights in battle.



Think how we trust the engineers on our trains, the janitor who cares for our building, the expressman with our valuable packages, the postman with letters containing money, the doctor and nurse who care for us in illness.

The world needs honest boys and girls to grow up to be trustworthy men and women who do the world's work.

A trustworthy child, whose word can be depended on, will tell things just as they are. He does not change them to help his own case when he has done wrong.

The boy who keeps his word does not need to be watched. He will not take what does not belong to him.

Nearly all the punishments and disappointments that come to children are the results of children's being untrustworthy. Their parents will not let them go into the park to play, because they forget to keep their word about getting back. Father will not lend us the fine tool we wish to use, because he cannot depend on our returning it in good condition to its place.

Read or tell the story of "Damon and Pythias," in *Ethics for Children*, Houghton Mifflin Co.; "A Persian Lad," in *The Golden Ladder*, Sneath, Hodges, and Stevens, The Macmillan Co., or in *School Management*, White, American Book Co.

## THE LITTLE SHEPHERD <sup>1</sup>

MAUD LINDSAY

The shepherd was sick and his wife looked out from her door with anxious eyes. "Who will carry the sheep to the pasture lands to-day?" she said to her little boy Jean.

<sup>1</sup> Abridged from *More Mother Stories*. Milton Bradley Co.

"I will; mother, let me!" cried Jean.

"Let the lad go," said his old grandfather. "When I was no older than he I watched my father's flock."

So the mother made haste to get the little boy ready. "Eat your dinner when the shadows lie straight across the grass," she said as she kissed him good-bye.

"And keep the sheep from the forest paths," called his sick father.

"And watch, for it is when the shepherd is not watching that the wolf comes to the flock," said the old grandfather.

"Never fear," said the little Jean. "The wolf shall not have any of my white lambs."

"Come, Bettine and Marie. Come, Pierrot and Croisette. Come, pretty ones all," he called as he led them from the fold that day. "I will carry you to the meadows where daisies grow."

The forest lay dim and shadowy on one side of the pasture lands. The deer lived there, and the boars that fed upon acorns, and many other creatures that loved the wild woods. There had been wolves in the forest, but the king's knights had driven them away and the shepherds feared them no longer. Only the old men like Jean's grandfather, and the little boys like Jean, talked of them still. Jean was not afraid. He sang with the birds and ran with the brook and laughed till the echoes laughed with him as he watched the sheep from early morn to noon.

Suddenly from beyond the hill he heard the sound of pipes and drums, and the tramp, tramp of many feet. The other shepherds heard too, and they began to listen and to stare and to run. "The king and his knights are coming," they cried. "Come let us see them as they pass by."

"Who will take care of the sheep?" asked Jean, but nobody answered, so he ran with the rest, away from the

pastures and up the hillside path that led to the highway. "How pleased my mother will be when I tell her that I have seen the king," he said to himself, and he was hurrying over the hilltop when all at once he remembered the forest, and the wolf, and his grandfather's words.

"Come on," called the others.

"I must stay with the sheep," answered he; and he turned and went back though the pipes and drums all seemed to say, "Come this way, come this way." He could scarcely keep from crying as he listened.

There was nothing in sight to harm the sheep, but into the forest that very day a hungry wolf had come. His eyes were bright and his ears were sharp and his four feet were as soft as velvet as he came creeping, creeping, creeping under the bushes and spied the sheep left alone in the meadows. "Now 's my chance," he said, and out he sprang just as little Jean came down the hill.

"Wolf, wolf, wolf!" shouted Jean. He was only a little boy, but he was brave, and his voice rang clear as a bugle call over the valley and over the hill, "Wolf, wolf, wolf!" The shepherds and knights and the king himself came running and riding to answer his cry, and as for the gray wolf, he did not even stop to look behind him as he sped away to the forest shades. He ran so fast and he ran so far that he never was seen in the king's country again.

Jean led his flock home at even tide, white sheep and black sheep and frolicsome lambs, not one was missing. "Was the day long?" asked his mother, who was watching in the doorway for him.

"Are the sheep all in?" called the sick father.

"Did the wolf come?" said the old grandfather; but there is no need for me to tell you what Jean said. You can imagine that for yourself.

APRIL: HELPFULNESS TO THE  
OLD AND FEEBLE

For the Teacher:

WAITING <sup>1</sup>

JOHN BURROUGHS

Serene, I fold my hands and wait,  
Nor care for wind, nor tide, nor sea;  
I rave no more 'gainst Time or Fate,  
For lo! my own shall come to me.

I stay my haste, I make delays,  
For what avails this eager pace?  
I stand amid the eternal ways,  
And what is mine shall know my face.

What matter if I stand alone?  
I wait with joy the coming years;  
My heart shall reap where it has sown,  
And gather up its fruit of tears.

The stars come nightly to the sky;  
The tidal wave comes to the sea;  
Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high,  
Can keep my own away from me.

*Suggestions for morning talks*

The faithful teacher can perform no loftier service as a good citizen than to teach the American child respect for the aged, and help him to embody that respect in deeds of helpfulness. Our national worship of

<sup>1</sup> From *The Light of Day*. Houghton Mifflin Co.



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the fetish Efficiency underlies the national callousness to and neglect of reverence for old age. We cannot begin with the child too early, nor emphasize this principle too strongly.

Nothing shows a nobler spirit in a child than helpfulness to the aged.

The old and feeble ought to be held in special kindness by all.

We should speak to them with gentleness, always anticipating their wishes.

The most comfortable chair, and the pleasantest place in the room belong to the aged one.

Their eyes are dim after many years of patient seeing for our good. We can find their glasses and tell them all the pleasant things our eyes have seen during the day.

Their feet are tired after long years of journeying for us. We can run on errands for them now.

Their hands tremble because they have worked so long for us. Our strong young hands must find something to do for them every day.

Read: "The Peach Tree," by Christina G. Rossetti, in her *Poems for Children*, selected by M. Hix, Educational Publishing Company.

### SOMEBODY'S MOTHER

ANONYMOUS

The woman was old, and feeble, and gray;  
And bent with the chill of the winter's day;  
The street was wet with a heavy snow,  
And the woman's feet were aged and slow.

. . . . .

She stood at the crossing, and waited long,  
Alone, uncared for, amid the throng  
Of human beings who passed her by,  
Nor heeded the glance of her anxious eye.  
Down the street, with laughter and shout,  
Glad in the freedom of "school let out,"  
Came the boys, like a flock of sheep,  
Hailing the snow piled white and deep.  
Past the woman so old and gray,  
Hastened the children on their way;  
Nor offered a helping hand to her,  
So meek, so timid, afraid to stir,  
Lest the carriage wheels or the horses' feet  
Should crowd her down in the slippery street.

At last came one of the merry troop, —  
The gayest laddie of all the group;  
He paused beside her, and whispered low,  
"I'll help you across if you wish to go."  
Her aged hand on his strong young arm  
She placed, and so, without hurt or harm,  
He guided her trembling feet along,  
Proud that his own were firm and strong.  
Then back again to his friends he went,  
His young heart happy and well content.  
"She's somebody's mother, boys, you know,  
For all she's old, and poor, and slow;  
And I hope some fellow will lend a hand,  
To help my mother, you understand,  
If ever she's poor and old and gray,  
When her own dear boy is far away."  
And "somebody's mother" bowed low her head  
In her home that night, and the prayer she said,  
Was, "God, be kind to that noble boy,  
Who is somebody's son, and pride, and joy."

GRANNY'S BLACKIE<sup>1</sup>

Once upon a time a rich man gave a baby Elephant to a woman. She took the best of care of this great baby, and soon became very fond of him. The children in the village called her Granny, and they called the Elephant "Granny's Blackie."

The Elephant carried the children on his back all over the village. They shared their goodies with him and he played with them.

"Please, Blackie, give us a swing," they said to him almost every day.

"Come on! Who is first?" Blackie answered and picked them up with his trunk, swung them high in the air, and put them down again, carefully.

But Blackie never did any work. He ate and slept, played with the children, and visited with Granny. One day Blackie wanted Granny to go off to the woods with him.

"I can't go, Blackie, dear. I have too much work to do."

Then Blackie looked at her and saw that she was old and feeble. "I am young and strong," he thought. "I'll see if I can not find some work to do. If I could bring some money to her, she would not have to work so hard."

So next morning, bright and early, he started down to the river bank. There he found a man who was in great trouble. There was a long line of wagons so heavily loaded that the oxen could not draw them through the shallow water.

When the man saw Blackie standing on the bank he asked, "Who owns this Elephant? I want to hire him to help my oxen pull these wagons across the river."

A child standing near by said, "That is Granny's Blackie."

"Very well," said the man, "I'll pay two pieces of

<sup>1</sup> Adapted from *Jataka Tales*, Ellen C. Babbitt. Century Co.

silver for each wagon this Elephant draws across the river."

Blackie was glad to hear this promise. He went into the river, and drew one wagon after another across to the other side. . . . Then the man put the silver in a bag tied around Blackie's neck. Blackie started for home, proud to think that he had a present for Granny.

The children had missed Blackie and had asked Granny where he was, but she said she did not know where he had gone. They all looked for him, but it was nearly night before they heard him coming.

"Where have you been, Blackie? and what is that around your neck?" the children cried, running to meet their playmate. But Blackie would not stop to talk with his playmates. He ran straight home to Granny.

"Oh, Blackie!" she said, "where have you been? What is in that bag?" And she took the bag off his neck.

Blackie told her that he had earned some money for her.

"Oh, Blackie, Blackie," said Granny, "how hard you must have worked to earn these pieces of silver! What a good Blackie you are!"

And after that Blackie did all the hard work and Granny rested, and they were both very happy.

## MAY: PEACE AMONG THE CHILDREN

For the Teacher:

### A LOST FRIEND <sup>1</sup>

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY

I gave him love for love; but, deep within,  
I magnified each frailty into sin;

<sup>1</sup> From *Life of John Boyle O'Reilly*, with his complete poems. Cassell Publishing Co.



Each hill-topped foible in the sunset glowed,  
 Obscuring vales where rivered virtues flowed.  
 Reproof became reproach, till common grew  
 The captious word at every fault I knew.  
 He smiled upon the censorship, and bore  
 With patient love the touch that wounded sore;  
 Until at length, so had my blindness grown,  
 He knew I judged him by his faults alone.

Too late we learn, — a man must hold his friend  
 Unjudged, accepted, trusted to the end.

*Suggestions for morning talks*

One way to keep peace is to avoid children who are quarrelsome. If we let them alone, and keep away from them, they may try to be good, in order to have playmates.

We must not sulk, or refuse to play if we cannot always play the games we like best, or always be the leader.

We must not contradict or call names.

Never repeat unkind things you have heard about anyone. Nobody likes a tale-bearer.

Remember that any one can be a good winner. It takes a first-class person to be a good loser.

Some children grow cross and sulky if they fail in a lesson. The brave ones keep on trying.

SUPPOSE <sup>1</sup>

PHOEBE CARY

Suppose, my little lady,  
 Your doll should break her head;  
 Could you make it whole by crying  
 Till your eyes and nose were red?

<sup>1</sup> From *Poetical Works of Alice and Phoebe Cary*. Houghton Mifflin Co.

## A COURSE IN CITIZENSHIP

And would n't it be pleasanter  
To treat it as a joke,  
And say you're glad 't was Dolly's  
And not your head that broke?

Suppose you're dressed for walking,  
And the rain comes pouring down;  
Will it clear off any sooner  
Because you scold and frown?  
And would n't it be nicer  
For you to smile than pout,  
And so make sunshine in the house  
When there is none without?

Suppose your task, my little man,  
Is very hard to get;  
Will it make it any easier  
For you to sit and fret?  
And would n't it be wiser  
Than waiting like a dunce,  
To go to work in earnest  
And learn a thing at once?

Suppose that some boys have a horse,  
And some a coach and pair;  
Will it tire you less while walking  
To say, "It is n't fair"?  
And would n't it be nobler  
To keep your temper sweet,  
And in your heart be thankful  
You can walk upon your feet?

Suppose the world does n't please you  
Nor the way some people do;  
Do you think the whole creation  
Will be altered, just for you?

And is n't it, my boy or girl,  
The wisest, bravest plan  
Whatever comes, or does n't come,  
To do the best you can?

# SIR BOBBIE <sup>1</sup>

CLARA PLATT

The little boy next door wanted to be a policeman and the little boy around the corner was going to take tickets at the circus. But whenever Bobbie was asked, "What are you going to be when you grow to be a man?" he always answered proudly, —

"I'm going to be a knight."

He wanted to be a knight with prancing steed, waving plumes, and all the rest. He was only his mother's trusty little boy now, but he would be a knight as soon as possible.

One day he came running into the house with his eyes big and bright. "Oh, mother!" he cried, "there was a big bug on the sidewalk, and there was a little girl there, and he might have bitten her. But I looked very crossly at him, and he went away."

That was when Bobbie began to be a knight. There is a great deal of use for knights in the world, and Bobbie was kept very busy. Every morning when he and his mother went to market, there was some little girl or cat or dog in trouble, and then it was so fortunate that there was a brave knight around.

He coaxed away the butterflies that the boys had caught in bags, and set them free. He carried food to the baby birds that had fallen from the nests in the parks. He put every faded flower he found, into water. He kept the dogs from teasing the cats, and frightened the cats away from the birds.

<sup>1</sup> By permission of S. E. Cassino Co.

"I think it is time Bobbie was having a pony," said his mother one day. "How would you like that, Bobbie?"

"Not a plain pony — a steed, mother," begged Bobbie. "Please get me a steed."

"Certainly, a knight must have a steed," said she, laughing.

And it was that very day that Bobbie became a knight. He was on his way home from kindergarten, when he saw a very big boy and a very little girl with a doll in her arms. The little girl was crying, and Bobbie saw that the doll was broken.

"He broke it," she sobbed, pointing to the big boy, "and he won't let me go home to tell mother."

"I'll stand in front of you, and you run quickly," said Bobbie, and, planting his feet firmly, he faced the big boy, while the little girl ran off.

The big boy raised his stick, but Bobbie looked him straight in the eyes, and the stick came down again. Bobbie stood still for a moment. Then he said earnestly, "I'm afraid you'll never be a knight," and ran home as fast as he could. He dropped down before his mother's chair with his face in her lap.

"It's very hard work trying to be a knight," he sobbed, when he had told her all the story; "but I will be one."

"Look, Bobbie!" his mother cried, raising the window suddenly. Down the walk came the gardener, and prancing along behind him was a beautiful white pony.

"You have won your spurs fairly, my little boy," said Bobbie's mother, soberly. Then, as she kissed the tear-stained face, she tapped him lightly on the shoulder.

"You are a knight, now," she said. "Be always brave, loyal, and true. Rise, Sir Bobbie."



## JUNE: THE GOLDEN RULE

For the Teacher:

### DEJECTION: AN ODE

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

Ah! from the soul itself must issue forth  
A light, a glory, a fair luminous cloud  
Enveloping the Earth, —  
And from the soul itself must there be sent  
A sweet and potent voice, of its own birth,  
Of all sweet sounds the life and element!

For the Class:

Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do  
ye even so to them. — Matthew, VII, 12.

### *Suggestions for morning talks*

If we follow the golden rule we must not try to pay back  
those who have done wrong to us.

We must be true and loyal to our parents, for that is  
what we should want our children to be to us.

We must be obedient and mindful of our teachers, for  
that is what we should want our pupils to be to us.

We must be good to the dumb animals, for they are  
helpless in our care.

We must be patient and helpful to children smaller than  
we are. They need much patience and help to grow  
right.

We must be kind and gentle to those who have done  
wrong. They need more kindness than any one else  
to help them to be good.

Read: "Beautiful Things." Ellen P. Allerton, *Sunday  
School Selections*, Penn Publishing Company.

THE SERVANT OF ALL <sup>1</sup>

ANNIE AND ELIZA KEARY

"Carl," said his master, "you have been a faithful swineherd these three years; go and sell the half of my herd in the town that lies at the other side of the forest, and the money shall be yours."

As Carl drove the swine before him into the wood he suddenly saw an old man with a book in his hand. Carl peeped over the old man's shoulder and tried to read it.

"Trying to peep into my book, I see," said the old man.

"Oh, indeed, I beg your pardon," said Carl.

"No offense, I assure you," said the other; "sit down by me and you shall read as much as you like." "It is only a list of names," said Carl; "but one is written in gilt letters; what is that for?" "That is the name of a king," answered the old man. "What is a king?" asked Carl; "I have never seen one."

"You may see one this evening," answered the old man. "The people of yonder city have long been expecting one; the throne has been ready in the market-place and the crown rests before it on a crimson cushion. All the people are waiting to bow down, for they have heard that the king will come to-day."

"I will walk on then," said Carl, "for certainly I should like to see him."

Presently Carl overtook a thin, miserable-looking donkey who was trying in vain to drag a cart-load of wood. "Good master Carl," said the donkey, "will you not help me on with this load. I am so tired, I shall never reach my master's cottage." "Never despair, my good friend," said Carl as he placed himself behind the cart, and began to push it vigorously along. After a long time he said to the donkey, "That will do now, I think; I have helped you a long way."

<sup>1</sup> Abridged from *The Little Wanderlin and Other Tales*. The Macmillan Co.

But the donkey refused to go on alone. "You really are unreasonable," said Carl. "I positively must run after my pigs now." The donkey only brayed; there is no doubt he *was* very unreasonable. "Never mind," said Carl to himself, "he can't help being a donkey and I dare say he is very tired." So Carl pushed the cart for the donkey until they came to his master's cabin. "Thank you, good master Carl," said the donkey. "Good-bye," said Carl, as he ran after his pigs. They had found a feast of acorns, so Carl sat down and pulled his bread and cheese out of his pocket.

"Master Carl," said a little voice at his elbow, and Carl saw a rabbit sitting before him. "I do hope you're not going to ask for some bread and cheese," said Carl, "I'm very hungry and there's not nearly enough for us both."

"Then I must go without my dinner," said the little rabbit. "That's ridiculous," said Carl, "see how many dandelions there are all about." "But it's so unwholesome living entirely on green food," said the rabbit, "I'm particularly ordered to eat bread and cheese." "Very well, then," answered Carl, "you shall eat bread and cheese;" and he fed the rabbit out of his hand and kept only a very little piece for himself. "I'm very much obliged to you," said the rabbit when she went away.

As Carl drove his pigs along he next met a beggar, all in rags, looking so miserable it would have made your heart ache. Carl went up to him and said, "I am very sorry for you; can I do anything?" "God bless you," answered the beggar. "Look how sore my feet are from walking so long, without shoes or stockings." "You shall have mine," said Carl, pulling off his shoes and stockings. "And from having no hat on," continued the beggar, "the sun has made my eyes quite weak." "I see," answered Carl, as he put his hat on the beggar's head and ran on himself bareheaded.



"Now I must really keep my eye on those pigs," said Carl, "for here we are at the mouth of the enchanted cave and the Cobbolds will steal them away from me, if I don't look out."

"Carl! O Carl!" said a voice from the ground. "Here I am, almost crushed beneath the stone just under your right foot; will you not lift it up and save me?" "Can't you wait just till I have passed the cavern, and then I'll come back to you?" said Carl, still looking at his pigs. "In the mean time I shall be crushed to death," answered the worm.

"Good-bye, my pigs, then," shouted Carl, as he lifted the stone from the back of the half-dead worm. "I thank you, Carl," said the worm feebly; "now go and look after your pigs." "They are all gone, and once in there, it's not a bit likely they'll ever come out again," said Carl; "but I'll go to the town at any rate and see whether the king is come."

"What do you want here, Carl?" asked the porter at the gate of the city. "I came to sell my pigs," answered Carl. "Where are they?" said the porter. "I've lost them all," answered Carl.

"Then come with me to the market-place," said the porter; and he led Carl to the market-place, where the throne was standing empty. In front of the throne stood the old man who had spoken to Carl in the morning, and beside him Carl saw the donkey, the rabbit, the beggar, the worm, and a whole army of soldiers who had been Carl's pigs.

"Carl," said the old man, "where have you been to-day?" "Through the wood," answered Carl. "What have you been doing there?" "Indeed, I hardly know," answered Carl.

"Carl helped me with my load of wood," said the donkey.

"Carl fed me with his own dinner," said the rabbit.



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"Carl gave me his cap and shoes," said the beggar.

"Carl saved me from being crushed to death," said the worm.

"Citizens," said the old man, "what do you think of Carl?"

Then all the people shouted, "Carl is the King! Carl is the King!"

# GRADE III

## THE NEIGHBORHOOD

By ELLA LYMAN CABOT

### INTRODUCTION

FOR many months an empty house stood opposite to mine. At last the "For Sale" sign was taken down; carpenters and painters flickered by the windows, but still, as night came on, the house was dark. Then my neighbors moved in. One morning as I looked across I saw a small person dressed in brown, waving in greeting with both chubby hands. "Here," thought I, as I eagerly waved back, "here is true neighborliness, and it is strongest in the youngest among us."

All of us have our special groups of friends and our fellow workers who share a common interest. Neighborliness means the sharing of interests often different from our own. Neighborhoods give us minute but characteristic worlds to enter day by day, till we are enlarged in sympathy and comprehension. The teacher who helps a child to know and serve the neighbors will introduce him to ideals of sympathy and helpfulness that he can later use in larger spheres.

Our aim in this year is to help each child to see as his own and to love and serve the life of which he is a part. Little children take everything for granted. A child of nine or ten can begin to see that the town is made up, not of his home alone, but of other homes; and that school is

training him to be an active member of his community. The neighborhood becomes real to him as he takes his own small but loyal part in serving it. He can take care of public property to the extent of seeing that papers are picked up, fences and buildings left undefaced, garden seeds planted. He can learn respect for firemen and police; the simpler conditions of public health; the need of obedience to law because we are members one of another. He can practice doing good turns to the neighboring community, the group just over the border of his narrow sympathy. He can learn to recognize the rights and feelings of the Chinese laundryman, the Italian fruit-dealer, the Jewish tailor. Above all, he can begin to see what it means to work together for ends far greater than any one, however strong and wise, could accomplish alone.

## SEPTEMBER: WHO IS MY NEIGHBOR?

For the Teacher:

Heaven doth with us as we with torches do,  
Not light them for themselves; for if our virtues  
Did not go forth of us, 't were all alike  
As if we had them not.

SHAKESPEARE, *Measure for Measure*, I, i.

*Suggestions for morning talks*

The question, "Who is my neighbor?" was asked by a lawyer nineteen hundred years ago. The story of the Good Samaritan helped the lawyer to find his own answer. Read Luke x, 29-37. Our neighbor is every one to whom we can show kindness.

In every neighborhood the public school is a central

building. Day by day the children pass to and fro, rarely noticing with any clearness of vision what they see and still more rarely thinking of the neighborhood as a whole. Yet the neighborhood is the child's city limits, and to teach a keen and human interest and helpfulness in the neighborhood is to open for him the beginnings of citizenship. Citizenship often comes first to a child as a hard shell resisting his wishes. Happy is the teacher who can show him the kernel inside. The policeman, the old woman at the apple-stand, the truant officer, are often thought of as natural foes. Break that hard shell of prejudice; show the children the real life of the neighborhood.

*Questions for the class*

If you walk down a street of shops, what signs do you see over the door? Provisions, groceries, furniture, drug-store, shoemaker, painter, carpenter, lunch-room, dressmaker, tailor, toy-shop, books and stationery, moving-picture show, police station. Could we do without any of these stores? What things does everybody need?

Notice as you go home to-day what shops you see on the way. Make a list and bring it to school. How do these neighbors of ours help us? How can you help them? By courtesy whenever you meet any one; by honesty whenever you buy even a penny's worth; by willing deeds of kindness, holding the baby for a neighbor while she runs out, getting a pitcher of water for her; by shutting the door softly if any one in the house is ill; by listening hard to every word when you are asked to do something; by flying gayly on errands of kindness.

Read: "Ruth and Naomi." — Ruth 1.



A NIGHT WITH A WOLF <sup>1</sup>

BAYARD TAYLOR

Little one, come to my knee!  
Hark how the rain is pouring  
Over the roof, in the pitch-black night,  
And the wind in the woods a-roaring!

Hush, my darling, and listen,  
Then pay for the story with kisses:  
Father was lost in the pitch-black night,  
In just such a storm as this is!

High up on the lonely mountains,  
Where the wild men watched and waited;  
Wolves in the forest, and bears in the bush,  
And I on my path belated.

The rain and the night together  
Came down, and the wind came after,  
Bending the props of the pine-tree roof  
And snapping many a rafter.

I crept along in the darkness,  
Stunned, and bruised, and blinded —  
Crept to a fir with thick-set boughs,  
And a sheltering rock behind it.

There, from the blowing and raining,  
Crouching, I sought to hide me:  
Something rustled, two green eyes shone,  
And a wolf lay down beside me.

Little one, be not frightened;  
I and the wolf together,

<sup>1</sup> From *Poetical Works*. Houghton Mifflin Co.

Side by side, through the long, long night,  
Hid from the awful weather.

His wet fur pressed against me;  
Each of us warmed the other ;  
Each of us felt, in the stormy dark,  
That beast to man was brother.

And when the falling forest  
No longer crashed in warning,  
Each of us went from our hiding place  
Forth in the wild, wet morning.

Darling, kiss me in payment!  
Hark, how the wind is roaring;  
Father's house is a better place  
When the stormy rain is pouring!

## OCTOBER: WAYS OF SERVICE

For the Teacher:

Distinction, with a broad and powerful fan,  
Puffing at all, winnows the light away;  
And what hath mass, or matter, by itself  
Lies, rich in virtue, and unmingled.

SHAKESPEARE, *Troilus and Cressida*, I, iii.

*Suggestions for morning talks*

At the beginning of the year we talked about Who is my neighbor? The story of the Good Samaritan shows that my neighbor is every one I meet and whom I can help. How can we help? Are gifts the only way? Are they the best way to help? Read the story of the "Little Lame Boy."<sup>1</sup> How did he help? Do you

<sup>1</sup> *Ethics for Children*, Ella Lyman Cabot. Houghton Mifflin Co.

know the rule of the Boy Scouts to do something kind for somebody every day? What chances to help are there as soon as you get up? Quickness and care in dressing; help in setting the table; politeness in passing the food to others first; neatness in making up your bed; readiness to run errands.

What can you do to help in going to school? Be on time; speak pleasantly to any neighbor you meet; look about at the street crossing and help another child across carefully. Are there any lonely or sick people in your neighborhood? What can you do for them? What animals help us? How can we help them?

Tell the story of "Androcles and the Lion," from *Fifty Famous Stories Retold*, James Baldwin (American Book Co.); "The First Day on the Alm," from *Heidi*, by Johanna Spyri (Everyman's Library. E. P. Dutton & Co.).

## I LOVE YOU, MOTHER

JOY ALLISON

"I love you, mother," said little John;  
Then, forgetting his work, his cap went on,  
And he was off to the garden swing,  
Leaving his mother the wood to bring.

"I love you, mother," said little Nell,  
"I love you better than tongue can tell."  
Then she teased and pouted half the day,  
Till mother rejoiced when she went to play.

"I love you, mother," said little Fan,  
"To-day I'll help you all I can;"  
To the cradle then she did softly creep,  
And rocked the babe till it fell asleep.

Then stepping softly she took the broom,  
And swept the floor, and dusted the room;  
Busy and happy all day was she,  
Helpful and cheerful as child could be.

"I love you, mother," again they said —  
Three little children going to bed.  
How do you think the mother guessed  
Which of them really loved her best?

### OLD DOG TRAY <sup>1</sup>

ELLEN E. KENYON

Dog Tray has been away for two days. He never stayed so long before.

Dog Tray is a hunter. Sometimes he goes to look for the naughty fox that eats the chickens, and the fox leads him a long chase. When he returns, every one is glad. Even baby crows at sight of him.

What do you suppose he is saying to baby? And what is baby saying to him? Do you think they understand each other?

Dog Tray is often left to watch baby asleep in the cradle. No harm can come while he is there. When the children go chestnutting, he goes, too. He knows he may be needed to take care of them.

One afternoon they wandered too far and stayed too long. It grew dark, and they could not tell the way home. If they had been alone, they might have gone the wrong way. Then, getting farther and farther into the wood, they would have been lost indeed.

But Dog Tray was with them. All they had to do was to say, "We're going home, Tray!" The wise dog was glad to hear it, for he knew it was growing late and they

<sup>1</sup> From Charles Dudley Warner's *Library of the World's Best Literature*. By permission of The Warner Library Company.



had far to walk. He gave a glad sniff, as if to say, "Come this way then!" and trotted off. The children followed, for they knew they could trust Tray.

Every once in a while Tray would pause and look around, as if to say, "Am I going too fast for you?" Then he would trot along.

Mamma knew that Tray was with the children, or she would have been worried about them. As it was, when they reached home, she only said: "Come, hurry, children! Your supper is waiting."

Old Dog Tray 's ever faithful;  
Grief cannot drive him away.  
He is gentle, he is kind,  
And you 'll never, never find  
A better friend than old Dog Tray.

## NOVEMBER: PERSEVERANCE

For the Teacher:

### COLUMBUS <sup>1</sup>

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

Endurance is the crowning quality,  
And patience all the passion of great hearts;  
These are their stay, and when the leaden world  
Sets its hard face against their fateful thought,  
And brute strength, like the Gaulish conqueror,  
Clangs his huge glaive down in the other scale,  
The inspired soul but flings his patience in,  
And slowly that outweighs the ponderous globe.

*Suggestions for morning talks*

Tell of Edison's perseverance in discovering the best material to use for filaments of electric lights, and of

<sup>1</sup> From *Complete Poetical Works*. Houghton Mifflin Co.

how many times Burbank tries before he can get a successful new plant. For stories of both, see *The Wonder Workers*, by Mary H. Wade. Little, Brown & Co.

The work of Darwin, and in fact, of any great scientist, gives examples of perseverance. See *The Children's Book of Moral Lessons*, by F. J. Gould. Watts & Co., London.

Tell how Columbus showed great perseverance in his attempts to get ships to try the voyage across the Atlantic.

Describe Helen Keller's efforts in learning to speak. Refer to Miss Sullivan's account, in *The Story of My Life*, by Helen Keller, page 386. Doubleday, Page & Co.

Edison, Darwin, Burbank, Helen Keller, Clara Barton persevered in great and hard tasks; what made them persevere? They loved their work, but do you think they never grew tired of it? What did they do then? What chances have children to be persevering? Is it harder to be persevering in learning arithmetic or in learning to skate? Is it harder still to persevere in being helpful to all the neighbors every day?

Learn: "Excelsior," by Henry W. Longfellow. R.L.S. No. 11. Houghton Mifflin Co.

Read: "The Rope Wears the Stone," in Lesson X, and "William Edwards," in Lesson IX, *The Children's Book of Moral Lessons*, F. J. Gould. Watts & Co., London.

"Industry," and "The Water Lily," in *Ethics*, Julia M. Dewey. Educational Publishing Co.

"The Tortoise and the Hare," in *The First Book of Stories for the Story-Teller*, F. E. Coe. Houghton Mifflin Co.

"Teenchy Duck" (at the castle), in *The Second Book of Stories for the Story-Teller*, F. E. Coe. Houghton Mifflin Co.

"Bruce and The Spider," in *Fifty Famous Stories Retold*, James Baldwin. American Book Company.

"The Squirrel's Devotion," in *Ethics for Children*, Ella Lyman Cabot. Houghton Mifflin Co.

"The Hill," in *The Golden Windows*, Laura E. Richards. Little, Brown & Co.

A pocket-handkerchief to hem —  
Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear!  
How many stitches it will take  
Before it 's done, I fear.

Yet set a stitch, and then a stitch,  
And stitch and stitch away,  
Till stitch by stitch the hem is done;  
And after work is play!

C. G. ROSSETTI.

## PERSEVERANCE WINS <sup>1</sup>

ANONYMOUS

About thirty years ago I stepped into a book shop in Cincinnati. While there, a ragged little boy, not over twelve, came in to ask how much geographies cost.

"One dollar, my lad."

"I have only sixty-two cents," said the boy eagerly; "will you let me have the book, and wait awhile for the rest of the money?"

When the man refused his request, the lad seemed to

<sup>1</sup> Abridged from *A School Reader, Fourth Grade*. Copyright, 1908, by Fanny E. Coe. By arrangement with the American Book Co., Publishers.

shrink within his ragged clothes. He looked up at me with a poor attempt at a smile and left the store. I overtook him.

"What now?" I asked.

"I shall try another place, sir."

"Shall I go, too, and see how you succeed?"

"Oh, yes, if you like," said he in surprise.

Four different stores I entered with him and four times he was refused. "Will you try again?" I asked. "Yes, sir; I shall try them all, or I should not know whether I could get the book."

We entered the fifth store, and the little fellow told the gentleman just what he wanted and how much money he had.

"Why do you want the book so much?" asked the proprietor.

"To study, sir; I cannot go to school, but when I have time I study at home. My father was a sailor and I want to know something about the places that he used to go to."

"Does he go to those places now?"

"He is dead," replied the boy softly. Then he added, "I am going to be a sailor, too."

"Well, my lad," said the proprietor, "I will let you have a geography that is not new for fifty cents."

"Are the leaves all in it, and is it just like the others, only not new?"

"Yes, it is as good as the new ones."

"It will do just as well, then; and I shall have twelve cents left towards buying some other book. I am glad that they did not let me have one at any of the other places."

The bookseller looked up inquiringly, and I told him what I had seen of the little fellow. When he brought the book along, I saw a nice new pencil and some clean white paper with it. "A present, my lad, for your perse-



verance. Always have courage like that and you will make your mark," said the bookseller.

"Thank you, sir; you are very good."

"Do you want any more books?" I now asked.

"More than I can ever get," he replied, glancing at the shelves. I gave him a bank note. "May I buy what I want with it?" he said. I nodded. "Then I will buy a book for mother," said he. "I thank you very much, and some day I hope I can pay you." He asked my name and I gave it to him. Then I left him standing by the counter, so happy that I almost envied him.

Last year I went to Europe; we had pleasant weather the greater part of the voyage; but toward the end there came a terrible storm. Every mast was laid low, the rudder was almost useless, and a great leak was filling the vessel with water. After pumping for one whole night, with the water still gaining upon them, the sailors gave up in despair and prepared to take to the boats, but the captain, with a voice that I heard distinctly above the roar of the tempest, ordered every man to his post. It was surprising to see those men bow before his strong will and hurry back to the pumps.

As he passed me, I asked him whether there was any hope of saving the vessel. "Yes, sir," he answered, "so long as one inch of this deck remains above water, there is hope. When that fails, I shall abandon the vessel, not before, nor shall one of my crew. Bear a hand, every one of you, at the pumps."

Thrice during the day did we despair; but the captain's dauntless courage, perseverance, and powerful will mastered every man on board and we went to work again. "I will land you safe at the dock in Liverpool," said he, "if you will be men."

And he did land us safe, but the vessel sunk soon after she was moored to the dock. I was the last to leave. As

I passed he grasped my hand and said, "Judge Preston, do you recognize me?" I told him that I did not.

"Do you remember the boy who had so much difficulty in getting a geography? He owes a debt of gratitude for your encouragement and kindness to him."

"I remember him very well, sir. His name was William Hartley."

"I am he," said the captain. "God bless you!"

"And God bless you too, Captain Hartley," I said. "The perseverance that, thirty years ago, secured you that geography, has to-day saved our lives."

## DECEMBER: HOSPITALITY

For the Teacher:

### THE VISION OF SIR LAUNFAL

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

And the voice that was softer than silence said,  
"Lo, it is I, be not afraid!  
In many climes, without avail,  
Thou hast spent thy life for the Holy Grail;  
Behold, it is here, — this cup which thou  
Didst fill at the streamlet for me but now;

The Holy Supper is kept, indeed,  
In whatso we share with another's need;  
Not what we give, but what we share,  
For the gift without the giver is bare;  
Who gives himself with his alms feeds three,  
Himself, his hungering neighbor, and me."

*Suggestions for morning talks*

Children are naturally hospitable. Unaware of our need

to save time or money they lavish hospitality on any one who wins their confidence. Christmas is a time in which to accent both hospitality and generosity; the encouragement of the desire to give, far more than the hope to receive, should be our message to children. See the suggestions in Grade I for December, on Making Others Happy. Let the children learn the old English carol "Good King Wenceslaus," and the motto "Be ye hospitable to strangers, for in so doing some have entertained angels unawares."

Do you know what the word hospital comes from? Is there any hospital in your neighborhood? Does it open its doors wide to help the sick? Tell stories of the hospitality of the Far East.

Read: "How the Sun, the Moon and the Wind Went Out to Dinner," in *Second Book of Stories for the Story-Teller*, Fanny E. Coe. Houghton, Mifflin Co.

"Yussouf," Lowell. R.L.S. No. X. Houghton Mifflin Co.

"The Miraculous Pitcher," in *A Wonder Book*, Hawthorne. R.L.S. No. 18. Houghton Mifflin Co.

"Where Love is God is." Tolstoy, in *Ethics for Children*, Ella Lyman Cabot, p. 156. Houghton Mifflin Co.

"The Pig and the Hen," Alice Cary, in *Poetical Works of Alice and Phæbe Cary*. Houghton Mifflin Co.

Tell of Stevenson and the Samoans, *Letters of Stevenson*, vol. II, edited by Sidney Colvin, Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE SPARROWS <sup>1</sup>

CELIA THAXTER

In the far-off land of Norway,  
Where the winter lingers late,  
And long for the singing-birds and flowers  
The little children wait;

When at last the summer ripens  
And the harvest is gathered in,  
And food for the bleak, drear days to come  
The toiling people win;

Through all the land the children  
In the golden fields remain  
Till their busy little hands have gleaned  
A generous sheaf of grain;

All the stalks by the reapers forgotten  
They glean to the very least,  
To save till the cold December,  
For the sparrows' Christmas feast.

And then through the frost-locked country  
There happens a wonderful thing:  
The sparrows flock north, south, east, west,  
For the children's offering.

Of a sudden, the day before Christmas,  
The twittering crowds arrive,  
And the bitter, wintry air at once  
With their chirping is all alive.

They perch upon roof and gable,  
On porch and fence and tree,

<sup>1</sup> Copyright, by Houghton Mifflin Co. Abridged.



They flutter about the windows  
And peer in curiously.

On the joyous Christmas morning,  
In front of every door,  
A tall pole, crowned with clustering grain,  
Is set the birds before.

And which are the happiest, truly  
It would be hard to tell;  
The sparrows who share in the Christmas cheer,  
Or the children who love them well!

## THE LEGEND OF THE CHRISTMAS TREE <sup>1</sup>

LUCY WHEELLOCK

Two children were sitting by the fire one cold winter's night. A timid knock was heard at the door, and the boy ran to open it.

He found a child standing outside in the cold and darkness, with no shoes on his feet, and clad in thin, ragged garments. He was shivering with cold, and asked to come in and warm himself.

"Yes," cried both the children, "you shall have our place by the fire. Come in."

They drew the little stranger to their warm seat, shared their supper with him, and gave him their bed, while they slept on a hard bench.

In the night they were awakened by strains of sweet music, and looking out saw a band of children in shining garments approaching the house. They were playing on golden harps, and the air was full of melody.

Suddenly the stranger child stood beside them; no longer cold and ragged, but clad in silvery light.

<sup>1</sup> Adapted from the German. By permission of the author.

His soft voice said, "I was cold, and you took me in. I was hungry, and you fed me. I was tired, and you gave me your bed. I am the Christ-child, wandering through the world to bring peace and happiness to all good children. As you have given to me, so may this tree every year give rich fruit to you."

So saying, he broke a branch from a fir tree, planted it in the ground, and disappeared. But the branch grew into a great tree, and every year bore golden fruit for the kind children.

## JANUARY: THOUGHTFULNESS AND RESPECT FOR AUTHORITY

For the Teacher:

I doubt if she said to you much that could act  
As a thought or suggestion: she did not attract  
In the sense of the brilliant or wise: I infer  
'T was her thinking of others, made you think of her.

E. B. BROWNING, *My Kate*.

### *Suggestions for morning talks*

A few ways to show thoughtfulness.

*Thoughtfulness at home.* Who is the most thoughtful person you know? Does she ever forget to give you supper? If she has a great many things to do, how does she manage to remember your needs? What thoughtful thing can you do for her this very day? Read: "I love you mother," Joy Allison, Grade III, p. 91.

*Thoughtfulness at school.* How many children do you suppose the old lady had who lived in a shoe? Count how many the teacher has to look after. Why must they all behave well?

*Thoughtfulness in speaking.* Use a pleasant voice, low tones when you may disturb some one, courtesy in saying please and thank you. Read: "Please," by Alicia Aspinwall, in *Can You Believe Me Stories*. E. P. Dutton & Co.

*Thoughtfulness in remembering what you are told.* How can you learn not to forget? What things do you always remember? What things do you often forget?

*Thoughtfulness to the neighbors.* Learn the verse beginning, "She doth little kindnesses," in *My Love*, by James Russell Lowell. See Grade VI, page 232.

Notice all the thoughtful acts you can see each day and tell about them when you come to school. Who are the most thoughtful and kind people in your neighborhood?

*Thoughtfulness by quick attention.* Read: "A Gentleman," by Margaret Sangster, in *Little Knights and Ladies*. Harper & Bros.

Read: "The Chicken's Mistake," and "They Did n't Think," Phoebe Cary. *Poetical Works of Alice and Phæbe Cary*. Houghton Mifflin Co.

"Advice," Anonymous, *Poetry for Home and School*. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

"Spartan Respect for the Aged," in *School Management*, Emerson E. White. American Book Co.

### THE THREE SIEVES <sup>1</sup>

A little boy one day ran indoors from school, and called out eagerly: "Oh, mother, what *do* you think of Tom Jones? I have just heard that —"

<sup>1</sup> From Ella Lyman Cabot's *Character Training*, the English Edition of *Ethics for Children*, edited by Edward Eyles. Geo. G. Harrap & Co., London.

"Wait a minute, my boy. Have you put what you have heard through the three sieves before you tell it to me?"

"Sieves, mother! What do you mean?"

"Well, the first sieve is called Truth. Is it true?"

"Well, I don't really know, but Bob Brown said that Charlie told him that Tom —"

"That's very roundabout. What about the second sieve — Kindness. Is it kind?"

"Kind! No, I can't say it *is* kind."

"Now the third sieve — Necessity. Will it go through that? *Must* you tell this tale?"

"No, mother, I need not repeat it."

"Well, then, my boy, if it is not necessary, not kind, and perhaps not true, let the story die."

## FEBRUARY: FAIR PLAY AND UNSELFISHNESS

For the Teacher:

Gladness be with thee, Helper of our World!  
I think this is the authentic sign and seal  
Of Godship, that it ever waxes glad,  
And more glad, until gladness blossoms, bursts  
Into a rage to suffer for mankind,  
And recommence at sorrow.

ROBERT BROWNING, *Balaustion's Adventure*.

*Suggestions for morning talks*

Tell how Roderick Dhu kept his word and did not use his great band of men to fall upon James Fitz-James unfairly. See *The Lady of the Lake*, Scott, Canto v. Tell how Robin Hood tried to give everybody a fair chance by taking money away from the rich men who



had got it unfairly and returning it to the poor. He never robbed the poor. See *Robin Hood*, Howard Pyle. Charles Scribner's Sons.

What is a better way of helping the poor and the sick?

Read: "The Lion and the Mouse," *First Book of Stories for the Story-Teller*, Fanny E. Coe. Houghton Mifflin Co.

"Kindness Returned," in *School Management*, Emerson E. White. American Book Co.

"The Pied Piper," Browning (unfair play). R.L.S. No. 115. Houghton Mifflin Co.

"The Bell of Atri," Henry W. Longfellow. R.L.S. No. X. Houghton Mifflin Co.

How David refrained from Killing his Sleeping  
Foe, 1 Samuel xxiv.

"The Banyan Deer," *Jataka Tales*, Ellen C. Babbitt. Century Co.

"Little Agnes' Adventure," Margaret Brenda, in  
*Our Young Folks*.

Learn:

Be to others kind and true  
As you'd have others be to you;  
And neither do nor say to men  
Whate'er you would not take again.

## THE THIRTEEN JEWELLED LETTERS <sup>1</sup>

JASMINE STONE VAN DRESSER

Once upon a time, a little girl lost her name, and no one could tell her where to find it. So one day she started out with a basket of luncheon, saying that if she

<sup>1</sup> Abridged from *How to Find Happy Land*. By permission of G. P. Putnam's Sons, Publishers, New York and London.

did not succeed in finding her name she would never come back, for she felt she was disgraced.

First she met an old woman walking with a stick, who said, "What have you in your basket?" "Luncheon," replied the little girl.

"What is your name?" asked the old woman. "I don't know," answered the little girl. Then she burst out crying for shame. "Tut, tut!" said the old woman. "Give me your basket of luncheon." The little girl gave it to her, and was happier than she had been since she lost her name.

As she walked on through the woods she became very hungry. She turned back to see if the old woman had left a wee little crust; but all she found was the old woman's stick. Then the little girl cried, for she used to get what she wanted by crying. But this time there was no one to hear her, so she stopped. Moreover, she thought, "My luncheon must have helped the old woman to walk without her stick," and that of course made her feel better.

As she got up from where she was sitting, something shining on the ground caught her eye. She stooped down and picked up a letter "N," formed of the reddest rubies you ever saw. "Oh," she cried, jumping up and down, "I have found the first letter!"

Soon she met a squirrel who said, "Have you any nuts?" "No," she replied; "but I would give them to you if I had, because then I might find another letter of my beautiful name." "Indeed," said the squirrel, "you would never find another if *that's* why you would help me."

She was about to cry again, but the squirrel whisked out of sight, and she walked on. "If the saucy little squirrel is telling the truth, I had best mind what he said." With that she fell to wondering whether the next letter would be of pearls, — when the squirrel jumped

right out at her feet. "Give me that pretty blue ribbon on your hair to line my nest with," said he.

She gave it to him and walked on with her hair falling over her eyes. But she was happy and thought only of how comfortable the squirrel's nest would be, lined with blue ribbon, until she almost stepped on a bright something at her feet! And there was a letter "S," made of beautiful emeralds.

"Oh," she said, picking it up. "But how can any name begin with 'NS'?" And she was ready to cry again. Then a funny thing happened! A little baby monkey came out of the woods and asked for her cloak. Though she could n't see what a monkey wanted with a cloak, she gave it to him and went on, feeling pretty chilly, for it was not yet summer.

Soon the monkey came running after her. The cloak was so long that he stumbled over it at every other step. He was shouting, "Wait! wait!" She waited until he came up and handed her a letter "S" made of shining pearls. "It's yours," said the monkey.

She was more puzzled than ever at having another letter "S," for it seemed less likely than before that she would find a name beginning with such queer letters. But the monkey scratched his nose and said, "Maybe those are not the first letters of the name."

This made her happy. Thanking the monkey politely, she hurried on, for she was anxious to find the rest of the letters. I could n't tell you all the adventures this little girl had; she gave away her shoes and stockings, and her pretty little baby ring, and her bonnet, and I don't know what else. But she was happy and, when least expecting them, she kept finding letters made of precious stones.

After she had found twelve letters, she began to wonder how she would know when she came to the end. And would you believe it, she came near missing the last

letter. This was the way it happened; she saw a bent old man, who asked her to help him find his spectacles because he could n't see well without them. She did n't cry, for she was cured of that; but she thought, "Oh, how shall I ever find the rest of my letters if I turn back?"

The old man only said, "Oh! deary me! How am I ever going to find my specs if no one will help me?" That made the little girl feel badly and she said, "I will go back with you," thinking she was going in the wrong direction, even though she was trying to help some one. But we cannot always tell where we are going to find the things we need. We must just do what is to be done.

The little girl stooped to pick up something shining, saying, "Here are your specs!" But it was n't the specs at all! It was another letter "S" made of gorgeous diamonds. "Dear me!" said the little girl in astonishment, "but I can't spell such a big word."

"I'll spell it for you," said the little old man, laying the letters in a row on the ground. "Why!" he exclaimed, "*that* is what I have been looking for all these years;" and never thinking of specs, he spelled the word. "But for you I would n't have found it!" he said.

"But for *you*, I would n't have found it!" said she to him.

The little old man laughed. Then he suddenly stood up as straight as a sapling, saying, "Now I must make up for the years I have been without it," and off he started.

The little girl gathered up the sparkling letters, and ran to meet a lady who was coming toward her. "Come home, dear little Marybelle," said the lady, holding out her arms. "I see you have searched in the right way."

"Oh, mamma!" she cried, "these letters do not spell Marybelle!" Her mother spelled them out and they spelled "UNSELFISHNESS."



## MARCH: GOOD WORK

For the Teacher:

A NOISELESS, PATIENT SPIDER <sup>1</sup>

WALT WHITMAN

A noiseless, patient spider,  
I mark'd, where, on a little promontory, it stood, isolated;  
Mark'd how, to explore the vacant, vast surrounding,  
It launch'd forth filament, filament, filament, out of itself;  
Ever unreeling them — ever tirelessly speeding them.

And you, O my Soul, where you stand,  
Surrounded, surrounded, in measureless oceans of space,  
Ceaselessly musing, venturing, throwing, — seeking the spheres, to connect them;  
Till the bridge you will need, be form'd — till the ductile anchor hold;  
Till the gossamer thread you fling, catch somewhere,  
O my Soul.

*Suggestions for morning talks*

Even little children can appreciate much that is written on good work. The teacher will find *Character Building in School*, by Jane Brownlee (Houghton Mifflin Co.), especially helpful.

Read: "The Sailor Man," in *The Pig Brother*, Laura E. Richards. Little, Brown & Co.

"The Builders," Longfellow. R.L.S. No. X. Houghton Mifflin Co.

<sup>1</sup> From *Leaves of Grass*.

- Read: "The Monkey Song," in *The Jungle Book*, Kipling (*poor work*). The Century Company.
- "Mother Holle," Grimm. R.L.S. No. 107. Houghton Mifflin Co.
- "The Two Herd Boys," in *Boys of Other Countries*, Bayard Taylor. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
- "The Christmas Cake," Maud Lindsay, in *More Mother Stories*. Milton Bradley Co.
- "That Dropped Stitch," in *Ethics for Home and School*, Julia M. Dewey. Educational Publishing Company.

FIVE LITTLE CHICKENS <sup>1</sup>

ANONYMOUS

Said the first little chicken,  
With a queer little squirm,  
"Oh, I wish I could find  
A fat little worm!"

Said the next little chicken,  
With an odd little shrug,  
"Oh, I wish I could find  
A fat little bug!"

Said the third little chicken,  
With a sharp little squeal,  
"Oh, I wish I could find  
Some nice yellow meal!"

Said the fourth little chicken,  
With a small sigh of grief,  
"I wish I could find  
A green little leaf!"

<sup>1</sup> From *American Kindergarten Magazine*.

Said the fifth little chicken,  
With a faint little moan,  
"I wish I could find  
A wee gravel-stone!"

"Now, see here," said the mother,  
From the green garden-patch,  
"If you want any breakfast,  
You must come and scratch."

### DUST UNDER THE RUG <sup>1</sup>

MAUD LINDSAY

There was once a poor widow, who had two daughters. She found work to do away from home, and her two little girls kept house. But one day the dear mother came home sick; so Minnie said: "Dear sister, I must go out to find work before the food gives out." She kissed her mother and walked off quickly. The night was coming fast when she saw before her a very small house. She made haste to knock; nobody came, so she opened the door and walked in. There before her she saw twelve little beds with the bedclothes tumbled, twelve little dirty plates, and the floor so dusty that you could have drawn a picture on it.

"Dear me!" said the little girl, "this will never do!" and she set to work to make the room tidy. Just as she finished, in walked twelve little people about as tall as a carpenter's rule, and all wearing yellow clothes. Minnie knew they must be the dwarfs who kept the gold in the heart of the mountain. Said the dwarfs all together, for they always spoke together and in rhyme, —

"Who can this be so fair and mild?  
Our helper is a stranger child!"

<sup>1</sup> Abridged from *Mother Stories*, Maud Lindsay. By permission of Milton Bradley Co., Publishers.

Minnie came forward. "If you please," she said, "I'm Minnie Gray and I'm looking for work." Here all the dwarfs called out merrily: —

"You found our room a sorry sight,  
But you have made it clean and bright."

They asked her to stay to supper and while they sat eating they told her that their fairy housekeeper had taken a holiday, and so their house was not well kept. Then they said: —

"Dear mortal maiden, will you stay  
All through our fairy's holiday?  
And if you faithful prove and good,  
We will reward you as we should."

Minnie was much pleased. Next morning she was awake with the chickens, cooked a nice breakfast, and after the dwarfs left, cleaned up the room and mended the dwarfs' clothes. When the dwarfs came home they found a bright fire and a warm supper; and every day Minnie worked faithfully until the last day of the fairy housekeeper's holiday.

That morning she saw on one of the window-panes a most beautiful picture of fairy palaces with towers of silver and frosted pinnacles. As she looked at it she forgot work until the clock struck twelve. Then in haste she made the beds and washed the dishes; but when she took the broom to sweep it was almost time for the dwarfs to come home. "I believe," said Minnie, "I will not sweep under the rug to-day; it is no harm for dust to be where it can't be seen!" So she left the rug unturned. The dwarfs came home; as the rooms looked as usual, nothing was said; and Minnie thought no more of the dust until she went to bed.

Then it seemed to her that she could hear the stars saying, "There is the little girl who is so faithful and good;" and Minnie turned her face to the yall, for a



little voice right in her own heart said, "Dust under the rug; dust under the rug!"

"There is the little girl," cried the stars, "who keeps home as bright as star-shine." "Dust under the rug!" said the little voice.

"We see her," called the stars joyfully. "Dust under the rug," said the voice. Minnie could bear it no longer; she sprang out of bed, swept the dust away, and lo! under the dust lay twelve shining gold pieces. "Oh!" cried Minnie, and the dwarfs came running to see what was the matter.

Minnie told them all, and when she had ended her story the dwarfs gathered lovingly around her and said: —

"Dear child, the gold is all for you,  
For faithful you have proved and true.  
But had you left the rug unturned,  
A groat was all you would have earned.  
Our love goes with the gold we give,  
And oh, forget not while you live,  
That in the smallest duty done  
Lies wealth of joy for everyone."

Minnie thanked the dwarfs for their kindness to her; and early next morning she hastened home with her golden treasure, which bought many good things for the dear mother and little sister. She never saw the dwarfs again; but she never forgot their lesson, to do her work faithfully; and she always swept under the rug.

APRIL: CHEERFULNESS UNDER  
DEFEAT AND SUFFERING

For the Teacher:

## PROMETHEUS UNBOUND

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

To suffer woes which Hope thinks infinite;  
To forgive wrongs darker than death or night;  
To defy Power, which seems omnipotent;  
To love, and bear; to hope till Hope creates  
From its own wreck the thing it contemplates;  
Neither to change, nor falter, nor repent;  
This, like thy glory, Titan, is to be  
Good, great and joyous, beautiful and free;  
This is alone Life, Joy, Empire, and Victory!

*Suggestions for morning talks*

Tell how such men as Stevenson and Pope, though ill a great part of their lives, worked cheerfully and kept their courage; tell of Beethoven who wrote music after he was deaf. See *Masters of Fate*, Sophie Shaler. Duffield & Co.

Tell the story of the Chinese, in *The Children's Book of Moral Lessons*, F. J. Gould, p. 20. Watts & Co., London.

Read: "Partners" (first part only), *An American Book of Golden Deeds*, James Baldwin. American Book Co.

"He That is Down" (poem), John Bunyan. *Children's Year Book*, Forbes. Roberts Bros.

"If," *Rewards and Fairies*, Rudyard Kipling. Doubleday, Page & Co.

"A Lesson of Faith," Mrs. Alfred Gatty, *Parables from Nature*. Everyman's Library, E. P. Dutton & Co.

"The Flax," Hans Andersen. R.L.S. No. 50. Houghton Mifflin Co.

"One, Two, Three," Henry C. Bunner. R.L.S. No. CC. Houghton Mifflin Co.

Read to the children about playing the "Glad Game," from *Pollyanna*, by Eleanor H. Porter. L. C. Page & Co. See especially: chap. 5, p. 42, from "Pollyanna laughed softly" to "as they entered the kitchen together"; chap. 10, p. 97, "There, I 'most forgot," to the end of the chapter; chap. 23, the account of her accident; chap. 26, how she heard she could never walk; chap. 28, all, but especially last two paragraphs. Pollyanna's game was to find something to be glad about in every discouraging circumstance; the harder it was to find something, the more fun the game. For example, when her room lacked a mirror, she checked her regret by "being glad" that she was thus prevented from seeing her hated freckles. When she, with two good legs, received crutches for a Christmas present, she managed to be glad that she did n't need them.

### *Cheerfulness under defeat*

Sir Isaac Newton was a great scientist who discovered many new facts about light, the rainbow, and the falling of stones and other bodies to the earth. He had many notes that it had taken him a long time to make; he kept these piled up on a table in his study. One day while he was out for a moment, a little dog of his knocked over a candle which burned up all the

papers on which were his precious notes. When Sir Isaac came back, all that was left of them was ashes. But Sir Isaac did not punish the dog; all he said was, "Oh, Diamond, you little know the mischief you have done."

## IN GIANT DESPAIR'S CASTLE <sup>1</sup>

JOHN BUNYAN

Christian and Hopeful had traveled a long time and had met with many grievous difficulties. Wherefore at last, lighting under a little shelter, they sat down there till the day brake; but, being very weary, they fell asleep. Now there was, not far from the place where they lay, a castle, called Doubting Castle, the owner whereof was Giant Despair; wherefore he, getting up in the morning early, and walking up and down in his fields, caught Christian and Hopeful asleep in his grounds. Then with a grim and surly voice he bade them awake, and asked them whence they were, and what they did in his grounds. They told him they were pilgrims and that they had lost their way. Then said the giant, "You have this night trespassed on me by trampling in and lying on my ground, and therefore you must go along with me." So they were forced to go, because he was stronger than they. They also had but little to say, for they knew themselves in a fault. The giant, therefore, drove them before him and put them into his castle, into a very dark dungeon. Here, then, they lay from Wednesday morning till Saturday night, without one bit of bread or drop of drink, or light, or any to ask how they did. Now in this place Christian had double sorrow, because 't was through his unadvised counsel that they were brought into this distress.

<sup>1</sup> From *The Pilgrim's Progress*. Slightly abridged.



Now Giant Despair had a wife, and her name was Diffidence: so he told his wife that he had taken a couple of prisoners and cast them into his dungeon for trespassing. Then she counseled him that in the morning he should beat them without mercy. So when he arose, he getteth him a grievous crab-tree cudgel, and goes down into the dungeon to them, and there first falls to rating of them as if they were dogs. Then he falls upon them and beats them fearfully; this done, he withdraws and leaves them there to condole their misery, and to mourn under their distress.

"Brother," said Christian, "what shall we do? The life that we now live is miserable. For my part, I know not whether it is best to live thus, or die out of hand."

"Indeed," said Hopeful, "our present condition is dreadful, and death would be far more welcome to me than thus forever to abide; but let us consider, that all the law is not in the hand of Giant Despair. Who knows but that God, that made the world, may cause that Giant Despair may die; or that at some time or other he may forget to lock us in. For my part, I am resolved to pluck up the heart of a man, and to try my utmost to get from under his hand. I was a fool that I did not try to do it before. But, however, my brother, let's be patient, and endure a while." With these words Hopeful did moderate the mind of his brother; so they continued together in the dark that day, in their sad and doleful condition.

Now night being come again, and the giant and his wife being in bed, she asked him concerning the prisoners. He replied, "They are sturdy rogues; they chose rather to bear all hardship than to make away with themselves." Then said she, "Take them into the castle yard to-morrow, and show them the bones and skulls of those thou hast already dispatched."

So when the morning was come the giant took them

into the castle yard, and showed them as his wife had bidden. "These," said he, "were pilgrims, as you are, and they trespassed in my grounds as you have done; and when I thought fit I tore them in pieces, and so within ten days I will do you; get you down in your den again." And with that he beat them all the way thither. They lay, therefore, all day on Saturday in a lamentable case, as before.

Well, on Saturday, about midnight, they began to pray, and continued in prayer till almost break of day. Now, a little before it was day, good Christian, as one half-amazed, broke out in this passionate speech: "What a fool," quoth he, "am I, thus to lie in a dungeon when I may as well walk at liberty! I have a key in my bosom called Promise, that will, I am persuaded, open any lock in Doubting Castle." Then said Hopeful, "That's good news; good brother, pluck it out of thy bosom and try."

Then Christian pulled it out of his bosom, and began to try at the dungeon door, whose bolt, as he turned the key, gave back, and the door flew open with ease; and Christian and Hopeful both came out. Then he went to the outward door that leads into the castle yard, and with his key opened that door also. After he went to the iron gate, for that must be opened too; but that lock went hard, yet the key did open it. Then they thrust open the gate to make their escape with speed; but that gate, as it opened, made such a crackling that it waked Giant Despair, who hastily rising to pursue his prisoners, felt his limbs to fail; for his fits took him again, so that he could by no means go after them. Then they went on, and came to the King's highway, and so were safe, because they were out of the giant's jurisdiction.

## MAY: PEACE AMONG NEIGHBORS

For the Teacher:

## MEMORABILIA

XENOPHON

Socrates, seeing two brothers quarreling, said to one, "As it appears to me the gods have designed brothers to be of greater mutual service than the hands or feet or other members which they have made in pairs; for the hands, if required to do things at the same time, at greater distance than a fathom, would be unable to do them; the feet cannot reach two objects at the same time that are distant even a fathom: but brothers if they are in friendship can, even at the greatest distance, act in concert and for mutual benefit."

*Suggestions for morning talks*

Learn:

Echo not an angry word,  
Let it pass!  
Think how often you have erred;  
Let it pass!  
Any common souls that live  
May condemn without reprieve;  
'T is the *noble* who forgive:  
Let it pass!

*All The Year Round.*

Read: "The White Dove," Maud Lindsay, in *More Mother Stories*. Milton Bradley Co.

"Little Girls Wiser Than Men," Tolstoy, in *Twenty-Three Tales*; translated by L. and A. Maude. Oxford University Press.

Read: "Rollo in the Woods," in *Rollo at Play*, Jacob Abbott. T. Y. Crowell & Co.

"A Bit of Loving Kindness," Ada Carleton, in *Ethics*, Julia M. Dewey. Educational Publishing Company.

"Three Bugs," Alice Cary, in *Poetical Works of Alice and Phæbe Cary*. Houghton Mifflin Co.

## A SPARK NEGLECTED BURNS THE HOUSE <sup>1</sup>

LEO TOLSTOY

There once lived in Russia a peasant named Ivan Stcherbakof. He was the best worker in the village, had three sons all able to work, his wife was a thrifty woman and they had a quiet and hard working daughter-in-law. They had only one idle mouth to feed; that of Ivan's old father, who had been lying ill on the top of the great brick oven for seven years. Ivan had all he needed, three horses and a colt, a cow with a calf, and fifteen sheep. So he and his children might have lived quite comfortably had it not been for a quarrel with his next-door neighbor, Limping Gabriel, the son of Gordey Ivanof.

As long as old Gordey was alive the peasants lived as neighbors should. If the women wanted a sieve or a tub, or the men a sack, they sent to the other house. Such things as locking up barns and outhouses, or hiding things from one another, were never thought of.

When the sons came to be at the head of the families, everything changed. It all began about a trifle. Ivan's daughter-in-law, Sonia, had a hen that every day laid an egg in the cart. But one day the hen flew across into Gabriel's yard and laid its egg there. When Sonia went

<sup>1</sup> Abridged from *Twenty-Three Tales*. Translated by L. and A. Maude. Oxford University Press.



over, Gabriel's mother asked: "What do you want, young woman?" "Why, you see, my hen flew across this morning. Did not she lay an egg here?" "We never saw anything of it. We collect our own eggs. And we don't go looking for eggs in other people's yards, lass!" The young woman was offended, and answered sharply. The women began abusing each other. Ivan's wife joined in; Gabriel's wife rushed out; then a general uproar commenced. Gabriel, returning from the fields, stopped to take his wife's part. Ivan and his son rushed out; and finally Ivan pulled a hand-full out of Gabriel's beard. Thus the quarrel began, and from this a feud grew.

Ivan's old father tried to persuade them to make peace, saying, "It's a stupid thing, children, picking quarrels about an egg. The children may have taken it — well, what matter? God sends enough for all. And suppose your neighbor did say an unkind word; show her how to say a better one! If there *has* been a fight — well, we're all sinners, so make it up. If you nurse your anger it will be worse for you yourselves."

But the younger folk would not listen. Not a day passed without a quarrel or even a fight. After a time the peasants began to steal from each other and kept getting each other fined. Finally, in the seventh year of the quarrel, Sonia accused Gabriel of horse-stealing, and Gabriel hit her such a blow that she was laid up for a week. Ivan got Gabriel condemned to be flogged. This was a terrible humiliation to Gabriel and he was overheard to mutter, "Very well! He will have my back flogged! That will make it burn; but something of his may burn worse than that!"

After this Ivan's old father spoke up again. "Ah, lad, malice blinds you. Others' sins are before your eyes but your own are behind your back. He's acted badly? If he were bad but you were good, there would be no strife.

If you get a hard word from any one, keep silent, and his own conscience will accuse him. Forgive him; then life will be easy and your heart will always be light. In the morning go, make it up with Gabriel and invite him here for to-morrow's holiday. Don't put it off; put out the fire before it spreads."

Ivan began to think his father was right, but at this moment the women came into the house, telling of more quarreling. Then Ivan's heart grew cold again and he gave up the thought of making peace. Late that evening he went the rounds of his farm, to see whether anything *was* in danger. As he reached the far corner of the shed he saw something flare up for a moment near the plough; and he clearly saw a man, crouching down, lighting a bunch of straw he held in his hand. The thatch flared up at the eaves, and standing beneath them, Gabriel's whole figure was clearly visible.

"Now I'll have him," thought Ivan, and, paying no attention to the fire now blazing furiously, he rushed at Gabriel. The latter fled; Ivan followed, and was about to seize him, when Gabriel, seizing up an oak beam, struck Ivan down and stunned him.

When he came to his senses Gabriel was no longer there. Ivan saw that his back shed was all ablaze; flames and smoke and bits of burning straw mixed with the smoke were being driven towards his hut. "What is this," cried Ivan, still half dazed, "why, all I had to do was just to snatch it out from under the eaves and trample on it! Then the fire would never have got started." Before he could get to the fire, the hut was aflame. Nothing could be done; after Ivan's house, Gabriel's also caught fire; then, the wind rising, the flames spread to the other side of the street and half the village was burnt down.

Ivan barely managed to save his old father; the family escaped in what they had on; and everything else was

lost, even the grain in the granaries. Ivan kept repeating, "One need only have pulled it out and trampled on it."

In the morning his old father sent for him. "Who has burnt down the village?" began the old man. "It was Gabriel, father, I saw him." "Ivan, I am dying. You in your turn will have to face death. Now, before God, say whose is the sin?" Only then Ivan came to his senses and understood it all. He answered simply, "Mine, father." Then he fell on his knees before his father, saying, "Forgive me; I am guilty before you and before God." The old man cried, "Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord! — What must you do now?" Ivan was weeping. "I don't know how we are to live now, father!" he said.

The old man smiled faintly. "If you obey God's will, you'll manage! — Mind, Ivan! Don't tell who started the fire! Hide another man's sin, and God will forgive two of yours!" and, closing his eyes, the old man sighed, stretched out, and died.

Ivan did not say anything against Gabriel, and no one knew what had caused the fire. At first Gabriel felt afraid, but after a while he got used to it. The men left off quarreling and then their families left off also. While rebuilding their huts, both families lived in one; and when the village was rebuilt, Ivan and Gabriel built next to each other and lived as good neighbors should. Ivan remembered his old father's command to quench a fire at the first spark. If any one does him an injury he now tries, not to revenge himself, but rather to set matters right.

And Ivan has got on his feet again, and now lives better even than he did before.

## JUNE: WORKING TOGETHER

For the Teacher:

TOGETHER <sup>1</sup>

RUDYARD KIPLING

When Crew and Captain understand each other to the  
core,  
It takes a gale and more than a gale to put their ship  
ashore;  
For the one will do what the other commands, although  
they are chilled to the bone,  
And both together can live through weather that neither  
can face alone.

*Suggestions for morning talks*

June is an excellent time to gather together in review the lessons of the entire year, and to suggest ways of putting them in action during the summer. The spirit of working together is the essence of neighborliness. Æsop's fable of the bundle of sticks easily broken when separate, unbreakable when bound together, will make graphic the need of mutual support. Let the children see how even such a simple act as tying one's shoes means a skillful working together of the brain, the muscles, the agile fingers of both hands. Building a house, putting out a fire, running a railroad, all require that people shall help one another to the best of their ability.

What can you do during the summer to help the neighbors? If you go on a vacation to the country can you

<sup>1</sup> *A School History of England*, C. R. L. Fletcher and Rudyard Kipling. Doubleday, Page & Co.



bring back some flowers? For whom? Are there any little babies in the neighborhood? In what ways can you help take care of them? Is it a good way of working together to steal birds' eggs? Why not? Why should you not pull up flowers by the roots?

**Learn:** "The Brown Thrush," Lucy Larcom, from *Childhood Songs*. Houghton Mifflin Co.

"Wayside Flowers," William Allingham, in *Ethics for Children*, Ella Lyman Cabot. Houghton Mifflin Co.

**Read:** "Do all That You Can," and "Two Little Girls." Margaret Sangster, in *Little Knights and Ladies*. Harper & Bros.

In *A School History of England*, C. R. L. Fletcher and Rudyard Kipling, "England's on the Anvil" (chap. II), first four verses of "Together" (chap. VII), "The Glory of the Garden" (end of the book). Doubleday, Page & Co.

"The Wives of Brixham," Anonymous, in *A School Reader*, Grade IV, Fanny E. Coe. American Book Co.

"The Lame Man and the Blind Man," Æsop, in *Ethics for Children*, Ella Lyman Cabot. Houghton Mifflin Co.

## THE QUAILS <sup>1</sup>

### A LEGEND OF THE JATAKA

Ages ago a flock of more than a thousand quails lived together in a forest in India. They would have been happy, but that they were in great dread of their enemy,

<sup>1</sup> From *Ethics for Children*, p. 71.

the quail-catcher. He used to imitate the call of the quail, and when they gathered together in answer to it, he threw a great net over them, stuffed them into his basket, and carried them away to be sold.

Now one of these quails was very wise, and he said: "Brothers! I've thought of a good plan. In future, as soon as the fowler throws his net over us, let each one put his head through a mesh in the net and then all lift it up together and fly away with it. When we have flown far enough, we can let the net drop on a thorn bush and escape from under it."

All agreed to the plan, and the next day, when the fowler threw his net, the birds all lifted it together in the very way that the wise quail had told them, threw it on a thorn bush and escaped. While the fowler tried to free his net from the thorns, it grew dark, and he had to go home.

This happened many days, till at last the fowler's wife grew angry and asked her husband: "Why is it that you never catch any more quail?"

Then the fowler said: "The trouble is that all the birds work together and help one another. If they would only quarrel, I could catch them fast enough."

A few days later, one of the quails accidentally trod on the head of one of his brothers as they alighted on the feeding ground.

"Who trod on my head?" angrily inquired the quail who was hurt.

"Don't be angry, I did n't mean to tread on you," said the first quail.

But the brother quail went on quarreling, and pretty soon he declared: "I lifted all the weight of the net; you did n't help at all."

That made the first quail angry, and before long all were drawn into the dispute. Then the fowler saw his chance. He imitated the cry of the quail and cast his net

over those who came together. They were still boasting and quarreling, and they did not help each other lift the net. So the hunter lifted the net himself and crammed them into his basket. But the wise quail gathered his friends together and flew far away, for he knew that quarrels are the root of misfortune.

# GRADE IV

## TOWN AND CITY

BY MABEL HILL

### INTRODUCTION

FOR the Teacher:

#### THE SONG OF THE BROAD-AXE

WALT WHITMAN

A great city is that which has the greatest men and women,

If it be a few ragged huts it is still the greatest city in the whole world.

. . . . .  
The place where a great city stands is not the place of stretch'd wharves, docks, manufactures, deposits of produce merely,

Nor the place of ceaseless salutes of new-comers or the anchor-lifters of the departing,

Nor the place of the tallest and costliest buildings or shops selling goods from the rest of the earth,

Nor the place of the best libraries and schools, nor the place where money is plentiest,

Nor the place of the most numerous population.

Where the city stands with the brawniest breed of orators and bards,

Where the city stands that is belov'd by these, and loves them in return and understands them,



Where no monuments exist to heroes but in the common  
words and deeds,  
Where thrift is in its place, and prudence is in its place,  
Where outside authority enters always after the precedence of inside authority,  
Where the citizen is always the head and ideal, and  
President, Mayor, Governor and what not, are  
agents for pay,  
Where children are taught to be laws to themselves, and  
to depend on themselves,  
Where equanimity is illustrated in affairs,  
Where speculations on the soul are encouraged,  
Where women walk in public processions in the streets  
the same as the men,  
Where they enter the public assembly and take places  
the same as the men;  
Where the city of the faithfulest friends stands,  
There the great city stands.

The most important public question before us to-day is the unsolved question of how to develop a class of trained citizens who shall bring into political life such upright devotion and such a high degree of efficient service that our civic life will show the results. It behooves the teachers of the United States to begin the foundations of such a crusade with the children. The junior citizens of our country are the future citizens of the nation. Even in the fourth grade the pupils, boys and girls alike, are in touch with the daily activities of municipal life around them. As they come to school they see workmen employed by the municipal government busily engaged on some service for the good of all. What these men are doing, why they are doing

it, what good comes from it, are questions to be considered.

Even more important are the questions that follow: If good does come from such work, cannot all citizens be interested and helpful? If the grown-up citizens are interested, why should not the children be interested and helpful too? These are questions to be fostered in the class room, in order to bring about a vital and intelligent coöperation on the part of the pupils.

As it is the spirit and not the letter that we are to develop in the lower grades, the actual study of government cannot be given as a branch of learning. But much will be gathered as basic knowledge of civic life if an informal succession of lessons be presented in the form of talks and stories, together with the study of pictures of civic life and poetry to stir local patriotism.

## SEPTEMBER: THE INFLUENCE OF THE HOME

For the Teacher:

### THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT

ROBERT BURNS

At length his lonely cot appears in view,  
Beneath the shelter of an aged tree;  
Th' expectant wee-things, toddlin', stacher thro',  
To meet their Dad, wi' flichterin' noise an' glee.  
His wee bit ingle, blinkin' bonilie,  
His clane hearth-stane, his thriftie wifie's smile,  
The lisping infant prattling on his knee,

Does a' his weary carking cares beguile,  
An' makes him quite forget his labor an' his toil.

Wi' joy unfeign'd brothers and sisters meet,  
An' each for other's weel fare kindly spiers:  
The social hours, swift-wing'd, unnotic'd fleet;  
Each tells the uncoss that he sees or hears;  
The parents, partial, eye their hopeful years;  
Anticipation forward points the view.  
The mother, wi' her needle an' her shears,  
Gars auld claes look amaisst as weel's the new;  
The father mixes a' wi' admonition due.

Their master's an' their mistress's command  
The younkers a' are warned to obey;  
An' mind their labours wi' an eydent hand,  
An' ne'er, tho' out o' sight, to jauk or play:  
An' oh! be sure to fear the Lord alway,  
An' mind your duty, duly, morn an' night!  
Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray,  
Implore His counsel and assisting might:  
They never sought in vain that sought the Lord aright!

*Suggestions for morning talks*

If you tell the boys and girls what children are doing in their homes in other towns and cities to serve the community you will quickly catch their interest. Stories read like fairy tales to them when the heroes are children — children who have made their homes more beautiful, and thus bettered the community in which they live.

Jane Andrews's "Seven Little Sisters," and "Ten Boys," will assist the teacher to bring before the pupils the helpfulness of children in the homes of other countries throughout the great epochs of his-

tory. Louisa Alcott's short stories contain many examples of children who have helped in the home of to-day. Magazines and newspapers contain anecdotes describing the work of children all over the country who have kept Tree Day or City Housecleaning Day. Cut these out of the magazines. Oftentimes they appeal to young children even more than historical stories.

**Questions:** How can a boy or girl living in a city flat help to make the flat more attractive? Boys can make window boxes and plant seeds; when the flowers blossom it will give a cheery appearance to the house. Girls can keep the flowers in the window boxes watered. Children will keep their lawns watered and cut, the flower beds weeded and watered, the streets in front of their houses free from rubbish, the ash barrel removed immediately after it has been emptied. How can you help your father and mother in their work? Why do you like to help them? Suppose you don't like to do the work itself, do you like to do it because it pleases some one else? Do you like to do work for the sake of getting the work done, and seeing things neat and ship-shape, even when the work itself is drudgery?

**Back of the actual service there must be the spirit of loyalty to the home life. Show the class that obedience is the fundamental relationship between parents and children in the home and that it is essential to the largest happiness. The stories below illustrate obedience, gratitude, helpfulness, cheerfulness, service.**

**Two quotations from the writings of the Eastern nations bring out the influence of the family through untold centuries:—**



"You have no conception of how many anxious toils your parents bore and of how many painful apprehensions they endured in nourishing and educating you — now which of these things did not require the heart of a father and mother? Can this kindness ever be fully rewarded?" — Mencius, *Tsin Sin* (pt. I, chap. xxxiv).

"No one is to be looked up to like a father. No one is to be depended upon as is a mother." — *She King*, Minor Odes.

*Reading for the children*

"A Mother's Boy"; "Waiting for Father"; "A Fellow's Mother"; "Little Hans"; "A Little Fairy"; from *Little Knights and Ladies*, M. E. Sangster. Harper & Bros.

"The School Children's Friend," in *An American Book of Golden Deeds*, James Baldwin. American Book Co.

"Snow-Bound," John G. Whittier. R.L.S. No. 4. Houghton Mifflin Co.

*Heidi*, Johanna Spyri. Everyman's Library. E. P. Dutton & Co.

*Reading for the teacher*

*The Community and the Citizen*, chap. iv, Arthur W. Dunn. D. C. Heath & Co.

*Preparing for Citizenship*. W. B. Guitteau. Houghton Mifflin Co.

*The Family in its Sociological Aspects*, James Quale Dealey. Houghton Mifflin Co.

*Democracy and Social Ethics*, Jane Addams. The Macmillan Co.

*The Young Citizen*, chaps. xix, xx, Charles F. Dole. D. C. Heath & Co.

THE LITTLE PHILOSOPHER <sup>1</sup>

JOHN AIKEN AND MRS. BARBAULD

Mr. L. was one morning riding by himself, when dismounting to gather a plant in the hedge, his horse got loose and galloped away from him. At length a little boy in a neighboring field, seeing the affair, ran across where the road made a turn, and getting before the horse, took him by the bridle, and held him till his owner came up. Mr. L. looked at the boy, and admired his ruddy, cheerful countenance. "Thank you, my good lad," said he; "you have caught my horse very cleverly. What shall I give you for your trouble?" (putting his hand into his pocket). "I want nothing, sir," said the boy.

Mr. L. Don't you? So much the better for you. Few men can say so much. But, pray, what were you doing in the field?

B. I was rooting up weeds and tending the sheep that are feeding on the turnips.

Mr. L. And do you like this employment?

B. Yes, very well, this fine weather.

Mr. L. But had you not rather play?

B. This is not hard work; it is almost as good as play.

Mr. L. How long have you been out in this field?

B. Ever since six in the morning.

Mr. L. And are not you hungry?

B. Yes, I shall go to my dinner soon.

Mr. L. If you had sixpence now, what would you do with it?

B. I don't know. I never had so much in my life.

Mr. L. Have you no playthings?

B. Playthings? What are those?

Mr. L. Such as balls, ninepins, marbles, tops, and wooden horses.

<sup>1</sup> Abridged from *The Children's Hour*, edited by Eva March Tappan. Houghton Mifflin Co.

B. No, sir; but our Tom makes footballs to kick in the cold weather, and we set traps for birds; and then I have a jumping pole and a pair of stilts to walk through the dirt with; and I had a hoop, but it is broken.

Mr. L. And do you want nothing else?

B. No. I have hardly time for those; for, I always ride the horses to field, and bring up the cows, and run to the town of errands, and that is as good as play, you know.

Mr. L. What do you do when you are hungry before it is time to go home?

B. I sometimes eat a raw turnip.

Mr. L. But if there are none?

B. Then I do as well as I can; I work on, and never think of it.

Mr. L. Are you not dry sometimes this hot weather?

B. Yes, but there is water enough.

Mr. L. Why, my little fellow, you are quite a philosopher!

B. Sir?

Mr. L. I say you are a philosopher, but I am sure you do not know what that means.

B. No, sir; no harm, I hope?

Mr. L. No, no (laughing). Well, my boy, you seem to want nothing at all, so I shall not give you money to make you want anything. But were you ever at school?

B. No, sir; but daddy says I shall go after harvest.

Mr. L. You will want books then.

B. Yes; the boys all have a spelling-book and a Testament.

Mr. L. Well, then, I will give you them. Tell your daddy so, and that it is because I thought you a very good, contented little boy. So now go to your sheep again.

B. I will, sir. Thank you.

## OCTOBER: THE INFLUENCE OF THE SCHOOL

For the Teacher:

### VITAI LAMPADA<sup>1</sup>

HENRY NEWBOLT

There's a breathless hush in the Close to-night —  
Ten to make and the match to win —  
A bumping pitch and a blinding light,  
An hour to play and the last man in.  
And it's not for the sake of a ribboned coat  
Or the selfish hope of a season's fame,  
But his Captain's hand on his shoulder smote:  
"Play up! play up! and play the game!"

The sand of the desert is sodden red —  
Red with the wreck of a square that broke; —  
The Gatling's jammed and the colonel dead  
And the regiment blind with dust and smoke.  
The river of death has brimmed his banks  
And England's far, and Honour a name,  
But the voice of a schoolboy rallies the ranks,  
"Play up! play up! and play the game!"

This is the word that year by year,  
While in her place the School is set,  
Every one of her sons must hear,  
And none that hears it dare forget.  
This they all with a joyful mind  
Bear through life like a torch in flame,  
And falling fling to the host behind —  
"Play up! play up! and play the game!"

<sup>1</sup> From *Admirals All*. John Lane Co.



*Suggestions for morning talks*

Show the children that they can help the city by their appreciation of what it does for them through the public schools. If the teacher tells the children at the outset of the term how much money is going to be spent for them by the city during the year and if she illustrates this expense by comparing it with the cost of things the children already know about, it will mean, even in the fourth grade, something definite to them, especially if they have already begun to save their pennies at the bank.

Questions: How many schools are there in our town? Where are they located? What is a primary school? What is a grammar school? What are high schools? Why do we have evening schools? Why are there so many more children in the elementary schools than in the secondary schools or high schools? When may a boy or girl go to work? Who decides the age? Who is the superintendent? Why is there a superintendent in your town? What other schools besides those mentioned give training to boys and girls? Would you like to go to an outdoor school? Do you like to go to schools in summer on the playgrounds? If supplies are given free to pupils, should they be careful in using them? Of what supplies ought you to take the best possible care? How can you help make your schoolroom beautiful? College boys talk about their college spirit? Has your school any real school spirit? What is school spirit? What do you mean by "team work," "fair play"? Give an example of fair play in the schoolroom and of one in the school yard.

Write upon the blackboard a list of suggestions given by

the children. This list will include: Care of the buildings (never mar anything, do not waste materials, do not waste water at the faucets); care of the school apparatus and playground apparatus; orderliness in entering school and retiring; regular attendance; punctuality; quiet behavior in the streets; helpfulness in waiting upon the teacher; readiness in recitation; willingness to study.

*Reading for the children*

"The Little School Ma'am"; "Vacation Over"; "The Two Wishes"; in *Little Knights and Ladies*, M. E. Sangster. Harper & Bros.

*Reading for the teacher*

*The Community and the Citizen*, chap. xv, Arthur W. Dunn. D. C. Heath & Company.

*New Demands in Education*, James P. Monroe. Doubleday, Page & Co.

*American Citizen; The Young Citizen*, chap. iii. Charles F. Dole. D. C. Heath & Co.

*Civic Reader for New Americans*, chap. iv, Charles M. Lamprey. American Book Co.

*Character Building in School*, Jane Brownlee. Houghton Mifflin Co. (A very important book for the teacher.)

"The Deserted Village," Oliver Goldsmith. R.L.S. No. 68. Houghton Mifflin Co. (To be read aloud).

## A SCHOOL SYSTEM STORY <sup>1</sup>

MABEL HILL

The truant officer did not visit the Horace Mann School once during the spring term. It happened in this

<sup>1</sup> Abridged from *Lessons for Junior Citizens*. Ginn & Co.

way. One morning in early April Miss Howe said, "Spring is here! I can see it and feel it and smell it, can't you?"

"Yes," said a little girl, without even raising her hand; "and I can hear it, too."

"So you can, Kitty," responded the teacher. "The birds are coming back every day."

Just then John Wilson, a big boy in the back seat, whispered to another boy, "I'll play 'hookey' this afternoon, if you will."

Miss Howe knew by the boy's lips what he had whispered, but she did not call upon him at once. Presently she said, "*I'd like to play truant this afternoon, myself, but you see I can't, any more than you boys and girls can.*"

Up went John's hand. "Why can't you play truant, Miss Howe, if you want to?" he asked.

"Because, John, it would not be fair to you, or to your father, or to the other children's fathers. You see, the citizens of this city own these school buildings and support the school system, in order that you children may come here and learn about things. You would feel very sorry if there were no schools, but if you and I played truant often, and if others should acquire the habit, the city might have to shut up the schools. Moreover, the truant breaks into his lessons, loses his place in the class, and becomes careless about everything."

Miss Howe then explained how they each partly "owned the school" and were a part of the "system of education." This is what she told them. "It costs an average of \$30 every year to send each of you to school. I mean that when all the expenses in all the schoolhouses are taken into account, it costs the city \$450,000; last year we had a roll of 15,000 children. I wish you would put that example in arithmetic on

the board, Johnny, so that we can see just how it will look."

Johnny quickly put the multiplication work on the board.

"We have a School Board, as you know, of nine members, and a superintendent of schools. There are so many things to think of that this big committee is divided into little committees. There are committees that report on music and drawing, and still others that have charge of the accounts, and of the rules and regulations. The members of our School Board receive no salary and when you think that some of the standing committees have at least fifty meetings a year, you must agree with me in thinking these men very generous to serve their city so faithfully.

"The superintendent of schools, however, receives a salary, just as all the teachers receive pay, because his work is a daily one and he has no other profession. Perhaps you would like to know how some of the city money is expended upon the schools? When we count all the public school buildings, we find 53 belonging to our school system, and in these are employed 300 teachers."

"Do these include the evening schools?" asked one of the older girls.

"No, there are other teachers who have charge of the night instruction. Now, I should like to have John go to the board again and make a list of necessary school supplies. Kitty, what shall we put down first?"

"Textbooks."

"Writing-books and drawing-books," added another.

"And drawing-materials," a third girl suggested.

"Reference books," some one else remembered. And then the replies came more slowly.

Miss Howe reminded them of the fuel, water, and gas bills that must be paid; of the repairs on old furniture and the need of new. She pointed to the window shades



that were new that spring. "It has cost the city \$2000 to put those green shades into every school. Do you know why they bought green instead of yellow shades?"

Mary Andrews knew. "Because green shades make the light softer for the eyes," she said. So they went on, counting the cost of the supplies necessary to equip a schoolroom. They remembered the scissors and cloth for the sewing-classes, and the raw materials for the cooking-class.

"How much will it cost to build the new Schuyler Avenue schoolhouse?" Johnny asked.

"I'm glad you asked that. How much do you think such a building ought to cost?"

"Our new house cost \$5000," another boy ventured.

"That's a good deal for a house, Charlie," Miss Howe replied, "but a school building is so much larger, and it must be built for so much more wear and tear, that Johnny will have to think of a sum larger than \$5000."

"I guess \$50,000," Johnny said, sitting down in the back seat with quite the air of a business man.

"Even more than that," Miss Howe continued. "The city has appropriated \$120,000 for the building alone. It is to be fireproof, and the only woodwork in the school-rooms will be the desks, chairs, and the trimming of doors and windows."

A moment later Miss Howe continued, "When I think how much your fathers are doing, as citizens, to make your school days happy, and when I stop to think that this very school building is public property and belongs to you and to me to enjoy and be proud of, I can't see how any children could want to mutilate or harm their desks, or destroy the flowers in the window boxes, or injure the textbooks."

This story made the boys and girls realize what a city government does for its school children, and there was no need for the truant officer in their school that spring.

## NOVEMBER: CARE OF PUBLIC PROPERTY

For the Teacher:

### WESTMINSTER BRIDGE

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

Earth has not anything to show more fair:  
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by  
A sight so touching in its majesty:  
This City now doth, like a garment, wear  
The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,  
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie  
Open unto the fields, and to the sky;  
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.  
Never did sun more beautifully steep  
In his first splendour, valley, rock, or hill;  
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!  
The river glideth at his own sweet will:  
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;  
And all that mighty heart is lying still!

#### *Suggestions for morning talks*

All public property belongs directly or indirectly to the citizens. It is not only school property which the children may be taught to care for with individual interest and pride.

Questions: If you live in a crowded street where careless people are constantly throwing refuse into the gutter and upon the pavements, what can you do about it? Suppose you should band the children of your neighborhood together into a Civic League, could the league work for street improvement? Write to the Commis-

sioner of the New York Street Cleaning Department, who will tell you an interesting story of what happened in the city of New York some years ago.

If you form a Civic League, here are some ways to protect and care for public property. Boys and girls will not deface with a knife, pencil, or chalk the buildings or walls or fences of any property, public or private; children can guard the street from the carelessness of grown-up people; if boys see banana skins thrown on to the street from a foreigner's fruit store, they can explain to the foreigner that banana skins are not only slippery things and may cause some one to fall, but they are unsightly and unhealthful, for all decaying fruit breeds germs; children can prevent other children from throwing stones which will break the electric lamp globes; bonfires should be watched carefully, and the ashes left from bonfires should be properly scattered, because falling sparks may alight and a new fire be started. The Sewer Department is another public utility of the greatest importance. Children should be taught not to build dams in the gutter, or try to stop the water from flowing into the sewer. The hydrants, the fire-alarm boxes, are for the good of all. The more the children think about these details of city life, the more ready they will be to take a civic pledge when a civic club is started in their school or community. Tell stories of children who have helped save large public property. For instance, "The Little Hero of Harlem," and "The Red Shirt," in *An American Book of Golden Deeds*, James Baldwin. For further questions and discussions, see "Life at the Heart of Things," p. 12, in *Talks on Citizenship*, Charles F. Dole. The Patriotic League, N.Y.

*Reading for the children*

Colonel Waring's work, in *Town and City*, chaps. v to vii, Frances G. Jewett. Gulick Hygiene Series. Ginn & Co.

*Lessons for Junior Citizens*, pp. 83-110, Mabel Hill. Ginn & Co.

"Arbor Day," Henry Abbey (what we plant when we plant a tree), in *Days and Deeds*. Baker Taylor Co.

"The Garden," Mary Howitt, in *The Children's Hour*, vol. vi, edited by Eva March Tappan. Houghton Mifflin Co.

*An American Book of Golden Deeds*, James Baldwin. American Book Co.

*Reading for the teacher*

*The City*, Frederick Howe. Charles Scribner's Sons.

*The Community and the Citizen*, Arthur W. Dunn. D. C. Heath & Co.

*The American Citizen*, Charles F. Dole. D. C. Heath & Co.

*Great Cities in America*, Delos F. Wilcox. The Macmillan Co.

*Preparing for Citizenship*, W. B. Guitteau. Houghton Mifflin Co.

*Representative Cities of the United States*, Caroline W. Hotchkiss. Houghton Mifflin Co.

"Public Parks," Sylvester Baxter, in *A Civic Reader for New Americans*. American Book Co.



NEIGHBOR MINE <sup>1</sup>

FRANCES GULICK JEWETT

There are barrels in the hallways,  
Neighbor mine;  
Pray be mindful of them always,  
Neighbor mine.  
If you're not devoid of feeling,  
Quickly to those barrels stealing,  
Throw in each banana peeling,  
Neighbor mine!

Look! whene'er you drop a paper,  
Neighbor mine,  
In the wind it cuts a caper,  
Neighbor mine.  
Down the street it madly courses,  
And should fill you with remorse  
When you see it scares the horses,  
Neighbor mine!

Paper-cans were made for papers,  
Neighbor mine;  
Let's not have this fact escape us,  
Neighbor mine.  
And if you will lend a hand,  
Soon our city dear shall stand  
As the cleanest in the land,  
Neighbor mine.

<sup>1</sup> From *Town and City*. Ginn & Co.

THE THINGS THAT BELONG TO US ALL<sup>1</sup>

CHARLES F. DOLE

A great many things in our town belong to all the people. The schoolhouses with their desks and charts and blackboards, for instance, belong to the people. The fathers and mothers and older brothers of the children, and often men and women who have no children of their own, have paid their money to build the schoolhouses and to furnish them. They have sometimes made the schoolhouses a good deal better than their own homes. They have wished to make the children happy in their schools.

No one can say of the schoolhouse, "It belongs to me," or "It is mine." The richest man in the town cannot say this any more than the poor man. But the poor man as well as the rich man may say, "This is ours: we own it together." The children also can say, "These schoolhouses and all that is in them are ours."

The schoolhouses are not the only things that all of us own in common. Perhaps there are other buildings which belong to the people. In a large town there may be many such buildings; such as the police stations, the houses for the fire-engines, the stables for the horses that draw the city carts, hospitals for the sick, homes for orphan boys and girls, and a City Hall full of offices. Perhaps some can think of other buildings which belong to the people. The buildings and houses owned by all of us in common are called *public*. This means that no one can ever say, "They are mine," but all can say, "They are ours." Whatever is *public* is for every one.

To whom do the streets belong? To whom do the sidewalks and the curbstones and the street-lamps belong?

<sup>1</sup> From *The Young Citizen*. Copyright, 1899, by D. C. Heath & Co. Used by permission.

The street does not belong only to the man who lives on it; the lamp-post does not belong only to the man whose door is lighted by the lamp. The teamsters, the errand-boys, the boys and girls who ride their bicycles to their playground, the people who live on the other side of the town, own the street as much as the men who live on it. Every one who walks out in the evening has a share in all the street-lamps.

Perhaps there is a Common, a Park, or a Public Garden in town; it may be that the land in it is worth a fortune; it may cost the city thousands of dollars every year to keep it in order. But no man is so rich as to say, "It is mine." Every child can say, "It is ours."

There may be a rule that no one shall pick the flowers in the Public Garden, or trample the grass.

But this rule is not to keep us from our rights in the grass and the flowers. The rule is made in order to give us our rights. It is intended to secure the greatest pleasure for the greatest number of people. Is it not better and fairer to give all of us an equal chance to see the flowers, than to let a few pick them and carry them away? The person who takes the flowers from the Public Garden seems to say, "The flowers are mine," which is not the truth.

No one has a right to carry away without permission, and much less to injure, what belongs to us all. Is it not a very good notice which is said to be put up in the public parks of Australia, "*This is your property: therefore do not destroy it*"?

DECEMBER: PUBLIC HEALTH AND  
PUBLIC CHARITY

For the Teacher:

THE TROOP OF THE GUARD<sup>1</sup>

HERMANN HAGEDORN

There's trampling of hoofs in the busy street,  
There's clanking of sabers on floor and stair,  
There's sound of restless, hurrying feet,  
Of voices that whisper, of lips that entreat,  
Will they live, will they die, will they strive, will they  
dare?

The houses are garlanded, flags flutter gay,  
For a Troop of the Guard rides forth to-day.

The dawn is upon us, the pale light speeds  
To the zenith with glamour and golden dart.  
On, up! Boot and saddle! Give spurs to your steeds!  
There's a city beleaguered that cries for men's deeds,  
With the pain of the world in its cavernous heart.  
Ours be the triumph! Humanity calls!  
Life's not a dream in the clover!  
On to the walls, on to the walls,  
On to the walls, and over!

The portals are open, the white road leads  
Through thicket and garden, o'er stone and sod.  
On, up! Boot and saddle! Give spurs to your steeds!  
There's a city beleaguered that cries for men's deeds,  
For the faith that is strength and the love that is God!  
On through the dawning! Humanity calls!  
Life's not a dream in the clover!

<sup>1</sup> From *A Troop of the Guard, and Other Poems*. Houghton Mifflin Co.



On to the walls, on to the walls,  
On to the walls, and over!

*Suggestions for morning talks*

The importance of cleanliness. Unwashed people crowded into unclean rooms, breathing impure air and drinking impure water, are more likely to be ill, and to spread contagious disease, than clean people in clean rooms, breathing pure air and drinking pure water. At the outset the boys and girls in the fourth grade may or may not realize this truth, but if actual facts of the death rate in their own city are shown, if the nature of microbes at work upon water, air, and food is explained, they will accept the facts, and better still, carry the facts into their homes and teach their parents these things. Vaccination, tuberculosis, the menace of flies and mosquitoes, the ravages of epidemics, the subject of pure food inspection, a pure water supply, and proper sewerage, can be explained with the assistance of simple textbooks on the work of towns and cities to improve sanitation during the last twenty years.

*Care of body:* hands; face; nails; teeth; baths, hot and cold; sleep in fresh air; nourishing food; plenty of exercise; rest.

*Care of home:* house clean; refrigerators; sinks; bread jars; dust; fight flies; garbage.

*Care of health in public places:* expectoration; inspection of food, milk and water; housing laws; medical inspection at school; care of sick; care of babies; district nurses; hospitals; care to educate immigrants; danger of tuberculosis; stories of men who have spent their lives or sacrificed their lives to make better health conditions.

Questions: How do you know when one of your playmates has scarlet fever? Why do they post quarantine cards? Why are the school books not allowed to go into children's homes? Why are street cars fumigated every day? Why are milk stations being established everywhere? What is "certified milk"? Why does the School Department coöperate with the Board of Health, and add school physicians to the corps of teachers? In your school do you have a visiting nurse? Why do damp cellars, overcrowded houses, and untidy workshops prove dangerous centers? When sickness or old age, or loss of work, or loss of health has made a person dependent what does the Board of Charity do to help him? In some cities the members of the Board of Charity are called Overseers of the Poor. Does every one who is poor need to be sent to an institution? Did you ever visit a poor farm or city hospital? What do orphan asylums do for little children? Are there any schools in your neighborhood for the blind or crippled? What charity societies do you know about? How much do you do to help take care of the poor? Would a Christmas tree for little children who will not have Christmas trees at home give happiness to those less well off than you? Did you ever think how pleasant it would be if you were a poor crippled child who had to live in a tenement room away from other children, to receive letters from little children at school?

*Reading for the children*

"Cleanliness," Charles and Mary Lamb, in *The Posy Ring*, edited by Kate Douglas Wiggin and Nora A. Smith. Doubleday, Page & Co.

*Town and City, and Good Health.* Frances Gulick Jewett, Gulick Hygiene Series. Ginn & Co.

*The Child's Day,* Woods Hutchinson Health Series. Houghton Mifflin Co.

*Reading for the teacher*

*Life of Pasteur,* chaps. x, XIII, René Vallery Radot. Doubleday, Page & Co.

*Good Citizenship,* Richman and Wallach. American Book Company.

*Children of the Tenements,* Jacob A. Riis. The Macmillan Company.

*Handbook of Health,* Woods Hutchinson. Houghton Mifflin Co.

## AN OVERSEER OF THE POOR STORY <sup>1</sup>

MABEL HILL

Every evening Miss Abbott bought the "Evening Sun" from a newsboy. One day she found out that it was not a boy at all, but a small girl of fourteen named Maggie Connors who wore a short skirt, a boy's overcoat, a boy's cap, and boy's boots. When Miss Abbott talked with Maggie about her home, she learned that Maggie's younger sister, Annie, was in her school. These two little girls had a baby sister and lived together in one room. Maggie's mother and father had both died; many of the household goods had to be sold to pay bills, and Maggie had to go to work at once. During the day she stayed with the baby sister, and did the little housework that had to be done. After Annie came home from school, Maggie sold papers. In the evening, after she had put the children to bed, she washed dishes in a restaurant till twelve o'clock.

<sup>1</sup> Abridged from *Lessons for Junior Citizens.* Ginn & Co.



"We have not had so fierce an ice-storm for five years as this one, have we, father?" asked Miss Abbott at supper.

"I hope no one is suffering," said her father. "Last night and to-night, when I bought my paper your little girl was not at the Square."

"Oh, father, her little sister Annie was absent last Friday; she was ill, one of the children told me. Those little girls may be in trouble. What can I do?"

Mr. Abbott was one of the Overseers of the Poor. "Why not telephone to John Towers, the policeman in that ward?" he said. John was sent to look up the children and then he telephoned Miss Abbott. It was a sad story he had to tell. Mr. Abbott and his daughter drove rapidly to Carr Street, where Towers was awaiting them.

The younger sister had been ill with a feverish cold; the baby had croup; and the little money which Maggie had stored away for such misfortunes was quickly spent by the poor child because she was unable to do her regular night work. The children had nothing to eat but bread and milk for three days and now that her money was gone, though she could get stale bread for almost nothing, the milkman said, "I can't trust you. You look too young for steady work or steady pay." Maggie was too proud to ask help of strangers, but she knew that the City Government never meant to let poor people suffer from want, and on the afternoon of the ice storm she started for the City Hall, believing that the Overseers of the Poor would help her.

On her way she fell on the glaring ice; on rising there was such pain in her ankle that she dared not keep on. She turned back into the alley and climbed the three flights of stairs. Cold, hungry, and sick as they were, the little girls had gone to bed in order to keep warm. Policeman Towers had to knock many times and very loud, for they were sleeping heavily after long hours of



hunger and cold and weeping. Towers built a fire and got food.

"Oh, Miss Abbott, how good of you to come and see us," Maggie cried when she saw the teacher, and she tried to limp forward. The city doctor and the district nurse came almost immediately and the children were made comfortable. As an Overseer of the Poor Mr. Abbott realized that these children must be cared for; that the brave little girl trying to support her sisters would need aid for some time.

"What are you going to do about these children, father," his daughter asked. "It seems cruel to separate them, and yet they cannot stay here. The doctor says Maggie's ankle won't be strong for six weeks."

"I hate to send them to the city farm," Mr. Abbott answered; "they certainly can't stay here, even with aid from our outside department."

"But father, why not let me apply to the Associated Charities in this work? Julia Swan told me yesterday of a poor woman who might help. Her husband has died and she wishes to earn something by taking children into her home. The city could pay the woman for taking care of these poor little girls, and the Associated Charities could be responsible for their welfare. Then, as soon as Maggie is strong again, we can help her to learn a trade."

Six months later Maggie was no longer selling papers on the street or working in a midnight restaurant. Instead she was learning a trade while she, Annie, and the baby boarded with the woman who was being assisted by the Associated Charities' organization. Maggie keenly realized her indebtedness to the city government through the Overseers of the Poor and to the members of the Board of Charities who had also taken an interest in her case. She had learned by her experience of the great work done by these organizations. Best of all she was

forgetting the sad and unhappy times of the past. There was one thing she would never forget, however — the kindness of Mr. Abbott and of Annie's teacher, who had helped to keep her little family together.

## JANUARY: FIRE AND POLICE DEPARTMENT

For the Teacher:

HEAR, O YE NATIONS!<sup>1</sup>

FREDERICK LUCIAN HOSMER

*Tune : Lyons*

Hear, hear, O ye nations, and hearing obey  
The cry from the past and the call of to-day!  
Earth wearies and wastes with her fresh life outpoured,  
The glut of the cannon, the spoil of the sword.

Lo, dawns a new era, transcending the old,  
The poet's rapt vision, by prophet foretold!  
From war's grim tradition it maketh appeal  
To service of all in a world's commonweal.

Home, altar, and school, the mill, and the mart,  
The workers afield, in science, in art,  
Peace-circled and sheltered, shall join to create  
The manifold life of the firm-built State.

And thou, O my country, from many made one,  
Last-born of the nations, at morning thy sun,  
Arise to the place thou art given to fill,  
And lead the world-triumph of peace and good-will!

<sup>1</sup> By permission of the author.

*Suggestions for morning talks*

The dramatic action of the street and fire department appeals to children. They love to tell stories from their own experience of these men who are our protectors. The following suggestions have been gathered from children of the public schools.

*How the children can help.* Be careful when you make fires. Don't play with matches or lamps. Keep kerosene and gasoline away from stoves. Notify inmates of a house in case of smoke or fire. Notify the department of fire and direct them to it. Don't ring in false alarms or get in the way of firemen at fires. Put out all camp-fires in the woods. Be sure your match is out before you throw it away. Build a camp-fire only as large as is absolutely necessary. Build a camp-fire among stones or in the sand, not against a log or a tree; build a small one where you can scrape away the needles, leaves or grass from all sides of it. Don't build bonfires; the wind may come up at any time and start up a fire that you cannot control. If you discover a fire in the woods get word at once to the nearest State Fire Warden, Forest Officer, or Fire Commissioner.

Give incidents in the life of firemen: Their daily routine. Their dress, off duty, on duty. A look into the engine house, beauty of engine, intelligence of horses. Sounding an alarm, effects in station by day, by night. The procession to the fire, district chief, engine, hose carriage, hook and ladder. Apparatus, the ladders, the life net, etc. How to put out a fire. Firemen's great responsibility. Heroic rescues. Read: "Fighting a Fire," Charles T. Hill (Century Co.), and "The

Fireman," in *Careers of Danger and Daring*, Cleveland Moffat (Century Co.).

**Practical advice.** If your house is on fire, what is the first thing to do? Shout, "Fire," and rush to the nearest alarm box. Where is the fire-alarm box nearest to your house? How do you ring in the alarm? What is your number? What is the next step? Wait at the box to tell the firemen where the fire is. Then return to the house to help save property or fight the fire.

What should be saved first? The living beings in the house — baby, grandmother, the dog, cat, and canary. What next? Money, valuable papers. What next? Pictures, furniture, souvenirs dear from associations. What next? Clothing. Read: "Partners," James Baldwin, in *An American Book of Golden Deeds*. (American Book Co.)

Suppose you found yourself in a room filled with smoke, what is best to do? Wrap your head in a wet blanket, get down on the floor and creep to the door. There is a current of air near the ground. Suppose you are at a window in the third story of a burning house. A ladder is being slowly raised to your window. Which is better, to wait for the ladder or to jump?

**The Police:** What does the policeman do for us? Could we get along without the policeman? What does he carry in his hand? What does the policeman do with thieves? What happens to a man if he is guilty? What must a man buy who wants to sell fruit? What will happen to him if he does not buy it? Who listens to the charge against the prisoners? Who says what the punishment will be?



*Reading for the children*

- "Who Will Tell Me Where Is Conrad?" Will Carleton, *City Ballads*. Harper & Bros.
- "The Hero of the Furnace Room," Jacob A. Riis, *Children of the Tenements*. The Macmillan Co.
- "Jim Bludso," in *Poems*, John Hay. Houghton Mifflin Co.
- "Dolly Madison," in *American Hero Stories*, Eva March Tappan. Houghton Mifflin Co.
- "The Fireman," in *Careers of Danger and Daring*, Cleveland Moffat. Century Co.

*Reading for the teacher*

- Town and City*, Frances Gulick Jewett, Gulick Hygiene Series. Ginn & Co.
- Good Citizenship*, Richman and Wallach. American Book Co.
- Children of the Tenements*, Jacob A. Riis.

## OUR PUBLIC SAFETY <sup>1</sup>

MEYER BLOOMFIELD

When you see the blue uniform of a police officer or a fireman, you know that our city has taken good care to make life and property as safe as they can possibly be made. It is in order to safeguard the interests of every man, woman, and child in the city, that we have the Police and Fire Departments.

There are policemen patrolling the streets every hour of the day and night. They try the doors of houses and stores at night to see if they are locked; they keep

<sup>1</sup> From *Civic Reader for New Americans*. Copyright, 1908, by Meyer Bloomfield. By arrangement with the American Book Company, Publishers.

their eyes open for any wrong-doing, and they must be ever on the alert for any cry or sudden call for their services. In truth, they are peace officers. Their chief work is not so much to arrest law-breakers or those who disturb people, but rather to prevent trouble, so far as they can, and keep people from interfering with one another. Theirs is the difficult task of making it as easy and as safe as can be for many thousands of people from all over the world to work and live and get their pleasures in great numbers.

Such work cannot be easy. The officers must be ready at all hours of the day and night to be called out for extra work. Often they must go without sleep and be on their feet for many hours. Sometimes the police officer risks his life — indeed, many an officer has lost his life — in trying to rescue people or defend their interests. They must be brave men to do police work well.

On the street the policeman has very many things to look out for. In case of an accident or a fire he runs to the nearest telephone to call for an ambulance from the hospital, or to the nearest fire box to summon the firemen and their engines. He must know what to do when there is sudden public excitement. He can direct strangers who ask questions as to certain streets, stores, or how to get to certain places. He is on the lookout for lost children, and directs homeless wayfarers at night to the city lodging-house and wood-yard. To see a big policeman helping a child across a street noisy with heavy wagons and electric cars is always a pleasing sight. The police officers who are placed at busy street crossings have no easy work to do. The officer, too, often has to remind parents of dangers that children are running into, or of bad company that they have fallen in with.

Now men who have such hard and very often danger-

ous work to do, work so vital and important to every person, deserve the hearty help of all right-thinking people. It is a law, therefore, that whenever a police officer is in distress while trying to do his duty, he shall have the right to call upon any persons he sees for aid. If such persons should refuse to assist they may be arrested.

Like the policeman, the fireman's chief business is to act when danger threatens the life and belongings of any person. Before they are made firemen the men must go to a school where they learn the many things that make skill, courage and ability in fighting fires. If they do not show the strength and the power that the city asks of its firemen they are not put on the fire force.

The head of the Fire Department is the Fire Commissioner. His men are divided among the engine companies, ladder companies, fire-alarm service, the repair shops, the water towers, which shoot up streams of water into the topmost stories of our high office buildings, and the tow fire-boats which serve the water front of our city. Every part of the city is protected by some company of firemen.

The fire-houses are as clean as soap and water and the hard work of the men can possibly make them. It is a pleasure to look into one of these houses and see what system, good order, and attention to duty can do. The men sleep in the fire-houses so as to be ready in a very few seconds to rush out with their horses and engines to a fire. A very few seconds will make a great difference in a fire.

Besides the saving of lives at fires and the fighting of flames, firemen visit the buildings of their neighborhood to see what special dangers such buildings might present in the event of a fire. One of the very worst dangers the firemen meet with is the fire-escape loaded with boxes, pots and bedding. Many a life has been lost because of

a blocked fire-escape. A fire in a crowded part of the city is a very serious matter, and it is the duty of everybody to use great care in handling matches, oil stoves, and other things that may set fire to a house.

Men whose work calls for so much that is good are very naturally looked up to as heroes by the public whom they serve, and this is right. But this fact, too, should be borne in mind, that all those who serve the city the best way they know how, whether it be in the cleaning of a street at night or in building its bridges, are worthy of public esteem.

## FEBRUARY: OBEDIENCE TO COMMUNITY LAWS

For the Teacher:

### DUTY<sup>1</sup>

GEORGE MACDONALD

Open thy door straightway, and get thee hence;  
Go forth into the tumult and the shout;  
Work, love, with workers, lovers, all about;  
Of noise alone is born the inward sense  
Of silence; and from action springs alone  
The inward knowledge of true love and faith.

*Suggestions for morning talks*

Closely connected with our protection of property is the matter of obedience to laws made for the common good. As soon as boys and girls realize that laws are made to protect themselves as well as other people,

<sup>1</sup> From *A Sonnet Sequence*.



they will begin to obey. There are many laws which even children should know about, the trespass law, bird laws, speeding in automobiles, riding bicycles on the sidewalk, as well as school laws.

Boys may join the Boy Scouts of America; girls may like to become members of the Campfire Movement. Or again, these children will catch the spirit of organization by forming a civic league, or civic club. In New York City, the civic club pledge reads: "We who are soon to be citizens of New York, the largest city on the American continent, desire to have her possess a name that is above reproach. We therefore agree to refrain from littering her streets, and as far as possible prevent others from doing so, in order that our city may be as clean as she is great, and as pure as she is free." In the city of Lowell the Bartlett School pledge reads as follows: "I will not injure any tree, shrub or lawn. I promise not to spit upon the floor of the schoolhouse, nor upon the sidewalk. I pledge myself not to deface any fence or building, neither will I scatter paper, nor throw rubbish in public places. I will always protect birds and other animals. I will protect the property of others as I would my own. I will promise to be a true, loyal citizen."

*Reading for the children*

*Town and City*, Frances Gulick Jewett, Gulick Hygiene Series. Ginn & Co.

*Good Citizenship*, Richman and Wallach.

*The Young Citizen*, Charles F. Dole. D. C. Heath & Co.

*Lessons for Junior Citizens*, Mabel Hill. Ginn & Co.

*Reading for the teacher*

*Actual Government*, Albert B. Hart. Longmans, Green & Co.

*Government and the Citizen*, Roscoe L. Ashley. The Macmillan Co.

*Rights and Duties of American Citizenship*, W. W. Willoughby. American Book Co.

*The Community and the Citizen*, Arthur W. Dunn. D. C. Heath & Co.

*Training for Citizenship*, J. W. Smith. Longmans, Green & Co.

*Government and Politics in the United States*, William B. Guitteau. Houghton Mifflin Co.

*Preparing for Citizenship*, William B. Guitteau. Houghton Mifflin Co.

THE UNITED STATES BOY SCOUT <sup>1</sup>

The Boy Scout idea has taken young America by storm. To-day over two hundred thousand boys throughout the United States have taken the oath and subscribed to the Scout law. Within a year fully a million boys will be enrolled. Boys' Clubs, Sunday Schools, Churches — in fact, any boys' club or set of boys may take up the movement and join the National American Organization at once.

Its purpose is to inculcate in the American boy a spirit of loyalty and obedience to the Government, to his parents, and to his superiors, and by training him morally, mentally, and physically, to equip him to perform the duties and obligations of citizenship in the most desirable manner.

<sup>1</sup> From *How to Become an American Boy Scout*. By permission of The United States Boy Scout, 68 William St., New York.

The scout is expected to stick to his parents, to his superiors, to his employers, and to his country through thick and thin. He must be prepared at any time to save human life and to help others. Cigarette smoking and drinking of intoxicants is, of course, prohibited.

*The boy's training* is varied and covers a wide range. Such subjects as woodcraft and campaigning, which will be popular with every real boy, are taken up thoroughly.

Boys are sent to the woods and forests to learn the secrets of nature. Animals' foot-tracks will be followed up and studied. The different kinds of animals will be observed in their natural state. The Scout will learn which are the best wild fruits, roots and plants for food, so that in emergency he can sustain himself.

The fact of being an American Boy Scout does not entitle you to trespass. When leave is given you to scout over private property, you should be particularly careful to avoid damaging fences or crops, to close all gates after you, and not to frighten animals or game.

Every boy will know how to saddle and harness a horse, to put up a tent, to lay a fire, to construct bridges and rafts, to swim, to ride a wheel, to ride a horse, to row, to understand various signal systems, to interpret weather indications, to save human life, to master wireless telegraphy, etc.

All these things will not be accomplished at once, but provision is being made to develop the boys along every possible line, not only for their own good, but for the good of the country, and to have them understand and know everything that the veteran campaigner has learned by bitter experience.

*This is the Scout Oath:*

On my honor I promise that I will do my best:  
To do my duty to God and my Country;  
To help other people at all times;  
To obey the scout law.

*And this is the Scout Law:*

A Scout's honor is to be trusted.

A Scout is loyal.

A Scout's duty is to be useful and to help others.

A Scout is a friend to all, and a brother to every other Scout, no matter to what social class the other belongs.

A Scout is the protector of girls and women at all times — and he holds this a sacred duty.

A Scout is courteous.

A Scout is a friend to animals.

A Scout obeys orders.

A Scout smiles under all circumstances.

A Scout is thrifty.

The Scout's motto is "Semper Paratus" — always prepared.

## MARCH: LOYALTY TO PUBLIC OFFICIALS

For the Teacher:

### EACH IN ALL

G. A. SALA

The highest is not to despise the lowest, nor the lowest to envy the highest; each must live in all and by all. So God has ordered that men, being in need of each other, should need to love each other, and bear each other's burdens.

*Suggestions for morning talks*

Who are some of the officials that you know best? What officials do you hear about, but seldom or never see? How can you show loyalty to them? What does



loyalty mean? Have you ever been loyal to the Police Department by helping policemen in any way whatever? How could you be of any possible help to the mayor or to the aldermen, or to the selectmen? Boys are expected to lift their hats to the superintendent of schools; is this a mark of respect? What other respect and loyalty can you show him as he comes and goes into your school? In what way is the gas man a public official? the street sweeper? the man who looks after the hydrant? the messenger boy from the telegraph office? the postman? the parcel postman? Would it be disloyalty if having asked the postman to stamp letters for you at the post office you left him waiting at the door in order to find money in your purse? If he waited, would he be loyal to his official position? Think of examples of disloyalty which might occur every day among boys and girls if the officials themselves allowed children to be selfish in asking favors of them. How can children help the growth of loyalty? By knowing who the officials are, and why they were chosen to serve the public, by knowing what their public duties are, and by helping them carry out those duties.

## THE PUBLIC GOOD <sup>1</sup>

CHARLES F. DOLE

A true American citizen is known by his regard for the public good. If he does not care for the public good, he may be worth a million dollars and he may have a superb college education, but he is not fit to be called an American citizen. If he does care for the public good, if he can be depended upon every time to act and speak and cast his vote as will best serve and help the people

<sup>1</sup> From *Talks on Citizenship*. The Patriotic League, N.Y.

of these United States, he may not own a house to shelter him, he may be the son of an emigrant from Ireland or Italy or Russia, he may be barely able to read and write, yet if he loves our country and her liberties and stands for justice, he is the kind of citizen who will help make the land safe and strong.

*Reading for the teacher*

*The Community and the Citizen*, Arthur W. Dunn. D. C. Heath & Co.

*Town and City*, Frances Gulick Jewett. Gulick Hygiene Series. Ginn & Co.

*The Young Citizen*, Charles F. Dole. D. C. Heath & Co.

*Good Citizenship*, Richman and Wallach. American Book Co.

*The Rights and Duties of American Citizenship*, W. W. Willoughby. American Book Co.

*Actual Government*, Albert B. Hart. Longmans, Green & Co.

*Government and Politics in the United States*, and *Preparing for Citizenship*, William B. Guiteau. Houghton Mifflin Co.

"The Better Way," Susan Coolidge, in *A Few More Verses*. Roberts Brothers.

## A BOARD OF HEALTH STORY <sup>1</sup>

MABEL HILL

"Why, I did n't know that milk carried sickness unless it was sour," said Bob.

"Oh, yes," Frank went on. "Father had great luck in hunting down the scarlet fever scare over in the Dowd Street district. The board had made a map of the city

<sup>1</sup> Abridged from *Lessons for Junior Citizens*. Ginn & Co.

on which there was a little red dot for every case reported. I wish you could see that map. It is so interesting. But the more dots there were, the more puzzled grew the members of the board. The milkmen who supplied most of the houses that were marked on the map with the red dots said their milk was all right. So father had the inspector visit the farms from which the milkmen got their supplies. Sure enough, every farm was in good condition and all the farm people were clean, healthy-looking men and boys; but one of the milkmen on one farm he forgot to mention. When my father heard of that he took the inspector of contagious diseases and went out to that farm. There he found a house where a woman and two children were just recovering from scarlet fever."

"Well, Frank," interrupted Bob, with eyes wide open, "did the cows catch scarlet fever from them?"

"No. The whole trouble came from the fact that one of the men, who had had a light case of the fever and did not know it, had helped wash the milk cans, and the scales from his hands probably fell into the milk. Just that carelessness and ignorance brought about all the sickness and death. Have you ever been into the city laboratory?"

"No, but I wish I might go."

"The milk department now has a separate laboratory for milk analysis. Then there is another room in which no work is done except that of testing the water and ice. Just think! They are so careful, that the big laboratory is separated from the little ones so that there shall be no possibility of mistake in the work. I like to look through the microscopes and examine the microbe cultures. The inspectors analyze groceries and all kinds of food supplies, such as flour, vinegar, baking powder, and even sugar. I can't remember just how many pounds a week the meat inspectors have condemned during this

year as unfit for food, but I think it was over fifty thousand, and that is a great deal for a city of this size. Of course I don't know all the departments under the care of the Board of Health, but there must be a great deal of work for the medical inspectors. Why, think of the care of such men just in relation to school children! When a contagious disease is reported to the health department the case is assigned immediately to one of the inspectors. This inspector has to go to the house of the sick child and learn how many children there are in the family, and what school they attend; and he also has to examine the premises to see if any unsanitary conditions exist. He must disinfect the house during the sickness and after the patient is well, and he has to see that other children who have been exposed to the disease are excluded from school, as well as the children of the infected family.

"These same inspectors, in our city, have charge of the vaccination certificates. Father says that a medical examiner and the men working under the department of public works, where they have to investigate plumbing in private houses and other sanitary conditions, hold very responsible positions."

"Oh, dear, what a lot of knowledge a man must have to hold such a position!"

"Yes, Bob, a man must know a great deal if he is going to amount to anything in this world. You like to study and will get into the high school, but I tell you it is just a 'grind' for me to keep at my books. If I did n't want to be a man worth while to the government, I would never go to school another day."

Bob laughed as they rose to leave the school porch. "I guess we shall both have to work like Trojans if we are going to be men like our fathers."

"Yes, I rather think we shall have to work!"



# APRIL: GOOD WILL AMONG ALL CLASSES OF CITIZENS

For the Teacher:

## THE CALL <sup>1</sup>

PRISCILLA LEONARD

Help lighten the load!  
 Humanity stumbles ahead on its road,  
 Urged on o'er the deserts, beset by the goad;  
 Men bend under burdens of hunger and care,  
 And women must suffer and toil and despair;  
 Yea, even the children, astray in the strife,  
 Are bowed by the weight till they weary of life.  
 Hark! unto each soul that is hero, not slave,  
 How clear sounds the call to arise and be brave,  
 Help lighten the load!

Help lighten the load!  
 With all of the strength that the heart can command,  
 With all of the power of brain and of hand,  
 With wills set to sacrifice, struggle, and dare,  
 With love that seeks ever each burden to share,  
 With unflinching endeavor that stops not to ask  
 The length of the journey, the cost of the task,  
 Come, sons of the kingdom! Come, children of God!  
 And along the dark path by the world's anguish trod  
 Help lighten the load!

*Suggestions for morning talks*

To give the class some idea of the right relation toward newcomers to our country, talk over with them the

<sup>1</sup> From *The Outlook*, November 23, 1912. By arrangement with The Outlook Co.

subject of good will among all citizens. If the children have had the good fortune to be born in the United States it is especially their responsibility to make the newcomers, the old people and the children, feel at home.

For interesting stories about the different nationalities see the bibliography in Grade V, for October. See also *English for Coming Americans*, Peter Roberts. Y.M.C.A. Press, N.Y.

The Peace Association of Friends in America, Richmond, Indiana, publishes a set of stories illustrating Good Will in their monthly pamphlet, *The Messenger of Peace*.

Learn:

The presence of the Lord with man is first given when he loves his neighbor. — SWEDENBORG.

For a' that, and a' that,  
It's coming yet, for a' that,  
That man to man, the world o'er,  
Shall brothers be, for a' that.

BURNS.

Read: "The Vision of Sir Launfal," Lowell. R.L.S. No. 30. Houghton Mifflin Co.

Examples of good will among all classes; tell the class of: High and low — Governor Roger Wolcott of Massachusetts and the newsboys. — Lincoln and the wounded soldiers; see *Life of Abraham Lincoln*, Ida M. Tarbell. McClure, Phillips & Co.

Rich and poor — Carnegie libraries. — Rockefeller endowment for Medical Research. — Floating hospitals.

Wise and ignorant — Gifts for free lectures, e.g., the Lowell Lectures of Boston. — Women's Municipal League of Boston; ask for their report on clean and

dirty markets. — Helen Keller and Miss Sullivan; see *Story of My Life*, Helen Keller. Doubleday, Page & Co.

Black and white — Story of "Natty"; see *Life of Dr. Henry I. Bowditch*, by Vincent Y. Bowditch. Houghton Mifflin Co. — Faithful slaves in Hayti. — Ayahs in India in Sepoy Rebellion.

Native and foreign — Mary Antin and Dr. Hale, Mary Antin and her teachers, Mary Antin and her representative at the State House; see *The Promised Land*, Mary Antin. Houghton Mifflin Co.

## LITTLE ATHENS'S MESSAGE <sup>1</sup>

ANNA DOAN STEPHENS

Little Athens lived in a small American city. I am sure you have wondered if Little Athens really, truly, was a child born in the Greek city of that name far over the earth. You will have to guess at the strange story of how he and his father, alone now, came to make their home in this pleasant place. However, you know a town of not many thousand people is large enough to support one business of blocking hats. Since they lived in the neat coachman's house in the rear of Miss Grace's premises, the father considered themselves "comfortably fixed" with this fairly definite bread-and-butter arrangement of life.

Miss Grace had helped Little Athens in speaking English. She found him so well prepared in arithmetic, geography and history that he was equal to those of the upper grammar grades. In history he was happiest, for to him this subject was a fascinating story of the people

<sup>1</sup> Abridged. Copyright, 1913, by The Peace Association of Friends in America.

who lived in neighborhoods, one to another, all around the earth. When his turn came to recite in Greek mythology or history his English flowed easily, as he told of this great hero or that, of the time when their conquests were mighty in the earth.

Here was a chance to help Little Athens overcome timidity about his broken English! The teacher assigned as his work for the next lesson to tell the class something of Greece. "Of the Old Greece, Miss Ward?" "Of the Greece you care most for. Tell us the best thing you know of your country." Little Athens fairly beamed!

After school each day he was busy caring for the lawn and running errands for Miss Grace and her mother. Then, for one happy hour before bedtime, with their little prints and few books, the father and son took wonderful trips through poetry, pictures, and stories, back to old Athens. To-night the father began in the pure Greek they always used together, "Son, I have wished as you grew older to tell you a message from your country. I have waited until you can appreciate it." They talked together long. After he had gone to bed Little Athens repeated to himself the message which had come to him from his country.

The next day Miss Ward called for his assignment in history. The boy arose before his class. "Boys and girls, I thought yesterday of how happy I would be to-day, for I could tell you of some great warrior or grand conquest in the old land of my birth. Whenever I do, I think I help us forget I am a Greek immigrant and that you are all trying to help me. I think you may admire in the greatness of my country of the past some of the power of war which you like so much in your American heroes. I think I can help us forget I am 'Little Athens' and came over steerage, and help us to think I am just another boy whose country was once grand and



powerful too. But Miss Ward asked for the best I knew from Greece, so I give you this message of which I am growing more proud every hour.

"In Athens long ago boys were taught when they became my age, a pledge. They said it each day, believed in and tried to live by the vow. Fathers taught their sons, who, growing up, gave it in turn to their own boys. Each helped make the pledge true until Athens became 'Athens, the Beautiful.'

*"Pledge of the Athenian Youths*

"We will never bring disgrace to this our city, by any act of dishonesty or cowardice, nor ever desert our comrades; we will fight for the ideals and sacred things of the city, both alone and with many; we will revere and obey the city laws, and do our best to incite a like respect and reverence in others; we will strive unceasingly to quicken the public's sense of civic duty; that thus in all these ways, we may transmit this city, greater, better, and more beautiful than it was transmitted to us.'

"I am away from Greece. My country of father's books and stories does not live to-day. But I wish to do the best my land has taught her sons. You are my friends, this my state and here is my own city. So every day like a Greek youth true to his own Athens, I will say this pledge for Junction City." With head high he began — "I will never bring disgrace to this our city by any act of dishonesty or cowardice," — slowly and clearly he continued, closing — "And I, Little Athens, may help 'to transmit this city, greater, better, more beautiful than it was transmitted to us.' Miss Ward, this is the best I have learned from Greece."

The children sat silent a minute. Miss Ward was not thinking of their charge's English. One of the boys began — "Oh, Miss Ward, may he teach it to us?" A

girl continued, "And it's for girls too, is n't it?" With Little Athens's dictation it was written on the board. Now, the pupils of this school had an organization with duly elected officers. They were installed that week, and the president's address, much to the surprise of the Greek lad, told of the Athenian pledge. A motion was carried that it be taken for their motto.

After school two of the biggest boys caught Little Athens, put him on the shoulders of a crowd, and they carried him down the street. "Nine Rahs for Little Athens" rent the air.

Surely the little Greek heathen was at home in *their* — yes, in *his* city.

## CAMP SCHOOL SONG <sup>1</sup>

C. R. TROWBRIDGE

*Tune:* "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean."

To the goal of our long aspiration,  
To America's shores we have come,  
To make with a high consecration  
For ourselves and our children a home.  
The light of fair hope shines upon her,  
Bright her promise for me and for you;  
There's a welcome for all who will honor  
Her flag with its red, white and blue.

Three cheers for the red, white and blue,  
Three cheers for the red, white and blue,  
The symbol of freedom and justice,  
Three cheers for the red, white and blue.

To America would we all proffer  
The best that each comer can bring.

<sup>1</sup> Printed for The Society for Italian Immigrants, 129 Broad St., New York City.

At her altar we joyfully offer  
The homage we'll pay to no king.  
Here Washington founded a nation,  
Here Lincoln set free the enslaved;  
Their names shall be our inspiration  
To be worthy the freedom we've craved.

Count no one of us alien and stranger;  
To her aid we would rise one and all,  
With bold hearts we would face ev'ry danger,  
We would lay down our lives at her call.  
Thus we pledge her our hearts' deep devotion,  
We will try to her past to be true,  
So that ever from ocean to ocean,  
May float the fair red, white and blue.

## MAY: GOOD WILL AMONG ALL COMMUNITIES

For the Teacher:

### BROTHERS

STUART McLEAN

"What have I said to make you sad,  
Big Brother,  
What do you care for a kid that's bad,  
Big Brother?"

"The city is full of temptation still,  
Of the things that hurt, and the things that kill;  
If I don't care for my boy, who will,  
Little Brother?"

"Will you take me back, as you said you would,  
Big Brother?

Will you stick to me till I do make good,  
Big Brother?"

"There's never a thing you could say or do  
To shake the faith I have in you;  
We started as pals — we're pals straight through,  
Little Brother."

"What do you hope I'm going to do,  
Big Brother?

What do you see in a kid like me,  
Big Brother?"

"I see the child that the feet, rough-shod  
Of the streets have trampled and torn and trod;  
I see the very image of God,  
Little Brother."

"Why are n't there more good friends like you,  
Big Brother,  
To show us boys what we ought to do,  
Big Brother?"

"It's the old, old question, lad, to make  
The eyes grow wet and the heart to ache,  
But we'll have the men — when the men awake,  
Little Brother."

*Suggestions for morning talks*

How children can help. Calling upon new boys and girls who have moved into the neighborhood; kindness to new playmates on the street or on the playgrounds; sharing one's playthings with a new neighbor; respect



shown to foreign born children, — never say, “He’s Irish,” or “He’s Greek.”

The new neighbors in the community must be lonely; they do not know the neighborhood ways, they are amongst strangers; they do not know the best shops from which to buy their food; they need help in regard to these things: the best market, the best grocery store, the best laundry. They need kind words to encourage them; they may need a little real help, they may need the aid of an interpreter; often smiles will help.

Tell about the San Francisco Fire and how gifts were sent from neighboring cities and States; the strike in Lawrence, Massachusetts, and how children were cared for in other homes through the State.

*Reading for the children*

“Mabel on Midsummer Day,” Mary Howitt. *The Children’s Book of Poetry*. Edited by Henry T. Coates. John C. Winston Co., Philadelphia.

*Pippa Passes*, Robert Browning. R.L.S. No. 115. Houghton Mifflin Co.

“One, Two, Three,” Henry C. Bunner. R.L.S. No. CC. Houghton Mifflin Co.

Extracts from *Hedged In*, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. Houghton Mifflin Co.

Story of the Good Samaritan, Luke x, 29–37.

“The Legend Beautiful,” Longfellow. R.L.S. No. 34.

“King Robert of Sicily,” Longfellow, R.L.S. No. 33.

“Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary,” Susan Coolidge, in *Nine Little Goslings*. Little, Brown & Co.

*Reading for the teachers*

*The Immigrant Tide: Its Ebb and Flow, and On the Trail of the Immigrant*, Edward Alfred Steiner. Fleming H. Revell Co.

"Training a Junior Citizen's League," Mabel Hill, in *The Popular Educator*.

Reports of the National Municipal League, 121 South Broad St., Philadelphia.

*Democracy and Social Ethics, The Spirit of Youth and the City Streets, Twenty Years at Hull House*, Jane Addams. The Macmillan Co.

*Social Service and the Art of Healing*, Richard C. Cabot. Moffat Yard Co.

*Character Building in School*, Jane Brownlee. Houghton Mifflin Co.

Reports of the Immigration Bureau, Washington, D.C.

## THE ANCIENT MARINER

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

He prayeth well, who loveth well  
Both man and bird and beast.  
He prayeth best who loveth best  
All things both great and small,  
For the dear God who loveth us —  
He made and loveth all.

## THE GREAT JOHNSTOWN FLOOD

ELLA LYMAN CABOT

Johnstown in Pennsylvania has a beautiful, picturesque situation on the banks of the Conemaugh River.

But the river is a danger as well as a source of pleasure. One day the great dam, seventy feet high, that held back the water, gave way and a flood like a moving mountain of water thirty feet in height plunged over the city, drowning several thousand people and destroying their homes.

Instantly Clara Barton and the Red Cross workers rushed to the rescue. The people of the city were so overwhelmed by their losses that at first they seemed dazed and helpless. Their spirits and courage rose with the coming of true friends in need, and for five months a single spirit of helpfulness governed all the community.

The Red Cross workers had to live in tents with little protection from the rain and mud. When they went out, they had to climb over wrecks of wooden houses, tangled piles of wire, or broken engines. But neither the exhausted people in the city nor the Red Cross helpers, who sometimes worked all night as well as all day, complained. Every one was banded together in a spirit of good will. Have you ever thought how great an undertaking it would be to feed twenty-five thousand people all at once? Even a family of nine requires a good deal of attention, does n't it? Clara Barton and her workers had to feed, clothe, and find shelter for all the people of the city. She asked for carloads of supplies, and they were sent from all over the United States. Business men dropped their business and came to help; ladies left comfortable homes to spend their days knocking open rough boxes, sorting and distributing clothes. They were ready to eat poor food and sleep on hard boxes in a tent where the rain dripped through. They were happy and at peace because they were helpful. Manufacturers in New Bedford, Massachusetts, sent mattresses and bedding. A little town in Wisconsin sent furniture. Titusville, Pennsylvania, was a small town, but it gave ten thousand dollars' worth of bedsteads, tables, and

chairs; a New York newspaper sent bedding, pillows, and cooking utensils; the Episcopal church in Johnstown gave the use of a lot of land for houses.

When Miss Barton went away the *Johnstown Tribune* wrote: —

“Men are brothers. Yes, and sisters, too, if Miss Barton pleases. The first to come, the last to go, she has indeed been an elder sister to us, nursing, soothing, tending, caring for the stricken ones through a season of disasters such as no other people ever knew. The idea crystallized, put into practice, ‘Do unto others as you would have others do unto you.’”

## JUNE: HOW WE CAN HELP OUR COMMUNITIES

For the Teacher:

### A VISTA

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS

These things shall be! — A loftier race  
Than e'er the world hath known, shall rise  
With flame of freedom in their souls  
And light of science in their eyes.

They shall be gentle, brave, and strong,  
To spill no drop of blood, but dare  
All that may plant man's lordship firm  
On earth and fire and sea and air.

Nation with nation, land with land,  
Inarmed shall live as comrades free:  
In every heart and brain shall throb  
The pulse of one fraternity.



New arts shall bloom of loftier mould,  
And mightier music thrill the skies;  
And every life shall be a song,  
When all the earth is paradise.

There shall be no more sin, nor shame,  
Though pain and passion may not die;  
For man shall be at one with God  
In bonds of firm necessity.

*Suggestions for morning talks*

With June our work naturally sums up all the suggestions made throughout the year of how the children can help. A review of the topics which we have discussed during the year may be placed upon the blackboard, and it will surprise the class to know how many points of interest they have touched, and what activities have been discussed. The children have through the year attempted to help each municipal department — school, park and playground, street, health, water, lighting, police and fire, charity. The discussion of these state activities has also included the children's own service, through loyalty to officials, and through good will toward all kinds of people who have moved into their community. When these topics have all been reviewed, this is the month for planting trees, for visits to parks, for walks into the crowded districts, and for plans which the children themselves may offer upon better civic conditions. If these boys and girls are led by the teacher throughout the year to respect officials, to cooperate in making the city healthier and more beautiful, even in their very childish ways, by June the teacher will be able to

explain to them that the city's welfare does not mean simply following *one* of these improvements, but all of them. These suggestions may also be put upon the blackboard: Clean streets, fresh air recreation places, tree planting, fountain and statue erecting, flower gardens and window boxes, playgrounds connected with the schoolhouse, and best of all, individual obedience of law and loyalty to the officials who carry out the law.

Friendship is not only a beautiful thing for a man, but the realization of it is also the ideal for the State: for if citizens be friends, the justice which is the great concern of all organized societies is more than secured.

R. L. NETTLESHIP.

"Like rills from the mountain together that run,  
And make the broad river below;  
So each little life, and the work of each one  
To one common current shall flow:  
And down on its bosom, like ships on the tide,  
The hopes of mankind shall move on;  
Nor in vain have we lived, nor in vain have we died  
If we live in the work we have done."

F. L. HOSMER.<sup>1</sup>

## OBEYING THE LAW <sup>2</sup>

SARA R. O'BRIEN

Government may be said to be the voice of all the people speaking to each one of us. Laws tell us what is right and what is wrong. Government tells us what is

<sup>1</sup> By permission of the author.

<sup>2</sup> From *English for Foreigners, Book II*, Houghton Mifflin Co.

best for each and all, and then simply asks us to respect and obey the law. That is not asking much of us in return for all it gives.

In this country respect for the law is as necessary as obedience to the law. A man shows his respect for the law by respecting the officers of the law. He shows his respect in another way, and that is by obeying the laws of the different city departments which carry out the work of government. For these rules or regulations, as well as all other laws, are meant for the protection and welfare of the whole community. Whenever a man breaks one of these laws, therefore, either through ignorance or with evil intent, he hurts not only himself but all others.

There is an old fable which tells the story of two foolish goats. They met on a very narrow foot-bridge which crossed a deep stream of water. Neither goat would let the other pass. There is a law which demands in such cases that each should turn to the right. Perhaps the goats did not know about this law; or perhaps they refused to obey it. However, they locked horns and fought for the right of way. As they might have expected, both fell into the water and were drowned.

This fable teaches that justice and right are never obtained by force or quarreling, or by breaking law. It is true that under a free government like ours, mistakes in government may sometimes happen. That fact, however, does not give a man the right to take the law into his own hands. The people need no other means for correcting such mistakes than those of free speech and free vote.

All reforms must come through law and by peaceful methods. The people who try to change the government by force or by such rough means as raising riots, mobs, or by using weapons, are sure to fail and to receive severe punishment.

In the United States, law means liberty because the law is the free will of the people. Then that man alone is truly free who is able to rule himself and to submit his own will to the higher authority, the authority of the law.



# GRADE V

## THE NATION

By ELLA LYMAN CABOT

### INTRODUCTION

THE central purpose of this year's work is to help children to know, to love, and to serve their country, and through knowing, loving, and serving it, to sympathize with what love of country means at all times and in every land. Patriotism is narrow if it comes to mean: My country against yours. The patriot is true to his cause when, through devoted love for his own country, he learns to understand and honor the love of other races for theirs. Therefore, I have tried to bring out the love of country expressed by many nationalities.

Our country is made up of many States, each with its own contribution of good gifts to the whole; each with its problems; each with its needs. The teacher has an exhilarating chance to bring before her class the life of each State and its place in the whole.

Through geography the children are learning the character and the products, the principal cities, rivers, and mountains of our land. What do these facts stand for in their contribution to citizenship? What can California bring to New York and Texas to Maine? What means the freedom between our States and the laws governing the relation of each to all?

Within our great nation are many newcomers from the

Old World. All of us are Americans. Yet, from its varying past, each race has something of its own to offer as a special gift to the fatherland. This idea can be brought out in enriching detail.

Throughout the year lessons in citizenship must go hand in hand with the concrete practice of citizenship. There should be no emotion without action. When our feelings are stirred by the heroic virtues of early settlers, we would fain do something hard and helpful. In every lesson, something we can do to serve in our special way should be brought out. The last month, as in part a review of the year, is given entirely to the topic: How we can serve our country.

Among the best available books for this year's work are: —

*An American Book of Golden Deeds*, James Baldwin.  
American Book Co.

*Poems Every Child Should Know*, Mary E. Burt. Doubleday, Page & Co.

*Ethics for Children*, Ella Lyman Cabot. Houghton Mifflin Co.

*Heroes of Everyday Life*, Fanny E. Coe. Ginn & Co.

*The Friendship of Nations*, Lucile Gulliver. Ginn & Co.

*The School Speaker and Reader*, William De Witt Hyde.  
Ginn & Co.

*A Message to Garcia*, Elbert Hubbard. Roycroft Press.

*The Man Without a Country*, Edward E. Hale. Little, Brown & Co.

*Lessons for Junior Citizens*, Mabel Hill. Ginn & Co.

*Good Citizenship*, Richman and Wallach. American Book Co.

*Our Country in Poem and Prose*, Persons. American Book Co.

*The Young Citizen*, Charles F. Dole. D. C. Heath & Co.

*Day and Deeds*, Burton E. and Elizabeth Stevenson.

The Baker & Taylor Co.

*English for Foreigners, Book II*, Sara R. O'Brien.

Houghton Mifflin Co.

## SEPTEMBER: PIONEERS

For the Teacher:

### HYMN <sup>1</sup>

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

*Tune: "Jerusalem the Golden"*

America triumphant!

Brave land of pioneers!

On mountain peak and prairie

Their winding trail appears.

The wilderness is planted;

The deserts bloom and sing;

On coast and plain the cities

Their smoky banners fling.

America triumphant!

Dear homeland of the free!

Thy sons have fought and fallen,

To win release for thee.

They broke the chains of empire;

They smote the wrongs of state;

And lies of law and custom

They blasted with their hate.

America triumphant!

Grasp firm thy sword and shield!

<sup>1</sup> By permission of the author.

Not yet have all thy foemen  
    Been driven from the field.  
They lurk by forge and market,  
    They hide in mine and mill;  
And bold with greed of conquest,  
    They flout thy blessed will.

America, America!  
    Triumphant thou shalt be!  
Thy hills and vales shall echo  
    The shouts of liberty.  
Thy bards shall sing thy glory,  
    Thy prophets tell thy praise,  
And all thy sons and daughters  
    Acclaim thy golden days.

For the Class:

PIONEERS! O PIONEERS!<sup>1</sup>

WALT WHITMAN

Have the elder races halted?  
Do they droop and end their lesson, wearied  
    over there beyond the seas?  
We take up the task eternal, and the burden  
    and the lesson,  
Pioneers! O Pioneers!

We detachments steady throwing,  
Down the edges, through the passes, up the  
    mountains steep,  
Conquering, holding, daring, venturing, as  
    we go the unknown ways,  
Pioneers! O Pioneers!

<sup>1</sup> From *Leaves of Grass*.



*Suggestions for morning talks*

The plan for this month is, first, to help the children realize how much the makers of America have endured for their country, and second, through the contagion of their example, to rouse in the pupils themselves the will to be moral pioneers.

We think of pioneers as living in the past, but soon what we call the present will be the past, and a new generation will look back to see who among us were pioneers. America is not yet made. Every one of us is needed to mould it. The nation needs our help perhaps more than ever before.

What is a pioneer? It meant originally one who used a pickaxe, one who dug away obstructions and repaired broken places in the road. And now as Webster's Dictionary defines it, a pioneer is one who goes before to remove obstructions or prepare the way for another. Can there be a more glorious task? Give examples of the pioneer spirit: —

*Pioneers in history.* Illustrate pioneers in American history with accounts of Christopher Columbus, Daniel Boone, Whitman, George Rogers Clark, Gouverneur Morris, Samuel Houston, John Quincy Adams, David Crockett, William Penn, and his Holy Experiment, John Eliot and the Indians, John Winthrop and the first winter passed amid dangers and privation in Massachusetts. For these stories consult:

*An American Book of Golden Deeds*, James Baldwin.  
American Book Co.

*Hero Tales from American History*, Henry Cabot Lodge and Theodore Roosevelt. Century Co.

*The Old South Leaflets.* Directors of Old South Work, Old South Meeting House, Boston.

*American Hero Stories*, Eva March Tappan. Houghton Mifflin Co.

Let each member of the class bring a short story about the hardships borne and courage shown by one of the pioneers. See that these examples are taken from different parts of the country.

*Pioneers in new ideas*: Tell of Clara Barton's pioneer work in getting Congress to join the Red Cross Association. See "The Red Cross," in Baldwin's *An American Book of Golden Deeds*. Tell of pioneers in the cure of yellow fever. Read *Walter Reed and Yellow Fever*, by Howard A. Kelly (McClure, Phillips & Co.); pioneers in invention, Morse and Edison.

*Pioneers in right living*: Lincoln's inflexible honesty which makes honesty easier for us all.

*Pioneers in courage and courtesy*: Captain Robert Scott, in *Scott's Last Expedition*, edited by Leonard Huxley. Dodd, Mead Co.

*Pioneers in loyalty to the State*: Tell the story of the death of Socrates.

*Pioneers in simplicity during times of careless spending*: St. Francis of Assisi.

Read: *Columbus*, by Joaquin Miller. R.L.S. No. CC. Houghton Mifflin Co.

"Columbus," by Arthur Hugh Clough. *Poems*. The Macmillan Co.

## THE PATHFINDERS, LEWIS AND CLARK <sup>1</sup>

EVA MARCH TAPPAN

Some twenty years after the Revolution France sold to the United States the country between the Mississippi

<sup>1</sup> Abridged from *The Children's Hour*, vol. VIII, "Adventures and Achievements." Houghton Mifflin Co.

and the Rocky Mountains. The Government asked Meriwether Lewis and William Clark, brother of George Rogers Clark, to explore it. They were to follow up the Missouri, then the Columbia River, and so get to the Pacific Ocean; but no one knew where the sources of the two rivers might be. There were forty men or more in the party as well as the wife of the interpreter and her baby, the youngest of American explorers. They were to draw maps, note the soils, vegetation, animals, and minerals, and, most important of all, make friends with the Indians, learn what lands each tribe claimed, and open the way for trading with them.

Then they set out on a journey which proved to be two years and four months long. And such wonders as they saw! There were waterfalls so high that the water fell part way, then broke into mist, but gathered together again and made a second fall which seemed to come from a cloud. There were long marches over plains where the thorns of the prickly pear pierced their shoes as if they were only paper.

Sometimes they were driven half wild with clouds of mosquitoes. "The Musquetoos were so numerous that I could not keep them off my gun long enough to take sight and by that means missed," wrote Captain Clark in his journal. Captain Lewis once was separated from his men for a few hours, and in that time he met a grizzly bear, a wolverine, and three buffalo bulls, all of which showed fight. Again, he lay down under a tree, and when he woke he found that he had had a big rattlesnake for next-door neighbor. One night the company camped on a sand bar in the river; but they were hardly sound asleep before the guards cried, "Get up! Get up! Sand-bar's a-sinking!" They jumped into the boats and pulled for the farther shore. Before they reached it the sand-bar was out of sight. Another night a buffalo dashed into their camp, and to cap the climax, the baby



explorer had the mumps and was cutting teeth and cried all night.

Getting food was not always easy. At one place they exchanged their meat and meal for watermelons; but frequently they had nothing but a little flour or meal; for a long while they lived on horseflesh and dogflesh, and eatable roots bought of the Indians.

They tried to make friends with the Indians by giving them mirrors, gilt-braided coats, knives, etc., and they told them about the Great Father in Washington who wished them to be his children. Talking was often difficult, so whenever it was possible they used the language of signs. When a man wished to say, "I have been gone three nights," he had only to rest his head on his hand to suggest sleep and to hold up three fingers. To hold a blanket by two corners and shake it over the head and unfold it meant, "I am your friend, come and sit on my blanket." If the Indian accepted the invitation he would wish to embrace the white man, and rub his own cheek, thick with paint, on that of his friend.

So it was that the brave explorers made their way to the source of the Missouri. Three quarters of a mile farther they came to one of the branches of the Columbia. Onward they went, and at last they stood on the shore of the Pacific. It was the rainy season; their clothes and bedding were always wet and they had nothing to eat but dried fish. Captain Clark wrote in his journal that the ocean was "tempestuous and horrible."

There were the same dangers to go through again on the long journey back, but finally they came to the houses of white men; and when they caught sight of cows feeding on the banks of the river, they all shouted with joy, the herds looked so calm and restful and homelike.

These courageous, patient men had done much more than to explore a wild country. Just as Columbus had



made a path across the Atlantic, so they had made a path to the Pacific.

## OCTOBER: THE CONTRIBUTION OF EACH RACE TO AMERICAN LIFE

For the Teacher:

### THE CENTENNIAL MEDITATION OF COLUMBIA <sup>1</sup>

SIDNEY LANIER

Now Praise to God's oft-granted grace,  
Now Praise to Man's undaunted face,  
Despite the land, despite the sea,  
I was: I am: and I shall be —  
How long, Good Angel, O how long?  
Sing me from Heaven a man's own song!

"Long as thine Art shall love true love,  
Long as thy Science truth shall know,  
Long as thine Eagle harms no Dove,  
Long as thy Law by law shall grow,  
Long as thy God is God above,  
Thy brother every man below,  
So long, dear Land of all my love,  
Thy name shall shine, thy fame shall glow!"

Read: "Abou Ben Adhem," Leigh Hunt, in *Three Years with the Poets*, Hazard. Houghton Mifflin Co.

*An Incident of the French Camp*, Robert Browning. R.L.S. No. 115. Houghton Mifflin Co.

<sup>1</sup> Abridged. From *Poems of Sidney Lanier*. By arrangement with Charles Scribner's Sons, Publishers.

*Suggestions for morning talks*

American life is made rich and fruitful by the gifts and service of many nationalities. It is the privilege of teachers to help children feel how much each race has brought to the United States from its past in other lands, and how much each has contributed and can contribute here. Thus the contact of different races can cease to be a source of contention and scorn and become a source of strength and blessing. One of the poems that rouses a vivid sympathy for all nations is "Scum o' the Earth," by Robert H. Schauffler. Houghton Mifflin Co.

The oldest race in the United States is the Indian. Tell of their self-control and courage; their friendship with William Penn. (See *The Friendship of Nations*, by Lucile Gulliver, p. 36. Ginn & Co.) Show pictures of the Spanish buildings in California and New Mexico. Tell of the great painter Velasquez. Show the class a photograph of his Surrender of Breda. Tell also of the great writer, Cervantes. Give enough of the story of Don Quixote to show his honor and chivalry. Fine reproductions of the works of the great masters can be bought of Ritter & Flebbe, 120 Boylston Street, Boston, for a few cents apiece; and many can be obtained from the Perry Picture Co., Malden, Mass.

The Germans have helped us — bringing us music, the love of home, the power of hard work. Tell how Carl Schurz became a devoted American. (See *The Reminiscences of Carl Schurz*. The McClure Co.) Play in school music by Beethoven, Schubert, Mendelssohn, Wagner, and let the children know that they owe it to Germany.

Describe the French skill and courtesy. They are careful not to laugh at the blunders of foreigners. Tell of the friendship of Lafayette for America; of Pasteur's work (*Life of Pasteur*, by René Vallery-Radot, chaps. x and xiii. Doubleday, Page & Co.). Show a photograph of Saint-Gaudens's statues of Lincoln and General Sherman. Here is a French-American to whom we owe an inestimable gift.

## THE STATUE OF SHERMAN BY SAINT GAUDENS<sup>1</sup>

HENRY VAN DYKE

This is the soldier brave enough to tell  
The glory-dazzled world that "War is hell!"  
Lover of peace, he looks beyond the strife  
And rides through hell to save his country's life.

Read: *The Promised Land*, by Mary Antin (Houghton Mifflin Co.) and tell the class of her early life. Help them to see that Jews have had many hardships and that here all helpful citizens can live happily together in the land of welcome.

Read: Tolstoy's "Where Love is, God is!" (*Ethics for Children*, p. 156), and tell of his belief in peace and good will. Read Tolstoy's "A Spark Neglected Burns the House."

Let the children enjoy the humor of the Irish. Tell of John Boyle O'Reilly and his kindness. Repeat his poem on "What is Good" (see Grade I, p. 2).

Give a short account of Garibaldi's courage in the Sicilian campaign and of the people's love of him.

<sup>1</sup> From *Music and Other Poems*. Charles Scribner's Sons.

*Garibaldi and the Thousand*, by George M. Trevelyan. Longmans, Green & Co.

Take the class to a museum or show them photographs of the Greek heroes. Tell stories from Homer. Give an account of the courage of Socrates in facing death. (In "The Judgment of Socrates," R.L.S. No. 129. Houghton Mifflin Co.).

Read: *Up From Slavery*, Booker T. Washington (chap. II, in *Ethics for Children*, p. 78). "Ready," Phoebe Cary (*Poetical Works of Alice and Phæbe Cary*. Houghton Mifflin Co.).

Through the appeal of these stories the children themselves will be led to honor, understand, and treat kindly any foreigners they may meet.

## A GREAT FRENCHMAN

ELLA LYMAN CABOT

Louis Pasteur, the great French scientist, was working hard to discover a cure for rabies, which is a terrible disease caused by the bite of a mad dog. He had not quite completed his cure when, on July 6, 1885, a little Alsatian boy, nine years old, was taken by his mother to see Pasteur. The child, going alone to school, had been attacked by a mad dog, thrown to the ground and badly bitten. A bricklayer, seeing the dog attack the child, ran up and, with an iron bar, drove the beast away. Bites from a well dog would not have done Joseph much harm, but Pasteur knew that this dog had a serious disease which might be given to Joseph unless the new cure could prevent all danger.

Poor little Joseph had fourteen wounds and suffered so much that he could hardly walk. Pasteur kindly made arrangements to make the anxious mother and her



boy comfortable, and then went to ask his wise friend, Vulpius, whether it was safe to give the boy Pasteur's new treatment, even though it had never been tried before.

"Why, yes, indeed," Vulpius assured him. "Is n't it far better to try your cure, even if it may fail, than to let the little fellow die of hydrophobia?"

So the treatment was given to Joseph. Every day for ten days the doctors put a few drops of powerful liquid in his arm. Joseph had cried when he heard of an operation, but he dried his eyes quickly when he found that it meant only a tiny prick.

Pasteur arranged a bedroom near him for the mother and child, and Joseph played with his new toys. Pasteur loved children. He grew very fond of Joseph and more and more anxious that his cure should succeed. It was a month before he could be quite sure. Joseph was n't troubled; his wounds had healed, the inoculation did not hurt him, and he could play all day. On the last evening, he kissed his friend, "dear Monsieur Pasteur" good-night and slept peacefully, but Pasteur lay awake for hours anxiously thinking: "Will my treatment succeed or will it fail? If I can cure this boy, it will prove that I can cure many others and stop this terrible disease."

The treatment was successful. Joseph never had a sign of illness, and now, any person — or any animal — who is in danger of getting rabies can almost surely be cured. Every year in America, the lives of many children and their parents are saved by Pasteur's wonderful cure. How much we owe to France for this great man! A beautiful avenue in Boston leading to the Harvard Medical School is named in his honor. But there are even better ways to honor him. The best is by being as faithful to our work as he was to his, for Pasteur's favorite saying was: "Let us work."

NOVEMBER: GOVERNMENT BY THE  
PEOPLE

For the Teacher:

REPLY TO AN ADDRESS OF WELCOME<sup>1</sup>

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

In all trying positions in which I shall be placed, and doubtless I shall be placed in many such, my reliance will be upon you, the people of the United States; and I wish you to remember, now and forever, that it is your business, and not mine; that if the union of these States and the liberties of this people shall be lost, it is but little to any one man of fifty-two years of age, but a great deal to the thirty millions of people who inhabit these United States, and to their posterity in all coming time. It is your business to rise up and preserve the Union and liberty for yourselves and not for me. I appeal to you again to constantly bear in mind that not with politicians, not with Presidents, not with office-seekers, but with you, is the question: Shall the Union and shall the liberties of this country be preserved to the latest generations?

*Suggestions for morning talks*

What is a tyranny? Tell something of the treatment of the Jews in Russia, from *The Promised Land*, by Mary Antin, chap. 1. In what ways was Mary Antin free when she came to America? Could she do anything she liked? What does liberty mean?

Who puts up the sign, "Keep off the grass"? If you were grown up, would you make laws against having the

<sup>1</sup> From a speech at Indianapolis, February 11, 1861.

new grass trampled on, the shrubs torn, the street lamps broken? Why?

What is the opposite of self-government? Slavery, tyranny or even anarchy, which means having no government. Have you ever seen any one who was a slave to his bad habits? We are slaves if we can't make ourselves work, but have to be driven like cattle; slaves if we can't resist temptation; can't say no when some one asks us to do what is wrong; can't make ourselves go to bed or begin to study when it is time; can't resist looking out of the window and wasting time. Cultivate the power of governing yourself. Keep your desk in good order; it is yours to rule over.

"Greater is he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city." Do you agree with this proverb? Give an example of self-control under pain; under provocation to anger; under nervousness. We hear the phrase, "He went all to pieces when he lost the prize." Why would a person who had self-control not go to pieces if he lost? What conduct shows self-government when a fire breaks out in school?

Who makes the rules in a baseball game? Who enforces the rules? Why do you want them enforced? What is the value of having an umpire? Why is it best to have one boy made captain? Is the President of the United States like a captain to lead his nation? What are some of his duties? Where is the City Hall or the Town Hall? What goes on there? Who elect the people who govern us?

Read: "The First Thanksgiving day," Alice Brotherton, and "Five Kernels of Corn," Hezekiah Butterworth, in *Days and Deeds*, Burton E. and Elizabeth Stevenson. Baker Taylor Co.

What are all the advantages of our country? How can we repay them?

Learn: "Freely ye have received, freely give."

Read: "Thanksgiving Day in America," Mary Lowe, in *Thanksgiving*, Robert H. Schauffler. Moffat, Yard & Co.

Refer to *Lessons for Junior Citizens*, Mabel Hill, Ginn & Co., for accounts of city departments, and to *Town and City*, Frances Gulick Jewett (Gulick Hygiene Series, Ginn & Co.); to *Thanksgiving*, Robert H. Schauffler, for varied material for Thanksgiving day.

Read: *Scouting for Boys*, Baden Powell. Pearson, London.

*Character Training*, Jane Brownlee. Houghton Mifflin Co.

*The Wonder Workers*, pp. 54-94, Mary H. Wade, Little, Brown & Co., for an account of the George Junior Republic.

## THE PILGRIMS, 1620-1630<sup>1</sup>

SARA R. O'BRIEN

Columbus's work was done when he showed the way to America. It was easy enough for others to follow. Soon others did follow. During the next one hundred years, many people from Europe came to see the wonderful new country. Some came in search of gold, some for love of adventure. Still others came to claim part of the new land in the name of their native country.

Others, however, came for a far better purpose than to acquire land or riches. Three hundred years ago there were troublous times in some parts of Europe. In Eng-

<sup>1</sup> From *English for Foreigners*, Book II. Houghton Mifflin Co. ✍



land the people had very few rights in matters of church and government. King James I of England compelled all his people to attend his church and to pay taxes for it, whether they wanted to or not.

Many people did not like King James's church, and some of them decided to leave England. They fled to Holland, but it was such a strange country to them that they were homesick and unhappy there. Where could they go next? There was now no place left but America, and they made up their minds to try this unknown land. They were a brave little band of pilgrims seeking a place to worship God in their own way.

One day about one hundred of them set sail in a small ship named Mayflower. After a long and stormy voyage, they reached the shores of America. The time was December, in the year 1620, and a season of bitter cold and drifting snow.

They made their first landing at the place we now call Plymouth on the coast of Massachusetts. No warm houses or waiting friends were ready for them. On all sides were nothing but drifting snow and dark forests.

How hard that first winter was! Their sufferings from cold and hunger were so great that half their number died. But early spring brought new hope to all, and with fresh courage they set to work. They did not waste their time searching for gold. The men chopped down trees and built log cabins. They planted corn and barley on the cleared land. They made friends with the Indians. And so great was their hope that when the Mayflower returned to England in the spring not one of their number cared to go back. Liberty with all its hardships was sweeter than life in their old home.

Soon other people began to come from England to make their homes near the little settlement at Plymouth. Slowly the colony grew and prospered, for the Pilgrims

brought with them the right ideas of freedom. One of the first things they did was to make, and promise to obey, certain laws that were for the good of all.

They chose one of their number to be their leader, and they called him governor. They believed that the people themselves should rule. So whenever they wished to settle an important question they called a general meeting and settled the matter by vote.

We may truly say that the Pilgrim Fathers laid the foundations of the government which we enjoy in the United States to-day, a government by the people and for the people.

## DECEMBER: E PLURIBUS UNUM

For the Teacher:

### ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF DR. CHANNING <sup>1</sup>

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

Peace is more strong than war, and gentleness,

Where force were vain, makes conquest o'er the wave;  
And love lives on and hath a power to bless,

When they who loved are hidden in the grave.

. . . . .  
And often, from that other world, on this

Some gleam from great souls gone before may shine,  
To shed on struggling hearts a clearer bliss,  
And clothe the Right with luster more divine.

. . . . .

*Suggestions for morning talks*

Our national motto ought to be the keynote of our work  
at home, in school, and in the nation.

<sup>1</sup> From Lowell's *Complete Poetical Works*. Houghton Mifflin Co.

Show the class this motto on our silver coins. What does it mean? A football team, a four-part chorus, an orchestra, a fruit tree, a house, a nation are many in one. Each boy in the team, each singer in the chorus, each state in the nation helps to make the team, the chorus, the nation possible. It needs him; he needs it; and he must sacrifice his individual ambition to the good of the team.

Learn: "For we are members one of another."

Being many in one, we must obey our leader; we must subordinate ourselves pleasantly, taking a minor part in games or songs, or plays. We must show good will to all who help to make us many in one.

Study the different grocery provisions, e.g., sugar, flour, dates, figs, olives, prunes, oranges, and the standard articles like wool, rubber, iron, sponges, chalk, ink, and show how we depend for even the simplest life upon many people working as one.

Our family is many in one, the parents earning and caring for the children; the children making ready to help the parents.

The school is many in one. The different rooms and grades can unite in morning exercises, work together in manual training, or cooking, play together in folk-dancing and athletics.

The nation is many in one. Study a map and see what each State contributes. Tell about the House of Governors.

Learn: "A house divided against itself cannot stand,"  
and "The Mountain and the Squirrel,"  
Ralph Waldo Emerson. *Poems*. Houghton  
Mifflin Co.

E PLURIBUS UNUM<sup>1</sup>

GEORGE WASHINGTON CUTTER

Tho' many and bright are the stars that appear  
On that flag, by our country unfurl'd,  
And the stripes that are swelling in majesty there  
Like a rainbow adorning the world;  
Their light is unsullied, as those in the sky,  
By a deed that our fathers have done,  
And they're leagued in as true and as holy a tie,  
In their motto of "Many in One."

From the hour when those patriots fearlessly flung  
That banner of starlight abroad,  
Ever true to themselves, to that motto they clung  
As they clung to the promise of God;  
They conquered, and, dying, bequeathed to our care  
Not this boundless dominion alone,  
But that banner whose loveliness hallowes the air,  
And their motto of "Many in One."

Then up with our flag! — let it stream on the air;  
Though our fathers are cold in their graves,  
They had hands that could strike — they had souls that  
could dare, —  
And their sons were not born to be slaves.  
Up, up with that banner! — where'er it may call,  
Our millions shall rally around,  
And a nation of freemen that moment shall fall,  
When its stars shall be trailed on the ground.

<sup>1</sup> From *Days and Deeds*, compiled by Burton E. Stevenson and Elizabeth Stevenson.  
The Baker & Taylor Co.



THE OLD MAN AND HIS SONS<sup>1</sup>

SARA R. O'BRIEN

An old man had many sons who were always quarreling. At last the father called them to him. He showed them a bundle of sticks tied together. He said to them, "Break this bundle." Each of the sons tried to break it but could not.

The father untied the bundle and told each son to break one stick. They could do this easily. Then the father said, "If all of you could stand together, no one could do you any harm, but each one separate is as weak as one of the little sticks."

Let each member of the class write a composition showing the application of this story in our commerce, our social life, our civic and national government.

JANUARY: RESPONSIBILITY OF  
EACH CITIZEN

For the Teacher:

BOSTON

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

And each shall care for other,  
And each to each shall bend,  
To the poor a noble brother,  
To the good an equal friend.

A blessing through the ages thus  
Shield all thy roofs and towers!  
God with the fathers, so with us,  
Thou darling town of ours!

<sup>1</sup> From *English for Foreigners*, Book I. Houghton Mifflin Co.

For the Class:

## THE CHILD AND THE YEAR

CELIA THAXTER

Said the child to the youthful year:  
"What hast thou in store for me,  
O giver of beautiful gifts! what cheer,  
What joy dost thou bring with thee?"

"My seasons four shall bring  
Their treasures: the winter's snows,  
The autumn's store, and the flowers of spring,  
And the summer's perfect rose.

"All these and more shall be thine,  
Dear child — but the last and best  
Thyself must earn by a strife divine,  
If thou wouldst be truly blest.

"Wouldst know this last, best gift?  
'T is a conscience clear and bright,  
A peace of mind which the soul can lift  
To an infinite delight.

"Truth, patience, courage, and love,  
If thou unto me canst bring,  
I will set thee all earth's ills above,  
O child! and crown thee a king!"

*Suggestions for morning talks*

The subject of this month grows out of the last. We are each responsible because we are each needed to make up one nation. Responsible means that we will respond, and take our part. The President: For what

is he responsible? Congress? the State Legislatures? the City Aldermen? the Town Clerk? the heads of municipal departments? For what is every voter responsible? every housekeeper? every scholar? School is given us freely by all the people so that we may be active, helpful citizens. The citizen must be able to read, write, earn a living, and understand about our laws and government.

Scholars are responsible for being on time every day; for regularity — not missing without an excellent reason; for faithfulness in work. Kipling said <sup>1</sup>: —

“If you can fill the unrelenting minute  
With sixty seconds’ worth of distance run,  
Yours is the Earth and everything that’s in it;  
And, what is more, — you’ll be a man, my son.”

Take up New Year’s Resolutions: What are the best ones to make?

Study the responsibility of the locomotive engineer on his engine; the captain and officers on a steamer; the doctor and nurse in illness.

Read: “The Wreck of the Republic,” in Cabot’s *Ethics for Children*. Houghton Mifflin Co.

Stories from Clara Barton’s *History of the Red Cross*. American Historical Press.

“The Policeman,” by Theodore Roosevelt, from the “Roll of Honor of the New York Police,” *Century Magazine*, October, 1897. (Quoted also in *School Speaker and Reader*, p. 257, William De Witt Hyde. Ginn & Co.)

We make the rules of our clubs; it is disloyal not to obey them. All the people make the laws of the nation; it is disloyal not to obey them.

<sup>1</sup> In “II,” *Rewards and Fairies*. Doubleday, Page & Co.

Look up the laws you are likely to break. Teachers can find out about these laws from the town or county clerk, — throwing paper and rubbish in the streets; breaking street lamps; ringing fire alarms; stealing apples; breaking windows; playing baseball in public streets; playing craps; marking buildings.

Be a supporter of the government and of American ideals by keeping paper off the streets; not blocking the sidewalk as you come from school; giving up your seat to older people; putting out brush fires and refusing to light any; holding yourself upright in bearing, in honesty, in thought, as well as word; reporting any sign of danger; forming Junior Civic Leagues or Good Government Clubs.

Read the pamphlets of the Forestry Commission in relation to fires. Tell of the Boy Scouts of America.

Read: *Under the Old Elm*, Lowell (extract about Washington). R.L.S. No. Z. Houghton Mifflin Co.  
*Ode to the Duke of Wellington*, Tennyson. R.L.S. No. 73. Houghton Mifflin Co.

*Scouting for Boys*, Baden Powell. Pearson, London.

## THE LITTLE SIX <sup>1</sup>

ELLA LYMAN CABOT

Every spring when the snow melts along the banks of our great rivers there is danger of a flood. Thirty years ago the Ohio River overflowed its banks for a thousand miles. Even the city of Cincinnati was like a large stream. Men and women went out in boats and passed food to the hungry people at third story windows. Sometimes

<sup>1</sup> Rewritten from a story in the *Erie Despatch*, March 24, 1884.



great buildings were undermined and small houses went floating down stream. Six children in Waterford, Pennsylvania, heard of the flood. They were not only sorry; they decided to help. They gave an entertainment and raised \$51.25, which was sent to Miss Clara Barton, President of the Red Cross Association, to be put where it would do most good.

Miss Barton was much touched by the children's gift. She wanted to give it to children who had suffered in the flood. One day as she went down the Ohio River she came upon just the family she most wanted to help — a widow, Mrs. Plew, with six children. They owned their farm on the banks of the river with two horses, three cows, thirty hogs, and some hens, and till the flood came they managed to get on. But the flood swept away their horses, sickness came among the hogs, and one night a great gale blew down their house. They had to live in the corn-crib, with the twenty-five hens clucking about the door. They kept even this place neat and clean. They were poor and in trouble, but they were brave and industrious still. "If we only had a little money we could build a house higher up on the bank," said the mother.

"There are six children," thought kind Miss Barton; "here is the very place to give the money." She told the woman the story of the Waterford children who wanted to help, and offered her their gift that she might rebuild her house. With a voice full of deep feeling the woman answered, "God knows how much it would be to me. Yes, with my good boys I can do it, and do it well."

"And shall you name the house when it is built?"

"Oh, yes," she answered quickly, "I shall name it The Little Six."

When the six contributors heard how their money had been spent they wrote this letter: —

DEAR MISS BARTON,

We read your nice letter in the *Despatch* and we would like very much to see that house called "The Little Six," and we are so glad we little six helped six other little children, and we thank you for going to so much trouble in putting our money just where we would have put it ourselves.

Sometime again when you want money to help you in your good work, call on the "Little Six," —

JOE FARRAR, twelve years old.

FLORENCE HOWE, eleven years old.

MARY BARTON, eleven years old.

REED WHITE, eleven years old.

BERTIE ENSWORTH, ten years old.

LLOYD BARTON, seven years old.

## FEBRUARY: GREAT AMERICANS

For the Teacher:

Let us now praise famous men and our fathers that begat us. The Lord hath wrought great glory by them through his great power from the beginning.

Leaders of the people by their counsels and by their knowledge of learning meet for the people: wise and eloquent in their instructions;

Their glory shall not be blotted out.

The people will tell of their wisdom, and the congregation will show forth their praise.

Ecclesiasticus XLIV.

*Suggestions for morning talks*

*Our Great Statesmen:*

What qualities does it take to be a great statesman?

Can he be narrow-minded, prejudiced, unfair?

Must he be able to get on with all kinds of people? How do we learn to get on well with people? Washington said: My first wish is to see the whole world at peace and the inhabitants of it as one band of brothers, striving which should contribute most to the happiness of mankind.

See, if you can, the Educational Moving Picture of the Declaration of Independence. John Adams, Thomas Jefferson, and Benjamin Franklin were great statesmen, for they planned for the good of the whole country. The great statesman cannot be bribed. Tell the story of Washington's rejection of the crown. The great statesman thinks of the *future* of his country. Benjamin Franklin's gift to Boston. The great statesman loves his *whole* country. Lincoln's fairness to the South. The great statesman is generous. John Hay's attitude in giving indemnity to China. The great statesman works for good will. Stories of William Penn, Hugo Grotius, Henry of Navarre. (See *The Friendship of Nations*, pp. 34-38, Lucile Gulliver. Ginn & Co.) The great statesman forgives his enemies. Tell of the death of McKinley.

Read: "Ezekiel and Daniel," in *An American Book of Golden Deeds*, James Baldwin. American Book Co.

"John Quincy Adams and the Right to Petition," Henry Cabot Lodge, in *Hero Tales from American History*. Century Co.

SAMUEL GRIDLEY HOWE<sup>1</sup>

LAURA E. RICHARDS

Dr. Samuel Howe is famous because of his devotion to blind people. As a lad he decided that he wanted to spend his life in helping people. Up to that time, there had been no teaching for the blind in this country. If a child was blind, it must sit with folded hands at home, while the other children went to school and to play. Now a school for blind children was about to be started in Boston, and Dr. Howe was asked if he would take charge of it. This was just what he wanted. But first he went to Europe, where the teaching of the blind had already begun. Having learned all that was to be learned in those days about teaching the blind, he came home, and took up his new work, which was to end only with his life.

First of all, he put a bandage over his own eyes, and wore it for some time, so that he might realize a little of what it meant to be blind. Then, he found some little blind children, took them home to his father's house, and taught them to read and write by means of raised letters which they could feel, and by means of raised lines, which enabled them to guide the pencil and keep the lines straight. He made maps for them, with raised dots of rough plaster for mountains, and pins' heads for cities; their little fingers felt of all these things, and became so skillful that, in a short time, they could read as rapidly as many children who can see.

When people heard that blind children could be taught to read, more and more parents brought children to the new school. Soon, the house could not hold them. There was no room and no money to carry on the fast-growing school.

<sup>1</sup> Abridged from *Two Noble Lives*. Dana Estes Co.



Dr. Howe's favorite saying was, "Obstacles are things to be overcome!" So he took his blind pupils before the Legislature, showed what he had done, and asked for money. The Legislature voted to give six thousand dollars a year to the school; and soon after, a Boston gentleman, Colonel Perkins, gave his fine house and garden for the use of the little blind children.

But this did not satisfy Dr. Howe. The blind children of his own State were now provided for; but he knew that in other States the blind children were still sitting with folded hands, knowing nothing of the pleasant world of books, unable to write, sew, knit, or play the piano. So he went from State to State, taking a little band of children with him, going before the Legislatures, showing what the children had learned to do, begging them to help the blind children of their own State. And in his footsteps sprang up schools for the blind.

In the year 1837 Dr. Howe overcame an obstacle that people had always thought could never be overcome. He heard of a little girl, named Laura Bridgman, who was deaf, dumb, and blind. She had lost her sight and hearing when she was a baby; she was now seven years old, and could neither see, hear, smell, nor — save in a very slight degree — taste. Dr. Howe persuaded her parents to let her come to the Perkins Institution. Here he set himself patiently to bring the child's mind out of darkness into light.

He took things in common use, such as knives, forks, spoons, keys, and so forth, and pasted on them labels with their names in raised letters. These he gave to Laura, who felt of them carefully. She soon found that the crooked lines "spoon" on one object were different from the crooked lines "key" on another. Next he gave her some of the labels without the objects; and she soon found that they bore the same crooked lines that were on the spoons, keys, etc. After a little time she would

lay the "spoon" label on the spoon, the "key" label on the key, and so on, of her own accord; then Dr. Howe would pat her on the head, and she knew he was pleased.

One day Dr. Howe gave her the different letters of the word on separate bits of paper. First he put them in the right order, to spell "spoon," "key," "book," etc.; then he mixed them up in a heap, and made a sign to her to arrange them herself. This she did, patiently and correctly; but still she was merely learning as a clever dog learns tricks. She did not know what it meant, nor why she was doing it.

But one day, Dr. Howe saw her face change. Light seemed to flash over it. All in a moment it had come to her; she knew what it all meant; she knew that by these raised marks on paper she could make a sign for every thought; she knew that she could make herself understood, and could understand the thoughts of others.

I think this was the happiest day of Dr. Howe's life; and since that day, no blind deaf-mute child has ever needed to be alone in the world.

Laura Bridgman lived many years, and became a happy, earnest, industrious woman. She learned to talk with her fingers, and could talk faster than most people with their tongues. . . . She was a great reader, wrote many letters, sewed beautifully, made lace and crochet work; I doubt if she was ever idle. She loved Dr. Howe always better than any one else in the world, and she was very dear to him also. . . .

After Dr. Howe's death, his friend, Dr. Edward Everett Hale, wrote these words about him: "He found the blind sitting in darkness, and he left them glad in the sunshine of the love of God."

## MARCH: SOCIAL SERVICE

For the Teacher:

## THE LAW OF LOVE

RICHARD C. TRENCH

Make channels for the streams of love,  
Where they may broadly run;  
And love has overflowing founts,  
To fill them every one.

But if, at any time, we cease  
Such channels to provide,  
The very founts of love for us  
Will soon be parched and dried.

For we must share, if we would keep,  
That blessing from above:  
Ceasing to give, we cease to have, —  
Such is the law of love.

*Suggestions for morning talks*

Tell the story of "Margaret of New Orleans," Sara Cone Bryant, in *Stories to Tell to Children*. Houghton Mifflin Co.

Different ways of social service: —

*Kindness to animals:*

Read: *Black Beauty*, Anna Sewall. American Humane Education Society.

Learn: "Forbearance," by Ralph Waldo Emerson, p.169, and "A Lesson of Mercy," by Alice Cary, p. 36, in *Ethics for Children*, Ella Lyman Cabot.

Read: "Garm—A Hostage," by Kipling. In *Actions and Reactions*. Doubleday, Page & Co.

Learn what food each animal and bird needs. See whether there are drinking-fountains for horses and dogs in your town. If not, plan with the class to help get one. Take care of the birds: they are exposed to danger from owls, cats, snakes, wind, cold, hunger, and thirst. They need you for a friend.

*Care of the sick:*

Tell the story of "Walter Reed and Yellow Fever" in *Ethics for Children*, Ella Lyman Cabot, p. 226; of "Dorothy Dix" (*An American Book of Golden Deeds*, James Baldwin. American Book Co.).

*Care of the unfortunate:*

Clara Barton and the Ohio Floods. The Sicilian Earthquake. In *The Red Cross*, Clara Barton. American Historical Press.

Read: "The Good Bishop," by Victor Hugo, in *Les Misérables*. Little, Brown & Co.

*Care of the poor:*

*Labrador*, Wilfred T. Grenfell, The Macmillan Co.

Read: *The Friendship of Nations*, p. 236, Lucile Gulliver. Ginn & Co.

*An American Book of Golden Deeds*, James Baldwin. American Book Co.

*Ethics for Children*, Ella Lyman Cabot ("He that is Faithful," p. 132, and "Fellow Laborers," p. 90). Houghton Mifflin Co.

"The Street Cleaning Brigade," Colonel Waring, in *Town and City*, Frances G. Jewett, Gulick Hygiene Series. Ginn & Co.



THE McCLENNY NURSES<sup>1</sup>

CLARA BARTON

A small band of nurses, men and women, were steaming onwards in the train to Jacksonville, Florida, where yellow fever had broken out. To them came their leader, Colonel Southmayd. "Some way ahead," said he, "is the little town of McClenny where the plague is also in full force. The town is quarantined on all sides; it is without nurses, medicines, comforts for the sick, even without food. Shall I leave some of you there? This train is not allowed to stop at the town, but if I can manage to get it to slow up . . . will you jump?"

"We will do what you say, Colonel. We are here in God's name and service to help His people; for Him, for you and for the Red Cross we will do our best."

"Conductor, don't you think you might slow up after passing McClenny?"

"I will slow up, Colonel, though I may lose my place for it."

One mile beyond town, the rain pouring in torrents, the ground soaked, slippery and caving, out into pitiless darkness leaped three men and seven women from a puffing, unsteady train. No physician was with them, and no leader. They only knew that they were needed and must do their best.

Taking each others' hands, so that they might not lose one another in the darkness, they scrambled back over the slippery railroad bed to the fever-stricken village. That very night, after drying their clothes, they planned what to do and each took his or her share of patients.

Dr. Gill, a Norwegian by birth, tall, honest, and true as the pines of his native land, was sent from New Orleans, and under his wise direction they again found a

<sup>1</sup> Adapted from *The Red Cross*. American Historical Press.

leader. During the few days Colonel Southmayd was in Jacksonville, he sent them comforts for the sick and nourishing food for themselves, but after that, they got on as best they could, finding and cooking their own meals. The nurses often gave to the sick, the children, the old and the helpless, what they needed for their own strength. Many were the records of seventy-two hours without change or sleep, almost without sitting down, and many were the unselfish deeds which we shall never know. Mr. Wilson, a big, colored man, took charge of a small hospital with six patients, cared for them all without an hour's relief from any person, and saved every case. Edward Holyland, a young man of twenty-nine, who was chief nurse, found a neglected Italian family a mile or more outside the town. He nursed them there alone, and when the young son, a lad of thirteen or fourteen, died, there being no one to bury him there, Mr. Holyland wrapped him in a blanket and brought him into town on his back. As the fever was gradually conquered by their experience and skill, the nurses reached out to other freshly attacked hamlets. The town of Enterprise, one hundred miles below, called to them for aid; they all turned back from the hope of home and, after a bare two days of the rest they so needed, they added another month of toil to their already weary record.

On November 4th they went into camp for their ten days of quarantine before they could go home to New Orleans for Thanksgiving. To them here the Red Cross organization sent a number of its members to give thanks to the unselfish, faithful band. A meeting was held in the headquarters tent. There were officers of the camp, well-wishers from all the countryside, and in the center the ten nurses themselves whose names deserve never to be forgotten — Eliza Savier, Lena Seymour, Elizabeth Eastman, Harriet Schmidt, Lizzie Louis,

Rebecca Vidal, Annie Evans, Arthur Duteil, Frederick Wilson, and Edward Holyland; four Americans, one German, one French, one Irish, and three Africans. They wore no uniform; their only distinguishing feature was the umbia or turban and a pitiful little misshapen tattered Red Cross made by their own hands and pinned on their breasts.

Telegrams had arrived from all parts of the country giving thanks for the help received. The Mayor of McClenny spoke with trembling voice the gratitude which his town felt: "I fear the nurses often worked in hunger, but they brought us to our feet, and the blessing of every man, woman and child is on them." The nurses told of the work of their comrades, and Dr. Gill placed before the meeting his matchless record of cases attended and lives preserved. He testified to the wonderful work of the nurses, standing firm through everything, with never a word of complaint through all those trying months.

A few days later, the north-bound train halted and took on board the tall doctor and happy nurses. Their last words, as they departed were, "When you want us, we are ready." The love of those they had befriended and the approval of a whole people, north and south, went with them.

## APRIL: PATRIOTISM

For the Teacher:

### LOVE THOU THY LAND

ALFRED TENNYSON

Love thou thy land, with love far-brought  
From out the storied Past and used

Within the Present, but transfused  
Thro' future time by power of thought.

Make Knowledge circle with the winds;  
But let her herald, Reverence, fly  
Before her to whatever sky  
Bear seed of men and growth of minds.

*Suggestions for morning talks*

Read: "The Army of Peace," "The Flag," "Who Patriots Are," in *The Young Citizen*, Charles F. Dole. D. C. Heath & Co.

"Our Debt to the Nation's Heroes," from *American Ideals*, Theodore Roosevelt. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Tell stories of men who loved their country:

"The Last Lesson in French," Alphonse Daudet, in *Stories to Tell to Children*, Sara Cone Bryant. Houghton Mifflin Co.

Read: "Breathes there the man," Sir Walter Scott.  
*The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, Canto VI.  
*The Man without a Country*, Edward E. Hale. Little, Brown & Co.

"William Tell," and "Arnold V. Winkelreid," in *Fifty Famous Stories Retold*, James Baldwin. American Book Co. Compare Tell and Winkelreid. Which seems to you the more courageous?

Write compositions on some of the topics suggested in *American Hero Stories*, Eva March Tappan. Houghton Mifflin Co.

Read: "An American in Europe," Henry van Dyke, in *The White Bees and Other Poems*. Charles Scribner's Sons.



*Two Noble Lives*, Laura E. Richards. Dana Estes.

*A Message to Garcia*, Elbert Hubbard. Roycroft Press.

Learn: "The Flag goes by," H. H. Bennett. R.L.S. No. CC. Houghton Mifflin Co.

For questions on patriotism, see Cabot's *Ethics for Children*, p. 184.

### NATHAN HALE

On the 6th of June, 1755, was born Nathan Hale; his father was a farmer and deacon of his church, who brought up his boys in true New England habits, hardy, self-reliant, honest and loyal. When Nathan was fifteen, he went to Yale College and after graduating there he became a school-teacher.

Two years later, on April 19, 1775, a messenger galloping from Boston brought the news of the battle of Lexington and the call to arms. Nathan Hale offered himself eagerly among the first. "Let us march immediately," he cried, "and never lay down our arms till we obtain our independence." He wrote to the managers of his school that he went to war because he could serve his country in its time of danger.

As the war went on, Hale began to show what a man he was. The army was short of clothes, food, ammunition, and pay. The soldiers grew discouraged, and wanted to go home. Hale, who was now a Captain, tried, as did the other officers, to persuade the soldiers not to go. Finally, he went to them, and dividing his own pay among them, managed thus to make them stay.

After the disastrous battle of Long Island, the Americans were in a worse state than ever. They had to guard long stretches of shore and could not tell at what point the British might land from Long Island and attack

them. General Washington felt that he must know more about the British; he must have maps of their camp, lists of their regiments, and, if possible, some idea of their plans. To obtain this information, he must find an intelligent spy. A counsel of officers was called and a volunteer was asked for. No one would go. The risks were great: if the spy were caught, a dishonorable death; even if he was successful, little reward or honor. So the Council sat silent wondering what to do. Suddenly a clear voice spoke out: "I will go." It was Captain Nathan Hale. Truly loving his country, and willing to sacrifice his own ambitions, even his life for her, he was the only one ready to undertake the mission. His friends begged him not to go, but Hale answered with warmth: "I believe it is my duty to get this much-needed information for my country. I realize all the dangers of doing this, but I have been in the army a year and done no great service for my country. Now when my chance comes, I will take it."

Hale dressed himself in the plain brown dress and broad-brimmed hat of a schoolmaster, was rowed across to Long Island, and somehow got into the British camp. He was there about two weeks, found out all he wanted to know, and was just safely out of the British lines and waiting on the shore to be rowed back when some British soldiers, led by a betrayer, fell upon him and captured him. He was searched; at first they discovered only his college diploma, but finally under the inner soles of his shoes they found thin pieces of paper, with plans, lists, and notes about the British army written in Latin. He was taken before General Howe and, as the proof was clear, was quickly sentenced to be hung the next morning. He showed no fear at the thought of death. He said that his only regret was that his efforts to help the American army were not successful.

Hale was put under guard of Provost-Marshal Cun-

ningham, a brutal and cruel man. When Hale asked for a clergyman, he was refused; and when he begged for a Bible, that also was denied. Even when he asked for paper and pen, it was only through the kindness of a young lieutenant that he managed to get it. He wrote letters to his friends and family, but when his jailor read them, he was so furious at the noble sentiments he found that he tore them up, crying, "The rebels shall never know they had a man who could die with such firmness."

Next morning, Hale was led out to execution, friendless and brutally treated, but still as brave and loyal to his country as ever. His last words as he was about to die will never be forgotten. "I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country."

## MAY: FRIENDSHIP WITH OTHER NATIONS

For the Teacher:

### A SOLDIER'S SPEECH

"Looking back in life I can see no earthly good which has come to me so great, so sweet, so uplifting, so consoling as the friendships of the men and the women I have known well and loved — friends who have been equally ready to give and to receive kind offices and timely counsel. Nothing will steady and strengthen you like real friends, who will speak the frank words of truth tempered with affection — friends who will help you and never count the cost. Friendship is the full-grown team-play of life, and in my eyes there is no limit to its value." <sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> "From *Ethics for Children*, Ella Lyman Cabot, p. 180. Houghton Mifflin Co.

For the Class:

Make all good men your well-wishers, and then in the  
year's steady sifting,  
Some of them turn to friends. Friends are the sunshine  
of life.

JOHN HAY.

*Suggestions for morning talks*

Begin the month by some examples of the greatness of  
friendship.

Stories of the friendship of David and Jonathan. —  
1st Sam. xvii, xviii.

Read: "Jaffar," by Leigh Hunt in *The Garland of  
Poetry*, Mrs. E. M. Kirkland. Charles Scribner's  
Sons.

Stories of Lamb and Coleridge, in *Ethics for Children*,  
p. 166, by Ella Lyman Cabot.

Learn: "If you have a friend worth loving," in *Ethics  
for Children*, p. 155.

Read: "Where Love is, God is," Leo Tolstoy.  
*Twenty-three Tales*. Translated by L. & A. Maude.  
Oxford University Press.

Friendship with those of different Nations.

The Story of Ruth and Naomi.

Stevenson's friendship with the Samoans.

Lincoln's letter to the workmen of Manchester.

Write letters to school-children in other lands and  
tell them of your country.

"A Lesson for Kings," from the *Jataka Tales*, in  
*Ethics for Children*, p. 163.

Friendship between nations.

Read: "The Deep Sea Cable," Rudyard Kipling, in  
*The Seven Seas*. D. Appleton & Co.



"America's Tribute to Grotius," in *The Friendship of Nations*, p. 69, Lucile Gulliver. Ginn & Co.

"Christ of the Andes," in *The Friendship of Nations*, pp. 74-76, Lucile Gulliver.

Friendship of Holland and the Pilgrims.

Friendship of France and America in the Revolution.

## A MODERN BAYARD<sup>1</sup>

LAURA E. RICHARDS

Dr. Samuel G. Howe had just won his degree as a doctor when he heard of the Greek war for freedom. He loved the courage the Greeks had shown all through history. He wanted to help them. How could he help? He sailed for Greece, and offered his services as a doctor in the Greek army and navy. There he stayed for six years, sharing the dangers and the hardships of the Greeks. Often he slept under the open sky with his head on a stone; often he had no meat but snails and roasted wasps.

"Are n't roasted wasps horrid to eat?" his little daughter asked him, years afterward.

"Not at all," he replied. "Roasted to a crisp and strung on a straw like dried cherries, they were not at all bad. I was often thankful enough to get them!"

Once Dr. Howe found a wounded Greek in great danger with the Turkish soldiers coming up behind and ready to kill him. He lifted the Greek on to his own horse and he himself had to go on foot in danger of his life. The Greek soldier recovered and became a devoted friend to Dr. Howe. He could not bear to be out of Dr. Howe's sight and slept at his feet like a faithful dog.

<sup>1</sup> Adapted from *Two Noble Lives*. Dana Estes & Co.

So Dr. Howe went about, in towns and forests and on the hills, caring for the sick and wounded; and as he went, his heart was touched by the sight of starving women and children. He came back to America and, burning with his story, he told of the sorrows and suffering he had seen. He asked for money, for clothes, and for food. Quickly it was given, for the need was great. He must have been glad and proud of his people when he sailed for Greece in a large ship full of rice, flour, money, and cloth for the widows and children. How the women flocked about him when he landed in Greece! It is the best of fun to be happy over some one else's happiness, and I suppose Dr. Howe never enjoyed himself more than when he saw the hungry little Greek children contentedly munching the bread he had brought.

But many of the people had been made ill by suffering and want of food. For them he started a hospital with the money he had brought from America.

And then, wise Dr. Howe thought about the future. Do you know what that means? He wondered what all these people were to do by and by to earn money. And he made a plan for them to build a great wharf for their harbor. He held a meeting of all the people in Ægina, and told them that he was going to build a pier, and that if they would work he would pay them for it. Instantly they set to — the men dragging great stones and the women and children bringing baskets of pebbles and earth to fill in the gaps.

Dr. Howe was as happy as he was busy. One day he wrote in his diary: "Getting on finely. The poor who labor are now five hundred, and it is cheering to my heart to go among them and see the change that has taken place. Instead of, as formerly, humbly and tremblingly addressing me and begging for assistance, they look up brightly and confidently, and cry out: "Welcome among us, Sir!" and they often add as I go away,

"God bless your father and mother; God save the souls of your relations; long life to the Americans!"

So Dr. Howe worked and thought and helped day by day. He gave the people seed to sow; he helped them to build houses; he made a wheelbarrow himself and showed them how to make one. He labored night and day till the people were again at peace and prospering. Then he went home.

Fifteen years afterward, Dr. Howe went again to Greece and visited the village he had helped. Presently some one recognized him and called out: "It is Dr. Howe." Then all the villagers rushed toward him, pulled him off his horse, kissed him, and made a great feast in his honor; for he had made America and Greece one in sympathy and friendship.

## JUNE: HOW WE CAN SERVE OUR COUNTRY

For the Teacher:

A difficulty raiseth the spirits of a great man. He hath a mind to wrestle with it and give it a fall. A man's mind must be very low if the difficulty doth not make part of his pleasure. — LORD HALIFAX.<sup>1</sup>

### *Suggestions for morning talks*

The honor and glory of our country depends on the honor and loyalty of every citizen. Be prepared.

An American is truthful; he knows that truth alone is strong enough to support him in trial. Read stories of Lincoln's honesty.

A true American is faithful; he will not betray his trust.

<sup>1</sup> Quoted in *A Multitude of Counsellors*, J. N. Larned. Houghton Mifflin Co.

Tell the story of Binns, wireless operator on the Republic, Grade VI, p. 272.

A true American is courteous, for he represents his nation. For example, we rise for ladies in street-cars; let them pass first; always give up the end seat.

Read: "A Four-footed Gentleman," *Ethics for Children*, p. 28.

"Purring When You're Pleased," Mrs. Alfred Gatty, *Parables from Nature*. Everyman's Library. E. P. Dutton & Co.

*The Wonder Workers*, Mary H. Wade. Little, Brown & Co.

All true citizens are brave. They resist fear that they may win their aim.

Motto: He has not learned the lesson of life who does not every day surmount a fear. — EMERSON.

Let the children whenever possible take excursions to places of historic interest. Give them a chance to discuss the stories they read and to bring in new stories of achievement under difficulty. The material about how we can serve our country is plentiful and delighting. The following books will arm the pupils with zeal for service.

*Heroes of Everyday Life*, Fanny E. Coe. Ginn & Co.

*Duty*, Samuel Smiles, chap. VII (on the sailor's courage). Harper Brothers.

*An American Book of Golden Deeds*, James Baldwin. American Book Co.

*Lessons for Junior Citizens*, Mabel Hill. Ginn & Co.

*School Speaker and Reader*, William De Witt Hyde.

Ginn & Co. Sections on "American History," "Patriotism," "Enterprise," and "Courage."



THE ARMY OF PEACE <sup>1</sup>

CHARLES F. DOLE

The thousands of men and women who serve our Government form an army; but it is an army of peace and not of war. It is not to frighten men, but to help and benefit them. It is not for the good of Americans alone, but for the good of all people.

What kind of a man do we need for a soldier? He must be brave and obedient; he must not serve for pay, nor for a pension, nor to get honor for himself, nor in order to be promoted to a higher office. He must serve, as Washington and Grant served, simply for the sake of helping his country. They were not soldiers in order to get their living out of the country, but because the country needed them. They were soldiers for the sake of the welfare of the people.

The country needs the same kind of men for its army of peace. It wants obedient and faithful men to keep its accounts and to carry its mails. It wants kind and courteous men in its offices, who will do their best for the convenience of its people. It wants fearless and upright judges who will do no wrong. It wants friendly men in the Indian agencies to help the Indians to become civilized. It wants men of courage in its lighthouses and at the life-saving stations. Our Government cannot really bear to have mean and selfish men anywhere, but it needs men, as good as the very best soldiers, who are in its service for the sake of their country.

What does a good soldier desire more than anything else? He desires that the cause of his country shall succeed. What does every good American wish most of all? He wishes that his work may make his country richer and happier. He wishes to leave his country better for his having served her.

<sup>1</sup> From *The Young Citizen*. Copyright, 1899, by D. C. Heath & Co. Used by permission.

# GRADE VI

## AMERICAN IDEALS

By FANNY E. COE

### INTRODUCTION

It is a truism to-day that a king should be the servant of his people. The Emperor William asserts that he takes his high office as a direct gift from God. Nevertheless, as his twenty-five years of rulership prove, his dominant purpose is the securing of the best interests of the German people. In every land, in all ages, the great ruler is he who serves.

How is it in America to-day? Who is the ruler of the country, and what lofty ideal shines before him? In America, as in all democracies, the ruler is the individual voter, the everyday man with a ballot in his hand. Millions here ascend to "the seats of the mighty" by reason of the power vested in the free American franchise.

The menace of America to-day is the selfishness of the individual voter. If his power is used to exploit his country for himself, to promote those enterprises that will enrich him at the expense of the rest of the nation, then the outlook for America is dark, indeed. Much selfishness is due to thoughtlessness. If future American rulers can be trained to large and generous views, a great step will have been taken toward national prosperity.

What pains are taken in the education of a young prince! Tutors are selected with the utmost care to

insure the best instruction in history, language, political economy, and the fine arts; teachers of riding, fencing, and dancing develop the body; every moment of the day is planned with scientific efficiency. It is of the utmost importance to the nation that its future ruler and leader shall possess a mind trained largely and generously. He must manifest in himself the ideals of his nation.

The American ideal, as it has come down to us from the fathers, is a lofty one. Washington, Franklin, Samuel Adams, Jefferson set the standard of unflinching service for others. Abraham Lincoln revealed the same spirit in a later day. Courage in the face of difficulties, loyalty to truth, sympathy and courtesy, industry and reverence to God and to one's fellowmen, — these have been American ideals since the time when the solitary Mayflower crossed the sea.

These ideals must become the heritage not only of every American-born child, but of every alien as well. They will soon become rulers with the fate of a great democracy in their hands. Should not their training for unselfish service be begun early and be continued with unflagging zeal? Such training is the task of the common school. Its mission is of preëminent importance. With this thought in mind, the course in citizenship has been planned.

The program for the sixth grade deals with American ideals. The normal child of ten or eleven is still unconscious of self and approaches the discussion of graces of character with the same freedom as the child in the primary school. Moreover, he is keenly interested in the consideration of moral traits, provided the discussion be always concrete. The course for the sixth grade

follows the general plan of the book. The program for each month may form the basis of morning talks or may be the subject for lessons in oral or written language or in literature. The chief aim has been to make both text and stories of vital human interest. They should be read or told with enthusiasm, that the children may respond vigorously to the appeal of the story.

## SEPTEMBER: SYMPATHY AND COURTESY

For the Teacher:

### MY LOVE

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

Not as all other women are  
Is she that to my soul is dear;  
Her glorious fancies come from far,  
Beneath the silver evening-star,  
And yet her heart is ever near.

Great feelings hath she of her own,  
Which lesser souls may never know;  
God giveth them to her alone,  
And sweet they are as any tone  
Wherewith the wind may choose to blow.

Yet in herself she dwelleth not,  
Although no home were half so fair;  
No simplest duty is forgot,  
Earth hath no dim and lowly spot  
That doth not in her sunshine share.



She doeth little kindnesses,  
Which most leave undone, or despise;  
For naught that sets one heart at ease,  
And giveth happiness or peace,  
Is low-esteem'd in her eyes.

She hath no scorn of common things,  
And, though she seem of other birth,  
Round us her heart intwines and clings,  
And patiently she folds her wings  
To tread the humble paths of earth.

Blessing she is: God made her so,  
And deeds of week-day holiness  
Fall from her noiseless as the snow,  
Nor hath she ever chanced to know  
That aught were easier than to bless.

For the Class:

There is always somebody to smile at; somebody to stretch out a hand to.

*Suggestions for morning talks*

To be sympathetic you should put yourself in another's place and try to think which words and acts will be agreeable and which will not. Not only a kind heart but an understanding mind is needed for perfect sympathy.

Courtesy is kindly feeling manifesting itself in word and deed.

Illustrate courtesy of word with: —

"Just the Time to be Pleasant," George F. Bass, in *Quotations and Select Stories*. A. Flanagan Co.

"The Twelve Months," in *Stories Children Love*, Welch. Dodge Publishing Co.

"That is Nothing to Me," Gertrude Sellon, in *Stories Children Love*. Dodge Publishing Co.

"The Boy's Manner," Laura E. Richards, *Five Minute Stories*. Dana Estes Co.

"Go and Come," Laura E. Richards, *The Golden Windows*. Little, Brown & Co.

Illustrate courtesy of deed with: —

"Somebody's Mother," Anonymous. Grade II, p. 73.

"The Wilderness Preacher," James Baldwin, *An American Book of Golden Deeds*. American Book Co.

"The Landlord's Mistake," James Baldwin, *Fifty Famous People*. American Book Co.

"The Miraculous Pitcher," Hawthorne, *Wonder Book*. R.L.S. No. 17. Houghton Mifflin Co.

*Yussouf*, James Russell Lowell, R.L.S. No. X. Houghton Mifflin Co.

Some opportunities to express courtesy: —

Remove your cap when meeting girls and women whom you know.

Be sure to recognize your friends upon the street. Some boys seem to look past or around them. Be helpful in directing strangers, especially foreigners. Do not laugh if their speech or bearing seems peculiar to you. You would seem as strange to them in their native place.

Boys who are polite in their homes are sometimes discourteous upon the street. To snowball teamsters, to brush suddenly against elderly persons, to trip up little children, are acts unbecoming a gentleman.

In a public gathering be quiet in manner. To stamp, shout, or whistle is discourteous, as it disturbs the rest of the audience.

The making of unnecessary noise anywhere, and at any time, shows want of thought for the comfort of others. The gentleman is quiet of voice and action. Be thoughtful for the new pupil or the lonely child. Help him to understand the schoolroom laws and lessons and include him in your games at recess. Try to make him happy in the school and on the playground.

The persons to whom you should pay the very highest courtesy are those in your own homes. If your best manners are in everyday use there, you will never be rude or awkward with strangers. Emerson says: "Eat at your own table as you would eat at the table of a king."

A polite boy or girl makes hourly use of the courteous phrases, "thank you," "please," "pardon me," "you are welcome," etc.

The very time to be helpful and pleasant is when others are tired and perhaps cross.

Be glad when good fortune comes to your friends and show that you are glad. People who are the first to sympathize in sorrow or in misfortune are sometimes strangely reluctant to express pleasure at a friend's success.

Let us not wait to see how some one else is going to treat us, but let us determine to act first, to invite the other's friendliness by first offering our own.

To be courteous upon the street, — Walk on the right side of the sidewalk. Do not turn a short corner going in the wrong direction. Do not stop to talk in the middle of a crowded sidewalk. Do not take up the whole sidewalk by walking with a large group of your friends. Do not rush out of a doorway into a crowded

street without looking. Do not carry an umbrella crosswise in a crowd.

Tell the story of Lincoln and the little girl's belated trunk.

## A DAY WITH A COURTEOUS MOTHER <sup>1</sup>

HELEN HUNT JACKSON

During one of last summer's hottest days I sat in a railway car near a mother and four children who were so happy together that watching them was enough to make one forget the discomforts of the journey. It was plain that they were poor, but the mother's face was one which it gave you a sense of rest to look upon — it was so earnest, tender, true, and strong. The children — two boys and two girls — were all under the age of twelve, and the youngest could not speak plainly.

In the course of the day it was often necessary for the mother to deny requests and ask services, especially of the eldest boy; but no girl, anxious to please a lover, could have done either with a more tender courtesy. She had her reward; for no lover could have been more tender and manly than was this boy of twelve.

Their lunch was simple and scanty; but it had the grace of a royal banquet. At the last the mother produced three apples and an orange, of which the children had not known. The orange was evidently a great rarity. I watched to see if this test would bring out selfishness. There was a little silence, just the shadow of a cloud. The mother said, "How shall I divide this? There is one for each of you; and I shall be best off of all, for I expect big tastes from each of you."

"Oh, give Annie the orange. Annie loves oranges,"

<sup>1</sup> Abridged from *Bits of Talk about Home Matters*. Copyright, 1873, by Roberts Brothers.



spoke out the oldest boy, with a sudden air of a conqueror, and at the same time taking the smallest and worst apple for himself.

"Oh, yes, let Annie have the orange," echoed the second boy, nine years old.

"Yes, Annie may have the orange, because she is a lady and her brothers are gentlemen," said the mother quietly.

There was a merry contest as to who should feed the mother with the largest and most frequent mouthfuls. Then Annie pretended to want apple, and exchanged thin golden strips of orange for bites out of the cheeks of Baldwins.

At noon we had to wait for two hours on a narrow, hot platform. The oldest boy held the youngest child and talked to her, while the tired mother closed her eyes and rested. Now and then he looked over at her and then at the baby; and at last he said confidentially to me, "Is n't it funny to think I was ever so small as this baby! And papa says that then mamma was almost a little girl herself."

The two other children were toiling up the banks of the railroad, picking daisies, buttercups, and sorrel. Soon the bunches were almost too big for their little hands. "Oh, dear," I thought, "that poor tired woman can never take those great bunches in addition to all her bundles and bags." I was mistaken.

"Oh, thank you, my darlings. Poor, tired little flowers, how thirsty they look. If they will only keep alive till we get home, we will make them very happy in some water, won't we? And you shall put one bunch by papa's plate and one by mine."

Sweet and happy, the children stood thrilling with compassion for the drooping flowers and with delight in their gift. Then the train came; soon it grew dark and little Annie's head nodded. Then I heard the mother say

to the oldest boy, "Dear, are you too tired to let little Annie put her head on your shoulder and take a nap? We shall get her home in much better case to see papa if we can manage to give her a little sleep."

Soon came the city, the final station with its bustle and noise. I lingered to watch my happy family. In the hurry of picking up the parcels the poor daisies and but-tercups were forgotten. I wondered if the mother had not intended this, but, a few minutes after, I passed the group, just outside the station, and heard the mother say, "Oh, my darlings, I have forgotten your pretty bouquets. I am so sorry; I wonder if I could find them. Will you stand still here if I go?"

"Oh, mamma, don't go. We will get you some more," cried all the children.

"Here are your flowers, madam," said I. "I took them as mementos of you and your sweet children."

She blushed and thanked me sweetly, saying, "I was very sorry about them. And I think they will revive in water. They cannot be quite dead."

"They will *never* die," said I with an emphasis that went from my heart to hers, and we shook hands and smiled as we parted.

## OCTOBER: HONESTY

For the Teacher:

### CONSTANCY

GEORGE HERBERT

Who is the honest man?  
He that doth still and strongly good pursue,  
To God, his neighbor, and himself most true:  
Whom neither force nor fawning can  
Unpin, or wrench from giving all their due.

Whose honesty is not  
 So loose or easy, that a ruffling wind  
 Can blow away, or glittering look it blind;  
 Who rides his sure and even trot,  
 While the world now rides by, now lags behind.

*Suggestions for morning talks*

In the widest sense, honesty is the same as truthfulness.

In a narrower sense, honesty is "that sense of right which makes it impossible to take or to use that which does not rightly belong to us."

Read "Barbara S——," by Charles Lamb, R.L.S. No. 79 (Houghton Mifflin Co.), and "The Honest Farmer," from *Ethics for Children*, by Ella Lyman Cabot (Houghton Mifflin Co.). Let the class recall illustrations of Lincoln's honesty. In material things: the story of the pound of tea, of the wrong change, of the damaged *Life of Washington*, of the post-office money. In intellectual matters: giving up cases in court when convinced that his client was guilty, asking Douglas "the question" that lost the senatorship.

To be honest you must: do all your home tasks thoroughly; prepare your lessons faithfully without copying or cribbing from another's exercise; play fairly, without cheating or taking unfair advantage in games or sports (here explain the "true sporting spirit"); show respect for property not your own; (a) by treating borrowed articles as carefully as if they were your own (city textbooks, desks, chairs; Public Library books); (b) by returning borrowed articles promptly.

What is the right course of procedure upon finding a

lost article — on the school premises, in the street, on an electric car?

If you have injured property, own up frankly to the broken window, the broken fence, the trampled flower-bed. To run away is cowardly; to face the owner and offer what amend you can is manly and honest. So small a sum as a nickel may test a person's honesty. He who tries to escape paying the carfare and so get something for nothing, proves himself dishonest.

### MR. LEE'S PLUMBER <sup>1</sup>

GERALD STANLEY LEE

If everybody in the world could know my plumber or pay a bill to him, the world would soon begin, slowly but surely, to be a different place.

The first time I saw B—— I had asked him to arrange with regard to putting new water-pipes from the street to my house. The old ones had been put in years before, and the pressure of water in the house, apparently from rust in the pipes, had become very weak. After a minute's conversation I at once engaged B—— to put in the new and larger pipes, and he agreed to dig open the trench (about two hundred feet long and three feet deep) and put the pipes in the next day for thirty-five dollars. The next morning he appeared as promised, but instead of going to work he came into my study, stood there a moment before my eyes, and quietly but firmly threw himself out of his job.

There was no use in spending thirty-five dollars, he said. He had gone to the City Water Works Office, and told them to look into the matter and see if the connection they had put in at the junction of my pipe with the

<sup>1</sup> From "Advertising Goodness," in *Everybody's Magazine*. The Ridgeway Co.



main in the street did not need attention. They had found that a new connection was necessary. They would see that a new one was put in at once — they were obliged to do it for nothing, he said; and then, slipping (figuratively speaking) thirty-five dollars into my pocket, he bowed gravely and was gone.

Now B—— knew absolutely and conclusively (as any one would with a look) that I was not the sort of person who would ever have heard of that blessed little joint out in the street, or who ever would hear of it — or who would know what to do with it if he did.

Sometimes I sit and think of B—— in church, or at least I used to, especially when his bill had just come in. It was always a pleasure to think of paying one of B——'s bills — even if it was sometimes a postponed one. You always know, with B—— that he had made that bill out to you as if he had been making out a bill to himself.

Not such a bad thing to think about during a sermon.

## NOVEMBER: COURAGE TO OVER- COME DIFFICULTIES

For the Teacher:

### EPILOGUE TO ASOLANDO

ROBERT BROWNING

One who never turned his back but marched breast  
forward,

Never doubted clouds would break,  
Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong  
would triumph,

Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,  
Sleep to wake.

No, at noonday in the bustle of man's work-time  
Greet the unseen with a cheer!  
Bid him forward, breast and back as either should be,  
"Strive and thrive!" cry, "Speed, fight on, fare ever  
There as here!"

*Suggestions for morning talks*

Read the story of George Rogers Clark's February march across the flooded country to capture Vincennes. The best version is in Winston Churchill's *The Crossing*. The Macmillan Co.

Read or tell of Fulton building the steamboat; Morse inventing the telegraph; Washington crossing the Delaware; Grenfell adrift on an icepan. See Wilfred Grenfell's *Adrift on an Icepan*, R.L.S. No. 230. Houghton Mifflin Co.

Recite a portion of Arthur H. Clough's "Hope Evermore, O Man," from *Poems*. The Macmillan Co. These illustrations show that man has conquered and may continue his conquest of the physical world around him.

Sketch the lives of Laura Bridgman and Helen Keller. *Laura Bridgman, Dr. Howe's Famous Pupil, and what he taught her*, by Maude Howe Elliott and Florence Howe Hall. Little, Brown & Co. *The Story of My Life*, by Helen A. Keller. Doubleday, Page & Co.

Consider, with the class, Lincoln's efforts to gain an education. Let them tell of the purchase of the grammar, the lists of difficult words or extracts written upon the cabin walls; the constant study by the fire, on any fence, at the mill while waiting for the corn to be ground, etc. Give a brief account of the rewriting by Carlyle of *The French Revolution*. These

illustrations show that man can conquer difficulties of the mind.

Tell the stories of David and Goliath; of Moses, the meek, at the Court of Pharaoh; and of Daniel in the lion's den. Tell of Abraham Lincoln's heavy responsibilities during our Civil War. These show that man can conquer *moral* difficulties.

Almost all cases of courage illustrate the conquest of more than one type of difficulty. For example, Grace Darling illustrates both physical and moral victory. See James Baldwin's *Fifty Famous Stories Retold*. American Book Co.

To overcome difficulties develops a manly character. Weakness is developed by yielding to temptation. Every day try to do some one hard task. This will make you strong.

Stories of the courage of children in overcoming difficulties are:

"The Little Postboy," Bayard Taylor, from *Boys of Other Countries*. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

"Nellie in the Lighthouse." *St. Nicholas*, vol. iv, p. 577. The Century Co.

"Little Agnes's Adventure," Margaret Brenda. *Our Young Folks*, vol. vii. Ticknor & Fields.

"The Sardinian Drummer Boy," Edmondo de Amicis, from *Cuore*. T. Y. Crowell & Co.

Study: Edward R. Sill's "Opportunity," from *Poems*. Houghton, Mifflin Co.

Arthur H. Clough's "Say not the Struggle naught Availeth," from *Poems*. The Macmillan Co.

Jean Ingelow's "Winstanley." Roberts Brothers.

AT YOUR SERVICE <sup>1</sup>

BERTON BRALEY

Here we are, gentlemen; here's the whole gang of us,  
Pretty near through with the job we are on;  
Size up our work — it will give you the hang of us —  
South to Balboa and north to Colon.

Yes, the canal is our letter of reference;  
Look at Culebra and glance at Gatun;  
What can we do for you — got any preference,  
Wireless to Saturn or bridge to the moon?

Don't send us back to a life that is flat again,  
We who have shattered a continent's spine;  
Office work — Lord, but we could n't do that again!  
Have n't you something that's more in our line?  
Got any river they say is n't crossable?  
Got any mountains that can't be cut through?  
We specialize in the wholly impossible,  
Doing things "nobody ever could do!"

Take a good look at the whole husky crew of us,  
Engineers, doctors, and steam-shovel men;  
Taken together you'll find quite a few of us  
Soon to be ready for trouble again.  
Bronzed by the tropical sun that is blistery,  
Chockful of energy, vigor, and tang,  
Trained by a task that's the biggest in history,  
Who has a job for this Panama gang?

JONES AND SAUSAGE <sup>2</sup>

THOMAS DREIER

I should also like to tell you the story of Jones — the story of one of the biggest men who will attend this con-

<sup>1</sup> From *Collier's Weekly*.

<sup>2</sup> From *The Outlook*, July 5, 1913. Extract from sermon preached in Baltimore at the convention of Associated Advertising Clubs of America.



vention — the story of Milo C. Jones, of Fort Atkinson, Wisconsin. They tell us of the housemaid who went singing about her work, and when asked why she was so happy she replied that she was sweeping the floor to the glory of God. If you asked Jones to tell you why he is a great man, he would grunt a very grunty grunt at you and enter a general denial of the charge. But I, who know him and the work he has done, can tell you that Jones is a great man because he made sausage for his neighbors to the glory of God, and has always used what he had to get what he needed in order that he might express himself in greater service to his fellows.

Thirty years ago Jones was a physical giant, able to hold his own in any test where agility and strength were needed. He could run, jump, play baseball, thump a piano, and was able to pass with high honors the entrance examination to West Point. He wanted to become an engineer. So, just to pass the waiting months away and keep his mind fitted with a razor edge, he took special work in the local school, met THE girl, who was a teacher there, married her the following year — and the West Point dream slipped away into the land of unborn things. And Jones, in addition to his farm work, did surveying for the neighbors. One day, when ten miles from home, he waded in an icy stream, neglected to change his socks — and the next morning his toes tingled. The morning after his limbs were stiff. On the third Jones was flat on his back — and he remained there for nearly seven years.

His life was changed. His body was gone. He could do none of the work for which he had been trained. Like Robinson Crusoe, he was on a desert island. And he, like Robinson, used what he had to get what he needed. His body was tortured and twisted by rheumatism. But his brain was active. They say that a man is worth a dollar and a half from his neck down, but that he may be

worth any amount from his neck upward. Jones had and has a million-dollar brain. The first thing he did was to discover his resources. His family needed to live. Money was wanted. "To get money or anything else," said Jones, "we must supply some great human need, and fill that need better than any one else." His parents had made sausage after a special recipe for themselves. The neighbors, to whom the Joneses had given generously, also liked it. "Let us make sausage," said Jones, — "make it for our neighbors, but sell it instead of giving it away." And they did. And now Jones finds his neighbors scattered all over the country, and his output is away over five hundred thousand dollars a season. Success came to Jones because he was a man of brains, with grit, with determination, and because he used what he had to render satisfactory service to his neighbors.

## DECEMBER: REGARD FOR THE TRUTH

For the Teacher:

### SOCIAL AIMS<sup>1</sup>

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

And yet there are trials enough of nerve and character, brave choices enough of taking the part of truth and of the oppressed against the oppressor, in privatest circles. A right speech is not well to be distinguished from action. Courage to ask questions; courage to expose our ignorance. The great gain is, not to shine, not to conquer your companion, — then you learn nothing but conceit — but to find a companion who knows what you do not; to tilt with him and be overthrown, horse

<sup>1</sup> From *Letters and Social Aims*. Houghton Mifflin Co.

and foot, with utter destruction of all your logic and learning. There is a defeat that is useful. Then you can see the real and the counterfeit, and will never accept the counterfeit again. You will adopt the art of war that has defeated you. You will ride to battle horsed on the very logic which you found irresistible. You will accept the fertile truth, instead of the solemn customary lie.

When people come to see us, we foolishly prattle, lest we be inhospitable. But things said for conversation are chalk eggs. Don't *say* things. What you *are* stands over you the while, and thunders so that I cannot hear what you say to the contrary.

For the Class:

He who feeds men serveth few,  
He feeds all who dares be true.

EMERSON.

*Suggestions for morning talks*

Review the story of Damon and Pythias (James Baldwin, *Fifty Famous Stories Retold*. American Book Co.) All promises must be sacredly kept, unless they are promises to do wrong. If you think you have made a wrong promise and should break it, consult with your father or mother.

Consider the harm that has been done by liars in certain historical cases: —

	<i>Result</i>
The detractors of Columbus	Columbus in chains
The detractors of Washington	Conway Cabal; suffering at Valley Forge
The detractors of Lincoln	Lincoln's hard task made still harder

The direction in the courts of law is to tell the truth, the

whole truth, and nothing but the truth. Show your loyalty to truth by never keeping silent when you should speak; never exaggerating or shading the facts so as to give a wrong impression; never keeping back a part of the facts; never repeating evil which you have heard about another and which you do not know to be true. A person who does this is a slanderer. To tell falsehoods in fun is wrong, for we may be believed. "To deny a fault, doubles it." Read Maria Edgeworth's "Making Excuses," in *Ethics for Children*, Ella Lyman Cabot (Houghton Mifflin Co.); also "The Little Persian," adapted by Mrs. Charles A. Lane, in *The First Book of Religion* (Unitarian Sunday School Society).

Do not shirk a difficulty in any lesson by pretending to understand. Very noble lives have been spent in seeking for truth.

We should be careful always to keep our minds ready to welcome gladly all new truth.

## "LITTLE SCOTCH GRANITE" <sup>1</sup>

ANONYMOUS

Bert and John Lee were delighted when their little Scotch cousin came to live with them. He was little, but very bright and full of fun. He could tell some curious things about his home in Scotland and his voyage across the ocean. He was as far advanced in studies as they were, and, the first day he went to school, they thought him remarkably good. He wasted no time in play when he should have been studying, and he advanced finely.

Before the close of school, the teacher called the roll,

<sup>1</sup> From White's *School Management*. By permission of the American Book Co., Publishers.



and the boys began to answer "Ten." When Willie understood that he was to say "ten" if he had not whispered during the day, he replied, "I have whispered." "More than once?" asked the teacher. "Yes, sir," answered Willie. "As many as ten times?" "Yes, sir." "Then I shall mark you zero," said the teacher sternly, "and that is a great disgrace."

"Why, I did not see you whisper once," said John after school. "Well, I did," said Willie. "I saw others doing it, and so I asked to borrow a book, then I asked a boy for a slate pencil, another for a knife, and I did several such things. I supposed it was allowed." "Oh, we all do it," said Bert, reddening. "There is n't any sense in the old rule, and nobody can keep it; nobody does." "I will, or else I will say I have n't," said Willie. "Do you suppose I will tell ten lies in one heap?" "Oh, we don't call them lies," muttered John. "There would n't be a credit among us at night if we were so strict." "What of that, if you tell the truth?" said Willie bravely.

In a short time the boys all saw how it was with Willie. He studied hard, played with all his might in playtime, but, according to his reports, he lost more credits than any of the rest. After some weeks, the boys answered "Nine" and "Eight" oftener than they used to; and yet the schoolroom seemed to have grown quieter. Sometimes, when Willie Grant's mark was lower than usual, the teacher would smile peculiarly, but said no more of disgrace. Willie never preached at them or told tales; but somehow it made the boys ashamed of themselves, to see that this sturdy, blue-eyed Scotch boy must tell the truth. It was putting the clean cloth by the half-soiled one, you see; and they felt like cheats and story-tellers. They talked him all over, and loved him, if they did nickname him "Scotch Granite," he was so firm about a promise.

At the end of the term, Willie's name was very low down on the credit list. When it was read, he had hard work not to cry; for he was very sensitive, and had tried hard to be perfect. But the very last thing that closing day was a speech by the teacher, who told of once seeing a man muffled up in a cloak. He was passing him without a look, when he was told that the man was General —, the great hero. "The signs of his rank were hidden, but the hero was there," said the teacher. "And now, boys, you will see what I mean, when I give a present to the most faithful boy in school, the one who really stands highest in deportment. Who shall have it?"

"Little Scotch Granite!" shouted forty boys at once; for the boy whose name was so low on the credit list had made truth noble in their eyes.

## JANUARY: REVERENCE

For the Teacher:

### SONNET <sup>1</sup>

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

"For this true nobleness I seek in vain,  
In woman and in man, I find it not;  
I almost weary of my earthly lot,  
My life-springs are dried up with burning pain."  
Thou find'st it not? I pray thee look again,  
Look inward through the depths of thine own soul.  
How is it with thee? Are those sound and whole?  
Doth narrow search show thee no earthly stain?  
Be noble! and the nobleness that lies  
In other men, sleeping, but never dead,

<sup>1</sup> From *Complete Poetical Works*. Houghton Mifflin Co.

Will rise in majesty to meet thine own;  
Then wilt thou see it gleam in many eyes,  
Then will pure light around thy path be shed,  
And thou wilt nevermore be sad and lone.

*Suggestions for morning talks*

Have pupils recite Whittier's "Barbara Frietchie" (R.L.S. No. X, Houghton Mifflin Co.), asking the class to discover three kinds of reverence. These are: Barbara Frietchie's reverence for the flag; Stonewall Jackson's reverence for age; Stonewall Jackson's reverence for heroic action.

Read the story of King David and the water from the well of Bethlehem (1 Chron. xi, 15-20), again asking the class to discover three kinds of reverence. These are: The reverence of the soldiers for their king that inspired them to risk their lives for his slight wish; the reverence of David for the heroic action of his men; the reverence of David for God.

Read *The Man Without a Country*, by Edward Everett Hale (Little, Brown & Co.), to illustrate reverence for country. Read Charles Lamb's "King Lear" (R.L.S. No. 65, Houghton Mifflin Co.), to illustrate reverence for parents.

We should show reverence to our parents; old people; heroes; our rulers; our flag; our country. By obedience and loyalty we show reverence to our parents. By respectful words and manners, and quick and cheerful service we show reverence for age. By grateful acknowledgments of their services we show reverence for heroes. By refraining from needless criticism and by prompt obedience to law we show reverence to our rulers. By taking off our hats in the presence of

the flag, and by standing when our national anthem is sung, we show reverence to the emblems of our country. Read "The Flag Goes By," Henry H. Bennett. R.L.S. No. CC, Houghton Mifflin Co.

By obedience to law, by living worthy lives, and by cherishing in ourselves and in others the best ideals for the United States we show reverence for our country.

### HANS SCHMELZ <sup>1</sup>

EDWIN LEFÈVRE

Amityville Junction is forty miles from the Modern Athens where the Best Sellers come from. Native poets near by drip honey in dialect. Moreover, when the Muses doze, the corn grows. The State produces enough maize to feed this world. Transmuted into hogs, the same maize would keep the German army in sausage for thirty-two years, fully allowing for German appetite. Envious Easterners said that was the reason why Prince Henry of Prussia decided to visit the Corn Belt on his American tour.

The special train was to change engines at Amityville Junction, and another railroad there would take charge of the royal freight. The division superintendent, being of the modern school, had in mind the newspaper items: "Pulled by a powerful Mogul of the C. X. & W. Railway, the train in charge of Superintendent John H. Glover, Prince Henry of Prussia and his suite arrived at the Union Station," etc. Wherefore Glover tipped off the Modern Athenian newspapers. The *Banner* sent Billy Bedloe, as Special Commissioner, to Amityville Junction — to greet His Royal Highness, and, if possible, obtain an interview.

<sup>1</sup> By permission of the author.



News of the coming of the Royal Party had gone ahead, and farmers for miles around drove to the Junction to catch a glimpse of His Highness. Bill described them as scholarly looking men of varying degrees of erudition and all shapes and hues of whiskers; patriots who "worthily represented" the township whenever a Distinguished Man from another State stopped at the Junction to change cars. They were there now, in their everyday clothes because they thought well of their intellects.

But the dramatic instinct that has made the State famous in Literature and Congress was not asleep here. As the first fanfare of toots came from the approaching locomotive, there poured out of the red-brick Odd Fellows' Hall on Main Street sixteen G.A.R. veterans and twenty-nine Odd Fellows, all in full regalia, bent on doing honor to the royal brother of the War Lord of Europe. The spectators at the railroad station turned to watch the martial aristocracy of this democracy of ours — all except a short, squatty man, stoop-shouldered, gray-haired, and gray-bearded, who continued to stare intently up the still empty railroad track.

The man's utter insignificance of person was amazingly intensified by his clothes. They not only were obviously his Sunday best, but it was equally plain that they had been his best for at least five-and-twenty years, having been worn probably not more than six times in the twenty-five. Every other second he took off his stiff black hat and wiped the sweat-band nervously. It was an uncomfortable operation, for his collar, stiff and too high for his necklessness, made it impossible for him to look directly down at the headgear. On his breast he wore a brown, cross-shaped medal.

"Who is that chap?" Bedloe asked a famous poet in overalls.

"That's Schmelz."

"The little old chap with the Dutch comedian face?"

"Well, that's him; I mean *he*," replied the poet. "He farms somewhere out near Fayette, about nine miles away."

"German, is n't he?"

"Yes. There are not many of them around here; in fact, he's about the only real German we've got. Quiet, hard-working cuss; good farmer; with a family, so I've heard, of nineteen children — a great tribute to the civic ideals and salubrious —"

"Yes; the county ought to have his picture published in the *Farmers' Guide*, with his rations, mode of living, religious beliefs, and other stunts. German, hey?"

After his habit of seeing head-lines in everything, Bedloe now saw little Schmelz framed in words: "The German population to a man turned out in honor of their Prince," etc. He approached the solid Teutonic delegation.

"How do you do, Mr. Schmelz?"

"How d' ye do!" Schmelz had mild blue eyes. They gazed at Bedloe in placid wonder.

"You've come a long way to see the Prince."

"For vhy I should not come a long vays to see?" He was asking a question that required no answer; there was none.

"Did you drive?"

"No; der team vas busy; I valk."

"Oh, yes. It's about nine miles to your place, is n't it?"

"No, ten."

"Do you know him?"

"Not to shpeak," answered Schmelz gravely. "But I see him vhen he vas, ach, *so high*!" He leaned lopsidedly to put his hand down to within twenty inches of the ground.

"Where did you see him?"

"In d' Old Country."

"Ever see the Kaiser?"

"Yes; he vas *so* high." He paused, then he said confidently: "I vould come a huntret miles to see der Prinz."

"Do you love him as much as all that?"

"Lofe? Ach, you don't understand. He's der Prinz. His fader, he vas *my* Prinz."

"Unser Fritz?"

"Yah; Unser Fritz!" Schmelz answered quickly. He looked infantilely pleased and added: "I vas soldier mit Unser Fritz." Schmelz did not look at all martial.

"Were you in the army?"

"All Germany go to de army. I go, too."

"How long have you lived here?"

"Twenty-seven years."

"What's that medal?"

"De Iron Cross."

"The dickens you say!" Bedloe looked at it closely.

"Yah; sure."

"How did you get it?"

"De old Kaiser gave it to me. He vas de grandfader of der Prinz."

"In the Franco-Prussian unpleasantness?"

"Vhat?"

"In the war with France?"

"Yah, sure. De Old Kaiser took it from his coat, so, and he says: 'Vhat's your name?' and I says: 'Hans Schmelz!' and he says: 'For you, Schmelz!' and he puts it on here; so. I vas in der fighting in France —"

He ceased abruptly as the train rumbled stationward. It stopped. The G.A.R. contingent limped into a scraggly line and, every man of them using a hobbling stick sword-fashion, stood at attention, pathetic in their decay, inspiring in their history. Behind them stood a delegation of Junction's leading citizens, uncomfortable

in their Sunday best. The cultured farmers drew together like bubbles in a coffee-cup.

Schmelz stood stock-still, his mild blue eyes on the Pullman's windows, oblivious of everything else. Not so the *Banner's* Special Commissioner, who took Schmelz's right arm in his and, before the little old chap could think of resisting, quickly dragged him to the very edge of the station platform, as near to the Prince as it was possible to be. The station-agent, in his shirt-sleeves to show how busy he was, bustled about importantly, making excited and wholly unnecessary dashes in and out of the telegraph office.

Presently, a well-built, sun-tanned man with a beard came out of the car and stood on the rear platform. He surveyed incuriously the gaping crowd. Somebody in a stage whisper asked somebody else to welcome His Royal Highness to this Minor Athens of America, and some one else asked back what in thunder could *he* say to the Prince, hey?

Presently the man with the beard jumped down from the car-steps, and began to stroll leisurely up and down the track, never straying very far from the Pullman. Two tall, fair-haired men came out and stood on the platform, respectfully watching the Prince stretch his royal legs.

The Prince looked bored. Of a sudden, just as the *Banner's* Special Commissioner was planning to yell to His Royal Highness that the German veterans of the Franco-Prussian War were out en masse, the Prince's eyes rested on little Schmelz. He took four long strides — Billy counted 'em — and looked at the medal on Schmelz's coat at close range.

"—— ——— ——— ——— ——— ———!" said the Prince gutturally.

Bedloe did n't know German and could n't report the colloquy. But he did n't like the tone of voice, which was



harsh, nor the manner, which was arrogant. This was America, where one man was as good as another.

The stoop left Schmelz's shoulders. His feet came together. His hand went up to his hat-brim stiffly but quickly. He answered: —

"Yah, mein Prinz."

Another string of gutturals evidently meant for human speech came from the Prince's throat.

"*Gravelotte!*" said Schmelz. He stood rigid, his feet together, his hand at his hat-brim, his eyes fixed unblinkingly on the Prince's. The twenty-seven years of ploughing had gone from his shoulders.

Something more from the Prince.

And Schmelz spoke again, the only recognizable words being: "*Wörth, Fröschweiler, Mars-la-Tour, Gravelotte, Sedan, Paris*" — names of battles.

Then the Prince turned and shouted execrations at the two men on the rear platform; like a flash they dived into the car and presently emerged on the run, followed by five others. The Prince said something to them that somehow sounded like a succession of rifle-shots, short and sharp, whereupon they hastily ranged themselves into line behind their chief, who turned sharply and faced Schmelz. His heels and the heels of his suite came together with one click. At another word from him, the eight men brought their right hands smartly to their hats; their faces set, stern; their eyes unblinkingly fixed on the face of the petrified Schmelz.

And then Prince Henry, his face as the face of a man who worships, said in a voice in which the respect was felt even by Bedloe: —

"It is our high privilege as Germans to salute a soldier thus honored for heroism on the field of battle. For the Fatherland!"

They stood there, the stalwart Prince and the seven Germans behind him, stiff as ramrods, their hands raised

to their hat-brims, grim-faced, stern-eyed, looking into the face of the little old German farmer there in Indiana, four thousand miles from the battle-field of Gravelotte where the old Kaiser for unusual bravery had pinned the Iron Cross on the coat of Hans Schmelz, a private in the ranks, fighting for the Fatherland. The old man's uplifted right hand began to tremble, and the mild blue eyes blinked.

The engine whistled. The Prince again spoke, and the seven men behind him echoed the same word in chorus. Turning, he climbed aboard, followed by his suite.

The train creaked and moved. It pulled out of Amityville Junction. And, standing on the rear platform of the last car, His Royal Highness, Prince Henry of Prussia, and seven highborn Germans took off their hats and remained bareheaded as long as Hans Schmelz was in their sight. And little Schmelz, his hand trembling but still uplifted, gazed after the diminishing Pullman through tears that could not be blinked away.

## FEBRUARY: SELF-CONTROL

For the Teacher:

### THE HABIT OF HEROISM

WILLIAM JAMES

I may at last, as a fifth and final practical maxim about habits, offer something like this: *Keep the faculty alive in you by a little gratuitous exercise every day.* That is, be systematically heroic in little unnecessary points, do every day or two something for no other reason than its difficulty, so that, when the hour of dire need draws nigh, it may find you not unnerved and untrained to stand the test. Asceticism of this sort is like the insur-

ance which a man pays on his house and goods. The tax does him no good at the time, and possibly may never bring him a return. But, if the fire *does* come, his having paid it will be his salvation from ruin. So with the man who has daily inured himself to habits of concentrated attention, energetic volition, and self-denial in unnecessary things. He will stand like a tower when everything rocks around him, and his softer fellow-mortals are winnowed like chaff in the blast.<sup>1</sup>

For the Class:

He that ruleth his spirit is greater than he that taketh a city.

*Suggestions for morning talks*

To show self-control in deed, let the class study:—

“The Loss of the Birkenhead,” in *A Book of Golden Deeds*, Charlotte M. Yonge (The Macmillan Co.), and *Fifty Famous Stories Retold*, James Baldwin (American Book Co.); *The Loss of the Titanic* (daily papers, April 15–20, 1911), and *The Loss of the SS. Titanic*, Beesley (Houghton Mifflin Co.).

To curb one’s selfish impulses so that the welfare of the weak and helpless may be secured is to have self-control.

To show self-control in word, tell the story of Lee and the wounded Union soldier at Gettysburg. (See *Lee, the American*, by Gamaliel Bradford, Jr. Houghton, Mifflin Co.)

To reply kindly to a taunt or gibe shows self-control.

To bring the lesson closely home to the class tell either: “Coals of Fire,” Louise Chandler Moulton, from *Bedtime Stories* (Roberts Bros.), or “Jo Meets

<sup>1</sup> From *Talks to Teachers* (chapter on Habit). Henry Holt & Co.

Apollyon," an extract from *Little Women*, by Louisa M. Alcott (Little, Brown & Co.). These stories paint the struggles of a boy and girl to conquer a hot temper. Give Mrs. Moulton's story to a class of boys; Miss Alcott's to a class of girls. The moral of both is that victory or self-mastery comes as the result of persistent and prayerful effort.

A boy or girl shows self-control when he eats enough but not too much of simple, wholesome food. A boy shows self-control when he refuses to smoke cigarettes or cigars, knowing that they are harmful to a growing lad.

In a wider sense, self-control is *self-direction*. You control yourself for a higher end. You must keep your soul on top. The man who loses his temper is always at a disadvantage with those who have a greater power of self-control. He should endeavor to direct his powers instead of exploding.

Read or tell of Washington's receiving the news of St. Clair's defeat; of his meeting with St. Clair. (See *George Washington*, Henry Cabot Lodge, American Statesman Series. Houghton Mifflin Co.)

We do not care for the goody-goody boy. We like boys who have plenty of force.

Boys are like locomotives. It is good to have a full head of steam on, so long as the engines keep the track, and are properly directed. But if they run off the track, the more steam, the worse consequences. In football the boy must keep his temper, no matter what the situation. If he loses his self-control, the team is hurt; it stands less chance of victory. To keep his temper, let the boy or girl develop a sense of humor.



A NIGHT'S ADVENTURE ON THE  
OHIO RIVER <sup>1</sup>

AN INCIDENT OF THE FLOOD OF 1832

MARTHA M. THOMAS

Mr. and Mrs. Martin had gone after supper to help a sick neighbor, leaving their daughter Sally, a girl of thirteen, in charge of little Will, aged nine, and the baby; Mrs. Martin expected to be back late in the evening. The children prepared for bed; they rolled a large log on the fire and put a candle in the lantern. Soon they were fast asleep.

Suddenly Sally was awakened by she knew not what. There was a groaning, creaking noise, and she thought she felt the house move. She sprang out upon the floor and ran toward the fireplace. As she reached it her feet splashed in water. The thought came, "The river is up!" She groped for a candle, touched it to a coal, and had a light. A quick glance told her the matter. The hearth had sunk several inches; up through the crevices came the water.

Raising the window-curtain, Sally gazed out. The house was surrounded by water, the waves were washing over the doorstep; as far as her eyes could see was only water. Running to the bed, she shook Will. "Get up, Will, get up! The river is coming into the house!"

"What are we to do?" he asked. "We must go to the loft and wait until father comes," she answered. Taking the baby in her arms, she climbed the stairway. Then, wrapped in comforters, they held each other close, not daring to go to bed. The little clock on the mantel-shelf struck two. Soon after there was a great noise, as of something tearing away. The house swayed to and fro

<sup>1</sup> Abridged from *Our Young Folks*, vol. vii. Ticknor & Fields.

and went down one side and up the other. The children clung closer to each other. A moment more and all was quiet again.

Presently Sally stood up and said, "We are moving, Will; the house is moving!" She ran to the front window; they were afloat on the broad Ohio. Will saw the terror in Sally's face. Clinging close to her, he said softly, "Don't cry, Sally. God will help us." Somewhat herself again, Sally took the baby up and fed it. Then she crept to the window again with Will. "It will soon be morning," he said. "Then the people will see us and come to take us away," was her reply.

The clock had struck four. Dark objects went swiftly by them; every little while the house would dip and rock, as a log or tree struck it. Five o'clock struck and then six. They began to see objects distinctly in the dawning light. "See," cried Will, "there is a coop full of chickens! There is a dog-house upside down and the poor dog is clinging to the outside."

With the light all Sally's energy came back to her. Taking the sheets off the bed, she fastened them to a couple of slats which she nailed to the window-sill as people did on the river when they wished a steamboat to stop. An hour passed; Sally was almost frantic. She had seen people making signals to them but none came to help.

"We are coming to a town, this must be Cincinnati!" Sally leaned out the window, shrieking for aid. "Put the baby down, Will, and come and wave," she said. People saw and shouted to them, but seemed to have no power to reach them. The children increased their exertions, encouraged by the knowledge that they were seen. Sally brought the baby and held it up.

Presently a large boat came towards them. Slowly and steadily it moved in and out, avoiding the driftwood floating by. Just then a huge saw-log dashed into the

side of the dwelling; a shriek was given by the lookers-on as the children disappeared. By a few clever strokes the boat gained the side of the ruin. One of the crew climbed to the window where the children had again appeared, and lifted them out. A moment more and the house toppled over on its side.

"I thought God would take care of us," whispered Will to Sally.

## MARCH: REGARD FOR CIVIC BEAUTY

For the Teacher:

### AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL<sup>1</sup>

KATHARINE LEE BATES

O beautiful for spacious skies,  
For amber waves of grain,  
For purple mountain majesties  
Above the fruited plain!  
America! America!  
God shed His grace on thee  
And crown thy good with brotherhood  
From sea to shining sea!

O beautiful for pilgrim feet,  
Whose stern, impassioned stress  
A thoroughfare for freedom beat  
Across the wilderness!  
America! America!  
God mend thine every flaw,  
Confirm thy soul in self-control,  
Thy liberty in law!

<sup>1</sup> By permission of the author.

O beautiful for heroes proved  
In liberating strife,  
Who more than self their country loved,  
And mercy more than life!  
America! America!  
May God thy gold refine,  
Till all success be nobleness,  
And every gain divine!

O beautiful for patriot dream  
That sees beyond the years  
Thine alabaster cities gleam,  
Undimmed by human tears!  
America! America!  
God shed His grace on thee,  
And crown thy good with brotherhood  
From sea to shining sea!

*Suggestions for morning talks*

Give the child by field work an ideal of a beautiful city.

Questions such as the following may prove stimulating: What parks and other beautiful places in or near your city or town have you visited? Speak of their attractions. What beautiful objects are there in your town? What ugly objects are there in your town? Untidy, waste places, billboards, statues, etc. What historical buildings or relics are there in your town? Name streets with good sky-lines; name streets with poor sky-lines. Name some streets that are broad and straight, with ample sidewalks. Name some streets that are free from wires and posts. Name some streets that are shaded by trees.

Show pictures of beautiful cities, — Paris, Vienna, Munich, Washington. Explain the Paris law with



reference to the height of buildings and width of streets.

Finally ask the last and practical question: What can children who have no money to spend, do to make the town more attractive? Receive the following replies: We must not throw paper, fruit-skins, nutshells, or rubbish of any sort upon the street. Those articles belong in the rubbish barrels. Story of Dresden policeman (see below). We must not mark with pencil, cut with knife, or scratch matches upon any public building, fence, or statue. Story of a man at the Boston Public Library (see below). Respect that which you can injure but cannot replace. Obey the public laws as to picking flowers, and keeping off the grass in parks. The flowers, shrubs, trees, and greensward must remain beautiful for all to enjoy. To mar their beauty is to show ingratitude for hospitality.

Plant trees, vines, and flowers on your own grounds and tend them carefully. Do not gather wild flowers thoughtlessly. Story of the lady's-slippers (see below). Try to have your own back yard the neatest on the street. Keep the school grounds clean and beautify them with flower beds. Protect the birds, that all may enjoy their beauty of plumage, flight, and song. Try to leave the world more beautiful than you found it.

## BEAUTY REQUIRES THOUGHTFULNESS

FANNY E. COE

The city of Dresden, like many of the German cities, has most beautifully kept streets. No one throws about paper, fruit-skins, or rubbish of any sort. This is against

the law, and in Germany, men, women, and children are most obedient to the public statutes.

One day an American woman was walking in Dresden. A rod or so ahead strode a policeman, large, dignified, and beautifully uniformed. Suddenly he halted and threw up his hands in horror.

The American hastened to his side. He had discovered upon the sidewalk a bit of paper the size of a postage-stamp. Then with the light official stick he carried, he dug a small hole and buried the offending scrap from sight.

As the American passed on, she found herself wishing that the children in America could have taken a lesson from that little scene.

The vestibule and stairway of the Boston Public Library are of polished yellow marble, of a most lovely color. A man struck a match upon the marble and proceeded to light a cigar.

"How can you do that?" cried a shocked passer-by.

"That's all right. It is n't my house!" was the thoughtless reply.

He was wrong. The Library was his house, as it was a building for the use of all the citizens, even though a few were unworthy of the great privilege.

A woman entered the street car. She held in her hand a bouquet, about a foot in diameter, of the rare wild orchid known as "lady's-slipper." She met the many glances cast at herself and her flowers with smiles of complacency. She failed to realize that the more intelligent of the passengers were saying to themselves: "Thoughtless woman! To seize and bear away for her own gratification such quantities of a rare wild flower! If every one acted so selfishly this variety of orchid would be uprooted forever."

## APRIL: THRIFT AND INDUSTRY

For the Teacher:

## GOOD WORK

JOHN RUSKIN

A man or woman in public or in private life, who ever works only for the sake of the reward that comes for the work will in the long run do poor work always. I do not care where the work is, the man or woman who does work worth doing is the man or woman who lives, breathes, and sleeps that work; with whom it is ever present in his or her soul; whose ambition is to do it well and feel rewarded by the thought of having done it well. That man, that woman, puts the whole country under an obligation.

For the Class:

Nothing is good work except the best that one is capable of.

*Suggestions for morning talks*

*Thrift*

Read; "L'Envoi," to "Life's Handicap," Rudyard Kipling, *Songs from Books*. Doubleday, Page & Co.

The wise are careful in the use of *time* and *money*. Read "Spare Moments" (page 275), in White's *School Management* (American Book Co.), to show what great things may be accomplished with odds and ends of time.

Whenever you earn money or have money given to you, you should not spend it thoughtlessly for toys or

candy or anything you happen to see. You should set it aside and add to it until you can buy something of true value, — a book, a pair of skates, a flower for your mother, a present for your little brother, a new hat, or a pair of boots for yourself.

As soon as you are earning money regularly, you should save a part of your earnings, even though it be a very small amount. To save in early life means independence and comfort in old age.<sup>1</sup>

Keep your desires simple. Do not think you must have everything that another boy or girl has. Read "The Fortune," by Laura E. Richards, from *The Golden Windows* (Little, Brown & Co.). Do not borrow money from other children. Do not bet or gamble. Be willing to pay a fair price for what you buy. It is mean to try to get something for nothing.

Never save money that is actually needed by you or your family for food, clothing, or other necessities of life. To save under such circumstances is hoarding.

This is wrong.

Read: "Waste Not, Want Not," Maria Edgeworth, R.L.S. No. 44. Houghton Mifflin Co.

"The Whistle," Benjamin Franklin, from *Poor Richard's Almanac and Other Papers*, R.L.S. No. 21. Houghton Mifflin Co.

### *Industry*

"Blessed is he who has found his work; let him ask no other blessedness." — CARLYLE.

Some men who have won this blessing are: Luther Burbank, who developed ten thousand seedlings to secure a single flower; Charles Darwin, who toiled eighteen

<sup>1</sup> N.B. The teacher may start the class in penny-saving. A circular is issued by the Massachusetts Bank Commission instructing teachers how to guide children in this direction.



years before publishing the results of his experiments, although much of the time he could work but fifteen minutes consecutively; Louis Pasteur, who gave years of his life and even risked his health to discover the nature of germs; Louis Agassiz, who risked his eyesight and his life in the study of fossils and glaciers; Francis Parkman, who, though handicapped by inability to use his eyes, made authoritative histories of Indian and Canadian life.

The happiest men are those who can "toil terribly" to accomplish good for themselves and their fellowmen. Such men are apt to be good men, for they have no time to spend in idleness or self-indulgence.

The boy or girl who wishes to become a useful citizen may begin now. He must prepare his lessons thoroughly and steadily; do his home tasks faithfully and regularly; spend his playtime in hard outdoor games; cultivate a hobby, — stamps, minerals, an herbarium, an aquarium, etc.; respect all honest labor and laborers; shun idleness as he would poison; Remember the old saying, "Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do." Remember that every day counts: it is sustained effort that is most important.

Read: "How Johnny Bought a Sewing Machine," by Horatio Alger, Jr., in *Our Young Folks*, vol. II, 1866. Ticknor & Fields.

## FIVE CENTS A DAY <sup>1</sup>

ANONYMOUS

The cumulative power of money is a fact not very generally appreciated. There are few men living at the

<sup>1</sup> From *Select Stories and Quotations*. A. Flanagan Co., Chicago, Ill.

age of seventy-five, hanging on to existence by some slender employment, or pensioners, it may be, on the bounty of kindred or friends, but might by exercising the smallest particle of thrift, rigidly adhered to in the past, have set aside a respectable sum which would materially help them maintain their independence in their old age. Let us take the small sum of five cents which we daily pay to have our boots blackened, to ride in a car the distance we are able to walk, or to procure a bad cigar we are better without, and see what its value is in the course of years.

We will suppose a boy of fifteen, by blacking his own boots, or saving his cherished cigarette, puts by five cents a day. In one year he saves \$18.35, which, being banked, bears interest at the rate of five per cent per annum, compounded semi-yearly. On this basis, when our thrifty youth reaches the age of sixty-five, having set his five cents per day religiously aside during fifty years, the result is surprising. He has accumulated no less a sum than \$3983.18. A scrutiny of the progress of this result is interesting. At the age of thirty our hero has \$395; at forty, \$877; at fifty, \$1667; at sixty, \$2962. After fifteen years' saving his annual interest more than equals his original principal; in twenty-five years it is more than double; in thirty-five years it is four times as much; in forty-five years it is eight times as much as the annual amount he puts by. The actual cash amount saved in fifty years is \$912.50, the difference between that and the grand total of \$3893.18 — namely, \$2970.68 — is accumulated interest. What a magnificent premium for the minimum of thrift that can well be represented in figures!

## MAY: HEROES OF PEACE

For the Teacher:

## COURAGE IN EVERYDAY LIFE

EDWIN D. MEAD

The battle-field has been the theater of infinite faithfulness, self-sacrifice, and service, of the highest heroism often as well as the deepest horror. But the esteem and glorification of the soldier has been out of all proportion to the honor paid the heroes of other fields than the battle-field whose service, done to no accompaniment of fife and drum or waving banners, often imposed a greater risk, demanded a far higher courage, and had a vastly nobler and more useful end. . . . The soldier who risks his life to save the State, or at the State's command, is no more truly a public servant, nor the exponent or agent of patriotism, than the statesman or the teacher; and the policeman, the engineer, the fireman, and the surfman, faithful and firm at their dangerous posts, place us under equal obligation and deserve as well at our hands.

*Suggestions for morning talks*

Give accounts of Dr. Grenfell and his medical work "down North on the Labrador"; of Booker T. Washington's struggles to educate and uplift his race; of Dr. Samuel G. Howe's work with the blind and deaf; of Clara Barton and the Red Cross Society. All these and many more are "patriots in higher spheres and with higher tools than the man with the gun."

These persons are world-renowned, but there are many obscure heroes whose deeds have precisely the same

quality of fine unselfishness: Captain Thomas A. Scott and the ferryboat; Edward V. Wedin, the telegraph operator volunteering for service in New Orleans during the yellow fever; John R. Binns, wireless operator on the S.S. Republic; Peter Woodland, the foreman and day-laborer in the Hudson River Tunnel; the life-savers at Lone Hill; Sergeant Vaughan, the fireman in New York City; Walter Waite in the Cherry Mine Tragedy; "Partners," Little Mackie, the crippled child; Collins Graves and his race with the flood. Nearly all the stories cited for illustration of this topic may be found in *An American Book of Golden Deeds*, by James Baldwin (American Book Co.), and *Heroes of Everyday Life*, by Fanny E. Coe (Ginn & Co.).

If you do your duty each day so faithfully that it will be a simple matter to do more than your duty in any emergency, you may make of yourself a possible hero of peace.

Read: "The Hero," John G. Whittier. Houghton, Mifflin Co.

## JACK BINNS, THE HERO OF THE STEAMSHIP REPUBLIC <sup>1</sup>

FANNY E. COE

Several years ago occurred the most thrilling rescue at sea ever known in marine annals. It was at this time that the wireless telegraphy proved to the world its tremendous possibilities for service.

It was the 23d of January, 1909. The great White Star liner Republic with seven hundred souls on board

<sup>1</sup> From *Heroes of Everyday Life*. Ginn & Co.



was groping her way through a dense fog some twenty-six miles south of Nantucket. She had been enveloped in fog ever since leaving New York City some fifteen hours before. Suddenly out of the gloom appeared a huge steamer. Prow on, she dealt the Republic an overwhelming blow in the side, and then vanished into the fog.

The terrified passengers rushed on deck to find themselves in total darkness. From the moment of collision, all lights went out on the ship. Captain Sealby spoke to the people, reassuring them; and they bore themselves with great calmness and self-control. Even while the captain spoke, the wireless operator, John R. Binns, a young man of twenty-five years, was bending to his work.

The walls of his narrow room had been crushed and a portion of his apparatus wrecked. He could do nothing with his dynamos. But using his accumulators he began throwing messages over the sea. He told of the sad plight of the Republic and called for aid. There, in the darkness, with the ship still reeling from the shock, with the water pouring into the hold, with hundreds of human beings in terror of death on the deck hard by, Jack Binns sounded the distress call: "C.Q.D."; "C.Q.D."; "C.Q.D."

"C.Q.D." is the most important signal in the service. When that call is heard, all the stations drop their work and attend to it alone.

Siasconset, on Nantucket Island, the farthest seaward station on the American coast, heard the call and answered. Immediately she passed on the word to all ships on the sea equipped with the wireless telegraph within two hundred miles. She also informed all land stations within the same radius. In this way two steamships, the White Star liner *Baltic* and the French steamer *La Lorraine*, were turned from their course and

directed toward their sister ship in her great peril. The Lucania also offered help.

The apparatus on the Republic was weak. Binns nursed his power against a time when he might need it more. His machine could send messages only a little over sixty miles. Siasconset caught these messages and repeated them to the hastening ships and to the shore. From the harbors, revenue cutters sped towards Nantucket to see what aid they could offer. Within half an hour after the accident, thousands knew of what had occurred in the pall of fog out to sea and help was speeding toward the stricken vessel.

But the Florida, the steamship that had rammed the Republic, was nearest of all. She had sustained less injury than her victim. Accordingly, on Saturday morning, the passengers of the latter ship were transferred, for greater safety, to the Florida. The dangerous task lasted for several hours.

In the mean while, Binns still sat at his post directing, to the best of his ability, the steamers that were searching for the Republic in the midst of the enshrouding fog. This was not an easy task. "All the ships for a hundred miles around were inquiring, complaining, ordering, beseeching, bleating, like a flock of sheep. The electric snarl was complete for a time." The Baltic reached the neighborhood of the Republic at two o'clock on Saturday, but, owing to the fog, it was not until six o'clock that she succeeded in locating the Republic definitely.

Tattersall, the Marconi operator on the Baltic, "a little slim, red-whiskered Londoner, quick on his feet and as lithe as a cat," said in regard to the search for the Republic: "It's the awful nervous strain of striving, always striving, to get the message right, when half a dozen monster batteries are jerking flashes to you at the same time, pounding in your ears, making sparks swarm before your eyes. That's what gets on a man's nerves;

that's what makes you next to insane. I hardly knew what to do, with the Republic signaling me faintly, so faintly, that I could n't make out whether they were saying, 'We are sinking,' or, 'All safe.'"

The batteries had given out on the Republic, and for some hours all signaling had been by means of submarine bells.

At six o'clock Saturday night, by orders of Captain Sealby, all the crew left the Republic, as it was feared that she might founder in the night. Binns joined Tattersall on the Baltic. Tattersall tells of their meeting as follows: "That chap Binns is a rare plucky one, he is. I know him pretty well, you know, but even so, I was astonished when he walked into my cabin Saturday night, after they had taken off the crew of the Republic.

"'Hullo!' he said, cool as you please; 'thought I'd see how you were, old chap. Had a brisk sort of a time, did n't we?'

"He told me he never worried after the crash came. 'I worked,' he said, 'because it seemed the easiest thing to do.'"

The next morning Captain Sealby, with a volunteer crew of fifty men, boarded the Republic, which was still afloat. Binns obtained some new batteries and returned to his old post. He was there all Sunday. Three vessels undertook the towing of the Republic. It was thought she might be beached and so not be a total loss to her owners. But the hope proved vain.

In the early evening the captain ordered the brave volunteers to "abandon ship," and at eight o'clock the Republic sank. Binns had clung to his post till ordered off by the captain. One of his brave messages had said: "I'm on the job. Ship sinking, but will stick to the end." Binns kept his word, and his bearing throughout these terrible thirty-eight hours serves as a lofty precedent for all Marconi operators in the future. His

"celerity, fidelity, and intelligence have made his name immortal."

A few days later M. Boutelle, of Illinois, paid in Congress a glowing tribute to Binns. He said in closing, "Binns has given the world a splendid illustration of the heroism that dwells unseen in many who are doing the quiet, unnoticed tasks of life. It is an inspiration to all of us to feel that there are heroes for every emergency and that in human life no danger is so great that some Jack Binns is not ready to face it."

## JUNE: THE WORKING MEMBERS OF SOCIETY

FOR the Teacher:

### EACH AND ALL

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

Little thinks, in the field, yon red-cloaked clown  
Of thee from the hill-top looking down;  
The heifer that lows in the upland farm,  
Far-heard, lows not thine ear to charm;  
The sexton, tolling his bell at noon,  
Deems not that great Napoleon  
Stops his horse, and lists with delight,  
Whilst his files sweep round yon Alpine height;  
Nor knowest thou what argument  
Thy life to thy neighbor's creed has lent.  
All are needed by each one;  
Nothing is fair or good alone.

For the Class:

"The health and the happiness of each one of us is utterly dependent on the health and the happiness of



every one else. . . . No one can be fully blessed in any community until the blessing rests on all."

*Suggestions for morning talks*

Make a careful study of the important service rendered by the following persons who ring our doorbells during the day: The postman; the iceman; the grocer; the laundryman; the ashman. Trace the misfortunes and inconveniences that would result if these men should neglect their daily tasks.

Walk down the main street of your suburb or city and make a list of the different trades and occupations you find. Think of as many other servants of the public as you can, and arrange them in order, according to the importance of their service. Be ready to tell how good service benefits the neighborhood in each case. Tell of the cobbler; the tailor; the baker; the apothecary; the small-wares storekeeper; the newspaper dealer, etc.

The purpose of this task is to arouse discussion, one result of which will be that the pupils will see that thorough and faithful work is a vital necessity in all these activities: —

Policeman.	Lighthouse keeper.	Minister.
Fireman.	Life-saver.	Teacher.
Switchman.	Physician.	Lawyer.
Railroad engineer.	Nurse.	Mother.

Read to the class "Daily Bread," by Dr. E. E. Hale, in *Christmas Eve and Christmas Day* (Roberts Brothers), a wonderful illustration of the truth that "we are all members one of another." Read "The

Deep Sea Cables," by Rudyard Kipling, in *The Seven Seas* (D. Appleton & Co.).

As negative teaching, sketch briefly the story of the fall of the Pemberton Mills, where an imperfectly cast iron column was the cause of the great disaster; also the story of the careless inspection of life-preservers which led to many deaths on the steamship Slocum. Tell the tale of the one bit of worm-eaten board built into a new ship.

"For want of a nail, the shoe was lost.  
For want of the shoe, the horse was lost,  
For want of the horse, the rider was lost,  
For want of the rider, the battle was lost,  
For want of the battle, the Kingdom was lost.  
And all for want of a horseshoe nail."

All corners of the world are also linked together by trade, by philanthropy, etc. Read: "Our Multitude of Helpers," by Harris, in *Ethics for Children*, by Ella Lyman Cabot (Houghton Mifflin Co.), and "The Ship that found Herself," by Rudyard Kipling (an allegorical presentation of this same thought), in *The Day's Work* (Doubleday, Page & Co.).

"We are not dependent, nor are we independent, but we are all interdependent. Every thought, every word, and every act sent into the world either adds to or subtracts from the happiness therein — we are all united so closely that one of us cannot so much as speak without affecting, to some degree, all mankind. Maeterlinck puts it beautifully where he speaks of the old man, sitting quietly in his study, whose winking eyelids affect the movements of a distant star." — THOMAS DREIER, in *The Outlook*, July 5, 1913.

THE POLICEMAN AT THE CORNER<sup>1</sup>

LOUISE ROBINSON

Have you ever stood on the curbing of the sidewalk and watched the policeman on duty at the crossing? If you have never done so, you have missed an interesting experience.

The policeman assigned to this particular duty has to cultivate certain qualities that will make him of value to the community.

There he stands in the middle of the street in the pelting rain, the driving snow, the cutting wind, or the midday heat. On either side of him are the car tracks. Carriages, wagons, automobiles, push carts, bicycles go past him in either direction. He raises his hand and the traffic stops — the crossing is clear for pedestrians. Amidst the throng he sees an old woman waiting to cross. Tenderly he guides her feeble and timid steps to a place of safety.

The rattling wheels once more go by; the horns of the automobiles blow; the bicycles' bells ring. Again the hand of the law is raised. This time some school children are carefully taken across.

Here is a person anxious to get into a car. As she starts from the curbing a wagon goes between her and the car, and she fears that the motorman may not get her signal. The policeman sees her, stops the car, and helps her aboard.

And so through the busy day his work goes on, and but few stop to think of the kindness, the courtesy, the judgment, the integrity, and the faithfulness of this guardian of our public highway.

The policeman who deserves our confidence has a keen interest in his work. Ask him if he is bored, and

<sup>1</sup> From *The Humane Manual*. American Humane Education Society.

you will generally find that he is surprised at your question. Bored? Not he. He is a student of human nature. His schoolroom is the crossing. He learns his daily lessons from the people who pass by. He makes many friends. He scatters cheerful "Good-mornings," and receives as many more in return. Little children accept his proffered hand as confidently as they take their father's hand, and in return bestow upon him their smile of gratitude and friendship. His blue suit, his well-blackened shoes, his gray helmet, and his shiny brass buttons are a welcome sight.

One of the finest attributes of a certain policeman whom I know, is the kindness he extends not only to human beings, who can express their thanks to him, but to the animals who pass along his street. During the coldest days of last winter, my policeman has often stepped across the street and picked up and put on a horse's blanket that had blown off while its owner was in a nearby store.

Every cold morning this winter, I have seen this policeman stop at the fruit man's store for a quart of peanuts. He empties the peanuts into the pockets of his greatcoat.

When there is a little lull in the duties of the crossing, the policeman shells the peanuts and throws the meat to the pigeons and sparrows. They surround him in their eagerness to have a peanut breakfast. They are so tame that they will eat from his hand. They see him before he throws a single nut.

The squirrels from the Public Garden near by have learned to know the hour of his arrival, and the sight of the birds flying towards him is a signal that they too may share in the feast. One very friendly, little, gray squirrel has been known to walk into the policeman's pocket in his eagerness to find the source of this daily supply of good things.



One morning, a very interesting thing happened. It was a little before the policeman's usual hour of arrival. I stood on the corner waiting for my car. Suddenly from roof and tree came the pigeons and sparrows and surrounded me. Darting across the road, came a little gray squirrel. I put out my arm — he ran up on it and sat and looked at me with eager anticipation.

I was surprised to see the same friendliness that had been manifested toward the policeman, transferred to me. I had no peanuts in my possession. I offered some crackers from my lunch-basket. They were accepted by the birds, but not with the usual eagerness displayed for the peanut feast, and my little friend, the squirrel, gave me one grieved look, went down my arm, and ran back to the Garden, bitterly disappointed to think that he had traveled across the muddy road for such a commonplace breakfast.

I told the policeman about it the next morning. "Why should they have come to me?" I said.

The policeman smiled, thought a moment, and then answered, "I think they thought your blue suit was my uniform."

What do you think about it? You may be sure if I wear my blue suit again, there will be peanuts in the pockets!

# GRADE VII

## THE UNITED STATES AND THE WORLD<sup>1</sup>

BY FANNIE FERN ANDREWS

### INTRODUCTION

#### LIBERTY'S LATEST DAUGHTER<sup>2</sup>

BAYARD TAYLOR

FORESEEN in the vision of sages,  
Foretold when martyrs bled,  
She was born of the longing ages,  
By the truth of the noble dead  
And the faith of the living, fed!  
No blood in her lightest veins  
Frets at remembered chains,  
Nor shame of bondage has bowed her head.  
In her form and features, still,  
The unblenching Puritan will,  
Cavalier honor, Huguenot grace,  
The Quaker truth and sweetness,  
And the strength of the danger-girdled race  
Of Holland, blend in a proud completeness.  
From the home of all, where her being began,  
She took what she gave to man: —  
Justice that knew no station,  
Belief as soul decreed,

<sup>1</sup> The lists of books given under the various topics, both in this grade and in Grade VIII, are not intended to represent a complete bibliography. They are chiefly those used in the preparation of the work.

<sup>2</sup> From *Manual of Patriotism*, published by the New York Board of Education.

Free air for aspiration,  
 Free force for independent deed.  
 She takes, but to give again,  
 As the sea returns the rivers in rain;  
 And gather the chosen of her seed  
 From the hunted of every crown and creed.  
 Her Germany dwells by a gentler Rhine;  
 Her Ireland sees the old sunburst shine;  
 Her France pursues some dream divine;  
 Her Norway keeps his mountain pine;  
 Her Italy waits by the western brine;  
 And, broad-based, under all  
     Is planted England's oaken-hearted mood,  
     As rich in fortitude  
 As e'er went world-ward from the island wall.  
     Fused by her candid light,  
     To one strong race all races here unite;  
 Tongues melt in hers; hereditary foemen  
     Forget their sword and slogan, kith and clan.  
 'T was glory once to be a Roman;  
     She makes it glory now to be a man.

The object in this grade is to throw light on those elements of our civilization which can be traced back to ancient and mediæval life; to point out the motives for discovery and colonization; and to show how all these seeds, taking root in American soil, developed the Republic of the United States. Our further aim is to emphasize that since the birth of the Union, its life has been intertwined with world movements; that, in fact, through the great streams of immigration, Europeans have played a large part in developing our resources and in moulding our national ideals. We have attempted to show also that with its historical background and unique mixture of peoples, the United States is peculiarly fitted

to take a leading part in world activity; that this is especially true in those movements of civilization which are guided by the principles of liberty and justice. World brotherhood is but the expansion of American faith. The realization of our ideals will keep pace with our conception of the special mission of the United States in the progress of civilization.

## SEPTEMBER: OUR BEGINNINGS IN EUROPE

### THE PILGRIM FATHERS<sup>1</sup>

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY

Here, on this rock, and on this sterile soil,  
Began the kingdom, not of kings, but men;  
Began the making of the world again.  
Here centuries sank, and from the hither brink,  
A new world reached and raised an old world link,

When English hands, by wider vision taught,  
Threw down the feudal bars the Normans brought  
And here revived, in spite of sword and stake,  
Their ancient freedom of the Wapentake.

Here struck the seed — the Pilgrims' roofless town,  
Where equal rights and equal bonds were set;  
Where all the people, equal-franchised, met;  
Where doom was writ of privilege and crown;  
Where human breath blew all the idols down;  
Where crests were naught, where vulture flags were  
furl'd,  
And common men began to own the world!

<sup>1</sup> From *Life and Complete Poems of John Boyle O'Reilly*, edited by Mrs. John Boyle O'Reilly. Cassell & Co.



The topics for discussion suggested below are condensed from the sixth grade outline of the History Committee of the American School Peace League, which in turn is based on the outline prepared by the Committee of Eight for the same grade. The latter is also largely drawn upon in the selection and arrangement of topics, and the appended bibliography includes many of the books given in the Report of the Committee of Eight.

The treatment of this topic at this time not only carries out the logical sequence of our Course in Citizenship, but gives an opportunity for a brief review of the sixth grade history by those teachers who are working with the outline of the Committee of Eight. In any case, this treatment will prove a healthy background for the history work of the seventh and eighth grades.

Under this topic, the teacher has a rich opportunity to show what America started from. Children can understand something of the civilization which formed the background of our early discoverers, and will in consequence appreciate more intelligently the achievements of later generations. The impression can be vividly made that Americans started with many ways of living known to the Greeks, Romans, and the people of the Middle Ages.

### *Topics for discussion*

#### 1. What Americans started with.

When Columbus discovered America, the people of the world had learned to make houses, boats, bows, hatchets, ploughs, and spinning-wheels. They had also invented the alphabet. Before the Pilgrims came, the compass, gunpowder, and printing were

invented. How did the compass stimulate exploration? What use was made of gunpowder by the early settlers? How did the printing-press stimulate learning?

2. What the Greeks have taught us.

Hero worship. — Some of the heroes they tried to imitate; tell the story of Jason and the Golden Fleece. Siege of Troy. Wanderings of Ulysses.

Artistic skill. — Athens, the most splendid of ancient Greek cities. Explain what the Acropolis was and what the Parthenon was used for. Greek art the standard to-day.

Respect for a perfect body. — The Greeks believed that a beautiful body indicated a beautiful soul. What were the Olympic games and what were the rewards of the victor? What are the modern Olympics?

The principles of democracy. — In the Athenian democracy, what great truth did the Greeks first teach the world? What did Pericles teach? For what do we remember Socrates?

Read:

Teachers' List:

*Pericles*, Evelyn Abbot. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

*Three Greek Children*, Alfred J. Church. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Children's List:

*Stories of the Old World*, Part 1, Alfred J. Church. Ginn & Co.

*Old Greek Stories*, James Baldwin. American Book Co.

*The Story of the Greek People*, Eva March Tappan. Houghton Mifflin Co.

3. What we have learned from the Romans.

Love of country. — The Romans were willing to endure any suffering, go through any danger, or give up life itself for the sake of their country.

Law and order. — They taught the world how to unite tribes and states under a single government. Some forms of the old Roman law are now used. We imitate their architecture and engineering. Our museums are enriched by their works of art, and our libraries abound in books written by their poets, their historians, and their philosophers. No person can be called educated unless he has some knowledge of Roman civilization.

Read:

Teachers' List:

*Julius Cæsar*, William Warde Fowler. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

*Foundations of England*, chap. III, Sir James Henry Ramsay. The Macmillan Co.

Children's List:

*Ten Boys*, Jane Andrews. Ginn & Co.

*Story of the Romans*, Hélène Marie Adeline Guerber. American Book Co.

*Famous Men of Rome*, John Henry Haaren and Addison B. Poland. University Publishing Co.

*The Story of the Roman People*, Eva March Tappan. Houghton Mifflin Co.

4. What we have learned from the Middle Ages.

The Germans, — the conquerors and the heirs of Rome. They teach us self-reliance and manly qualities. The village moot the beginning of the American town meeting, and the moots of the hundred and the shire the beginnings of representative government

corresponding to our State Legislatures and National Congress at Washington. Relate some of the stories which illustrate traits of the Germans, — the Niebelung tales.

The English, — our historical connection with the Roman world. Stories of the hardships of King Alfred in his struggle to unite the Danes and English into one people. Tell how he helped to spread good books; of his just laws. The story of Alfred and the cowherd's wife. The wicked king, John Lackland. The Great Charter. The two main promises which the wicked king made to the barons at Runnymede, — he will collect no taxes except by consent of the council, nor imprison men without, by trial, proving them guilty of breaking the laws. The beginning of the English Parliament; — the council consisted not only of great barons and bishops (the House of Lords), but also of men sent by the towns to represent them (the House of Commons).

Read:

Teachers' List:

*Civilization During the Middle Ages*, chap. v, George Burton Adams. Charles Scribner's Sons.

*History of Germany*, chap. i, Ernest Flagg Henderson. The Macmillan Co.

*Short History of the English People*, chaps. i and iv, John Richard Green. The Macmillan Co.

*The English Constitution*, chap. xiv, Jesse Macy. The Macmillan Co.

*History of Western Europe*, chaps. xviii, xix, James Harvey Robinson. Ginn & Co.

*Mediæval Civilization*, pp. 129-58, Dana Carleton Munro and George Clarke Sellery. Century Co.



Children's List:

*Stories from English History*, Alfred John Church.  
The Macmillan Co.

*Stories from English History*, Albert Franklin Blaisdell. Ginn & Co.

*A Book of Golden Deeds*, Charlotte Mary Yonge.  
The Macmillan Co.

*Stories from English History*, Henry Pitt Warren.  
D. C. Heath & Co.

*England's Story*, Eva March Tappan. Houghton  
Mifflin Co.

*Old World Hero Stories*, Eva March Tappan.  
Houghton Mifflin Co.

5. The motives of discovery.

The Crusades promoted trade with the East and developed a love of travel, and when the Turks cut off the northern route, the rising nations of Europe desired to find an ocean route to India, China, and Japan.

Read:

Teachers' List:

*English Wayfaring Life in the Middle Ages*, Jean A.  
A. J. Jusserand. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

*Discovery of America*, chap. III, John Fiske. Houghton Mifflin Co.

Children's List:

*The Crusaders*, Alfred J. Church. The Macmillan Co.

*Stories from English History*, Henry P. Warren.  
D. C. Heath & Co.

6. Discoveries.

Voyages of the Northmen — discovery of America without important results. Marco Polo — knowledge of the Pacific. Portuguese voyages — first great

accomplishments of discovery. Columbus — his four voyages — his firm belief that the earth was round. Successors of Columbus — proof that America was a new continent.

Read:

Teachers' List:

*Discovery of America*, chaps. II, III, IV, V, VI, VII, X,  
John Fiske. Houghton Mifflin Co.

*Christopher Columbus*, chaps. IX, XV, Justin Winsor.  
Houghton Mifflin Co.

Children's List:

*A First Book in American History*, Edward Eggleston. American Book Co.

*Explorers and Founders of America*, A. E. Foote  
and A. W. Skinner. American Book Co.

*Our Country's Story*, Eva March Tappan. Houghton Mifflin Co.

#### 7. The spirit of conquest.

Cortez in Mexico. Francisco Pizarro in Peru. De Soto in Cuba and Florida. By 1574, Spain the only European country which had possessions in the New World. Spanish missions.

Read:

Teachers' List:

*Discovery of America*, chap. VIII, John Fiske.  
Houghton Mifflin Co.

Children's List:

*Our Country's Story*, Eva March Tappan. Houghton Mifflin Co.

*Explorers and Founders of America*, A. E. Foote  
and A. W. Skinner. American Book Co.

#### 8. Rivalries of Spain, England, and France.

Sir Francis Drake and the Spanish Armada.

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Jacques Cartier and the French claim to North America. The rivalries and hatreds of the Old World planted in America.

Read:

Teachers' List:

*Short History of the English People*, chap. VII, secs. 5 and 6, John Richard Green. Macmillan.

*Age of Elizabeth*, Mandell Creighton. Longmans, Green & Co.

*Spain in America*, chap. XII, Edward Bourne. Harper & Bros.

*Pioneers of New France*, chaps. III-VIII, Francis Parkman. Little, Brown & Co.

*Brave Little Holland*, William Elliott Griffis. Houghton Mifflin Co.

*History of the United States*, George Bancroft. D. Appleton & Co.

Children's List:

*Stories from English History*, Alfred J. Church. The Macmillan Co.

*Stories from English History*, Albert J. Blaisdell. Ginn & Co.

*England's Story*, Eva March Tappan. Houghton Mifflin Co.

## OCTOBER: THE INFLUENCE OF EUROPE ON OUR EARLY HISTORY

### THE FRIENDSHIP OF FRANCE

BARON D'ESTOURNELLES DE CONSTANT

Germans, Englishmen, Frenchmen, — rivals in Europe, — have they not known how to make themselves

effective in the United States? To speak only of the French, have they not gloriously followed their star, their destiny, in realizing here the dreams of Cartier, Champlain, Marquette, and of the great La Salle? Did they not joyously take part, not only in the founding of your country, but in its emancipation, in the persons of Lafayette and Rochambeau? Did they not send you their great Ferdinand de Lesseps, another pioneer of a work to be completed? It is but natural that, in turn, the French should feel pride in your future and tremble to see it compromised. That is why I, with the best of my heart, mind, and brain, have spoken for three months to the American people like a friend, like a brother.

Our purpose in treating this topic is to point out the different elements of character planted in the New World by European forces; and later, to emphasize that the struggle for freedom and liberty was a world struggle which assumed particular aspects according to the political jurisdiction governing different groups of people. The teacher has an excellent opportunity to show that the leaders in those days achieved their ends only through perseverance, courage, and loyalty to principle.

### *Topics to be considered*

#### 1. European competition for American colonies.

From 1585 to 1763, Spain, France, Holland, and Sweden carried on a lively competition for the New World. This was prompted by two motives, the commercial and the religious.

Show how the commercial motive brought Sir Walter Raleigh and Captain John Smith to Virginia, Samuel de Champlain to Acadia and Quebec, the Dutch West India Company to New Amsterdam, the



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Swedish West India Company to Wilmington, Delaware, and established the Barbadoes Colony at Charleston, South Carolina.

Read:

*Industrial History of the United States*, chap. II, Katharine Coman. The Macmillan Co.

*Origin and Growth of English Colonies*, chap. IV, Hugh E. Egerton. Barnes.

*Short History of the English People*, John R. Green. The Macmillan Co.

*Knickerbocker's History of New York*, Washington Irving. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

*The Dutch and Quaker Colonies in America*, John Fiske. Houghton Mifflin Co.

*Struggle for a Continent*, Francis Parkman. Little, Brown & Co.

Show how the religious motive established the Separatists at Plymouth, the aristocratic Puritans at Salem and Boston, the democratic Puritans in Connecticut, the theocratic Puritans at New Haven, the Friends at Philadelphia, and the Scotch-Irish Presbyterians in the Carolinas, Virginia, and Pennsylvania.

Read:

*Liberty Documents*, chap. VI, Mabel Hill. Longmans, Green & Co.

*History of the United States*, George Bancroft. D. Appleton & Co.

*The Puritan Revolution*, Samuel R. Gardiner. Charles Scribner's Sons.

*Brave Little Holland*, William E. Griffis. Houghton Mifflin Co.

*Colonial Era*, pp. 102, 112, George P. Fisher. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Read:

*Beginners of a Nation*, Edward Eggleston. D. Appleton & Co.

*The Courtship of Miles Standish*, Henry W. Longfellow. R.L.S. No. 2. Houghton Mifflin Co.

*Grandfather's Chair*, Nathaniel Hawthorne. R.L.S. Nos. 7, 8, 9. Houghton Mifflin Co.

*Oliver Cromwell*, Charles H. Firth. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

*The Dutch and Quaker Colonies in America*, vol. II, p. 114, John Fiske. Houghton Mifflin Co.

To appreciate fully the elements of character which were later to make up the new nation, children should have vivid impressions of the great personalities of the period, such as John Smith, Samuel de Champlain, John Robinson and William Bradford, John Winthrop and John Cotton, Thomas Hooker, John Davenport, Charles I and Cromwell, William Penn and George Fox, and James Oglethorpe. These should be taken as story subjects.

How did Captain John Smith succeed in saving the Johnstown colony from ruin?

Why would Samuel de Champlain have made a good citizen of the United States?

What spirit, derived from the teachings of John Robinson, distinguished the Separatist Pilgrims of Plymouth from the Puritans of Salem and Boston?

Why was Governor William Bradford elected for thirty consecutive years?

Why did Thomas Hooker's idea of government succeed over that of John Winthrop and John Cotton?

How did the views of John Davenport violate our modern conception of citizenship?

What effect did the autocratic rule of Charles I and of Cromwell have on the colonies?

Why is William Penn's "Holy Experiment" a valuable legacy to this country?

What is the relation between George Fox's doctrine of "the Inner Light" and Democracy?

In what ways was James Oglethorpe ahead of his time?

2. North American Colonies, make-weights in world-wide strife between France and England, 1748-63.

Read:

*History of New France*, Francis Parkman. Little, Brown & Co.

*Struggle for a Continent*, Francis Parkman. Little, Brown & Co.

*New France and New England*, John Fiske. Houghton Mifflin Co.

*The Boys' Parkman*, Louise Hasbrouck. Little, Brown & Co.

*Story of American History*, Albert F. Blaisdell. Ginn & Co.

*History of the United States*, George Bancroft. D. Appleton & Co.

*Short History of the English People*, John R. Green. The Macmillan Co.

Story Subjects:

Selected stories from Parkman. Montcalm and Wolfe. Triumph of England.

Contrast the political policies of France and England in their seventy years' struggle for the possession of North America.

Why was "the spontaneous life of communities that governed themselves in town meeting" the policy that was sure to thrive in the New World?

In overthrowing French power in America, what responsibilities did the English race assume?

3. The English Civil War, 1775-1783: France, Spain, and Holland combine against England.

Read:

*The American Revolution*, John Fiske. Houghton Mifflin Co.

*Rise of the Republic of the United States*, Richard Frothingham. Little, Brown & Co.

Chapters on this period in William E. H. Lecky's *History of England*, D. Appleton & Co., and in Justin Winsor's *Narrative and Critical History of America*, Houghton Mifflin Co.

*Life of Thomas Paine*, M. D. Conway. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

*American Statesmen Series — Washington*, by H. C. Lodge, *Franklin*, by J. T. Morse, Jr., and *Samuel Adams*, by J. K. Hosmer. Houghton Mifflin Co.

*History of the American Revolution*, George O. Trevelyan. Longmans, Green & Co.

*George III and Charles James Fox*, George O. Trevelyan. Longmans, Green & Co.

*History of Canada*, William Kingsford. Rowsell & Hutchison, Toronto, Canada.

Story subjects:

Washington, Samuel Adams, R. Morris, George III, Lord North, C. J. Fox, Lafayette, Franklin, Thomas Paine, the French Alliance.

What was the influence of the struggle upon French soldiers and statesmen?

In what way was William Pitt an English patriot?

"The example of America and the teaching of



French philosophers had awakened a new spirit of humanity." Read what the young poets, Samuel Taylor Coleridge and William Wordsworth, wrote about the movement.

Read: *Eternal Peace*, by Immanuel Kant. Show how he identified the cause of self-government with the cause of peace.

## NOVEMBER: THE UNITED STATES IN THE NAPOLEONIC PERIOD

### FRANCE: AN ODE

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

O ye loud waves! and O ye forests high!  
And O ye clouds that far above me soared!  
Thou rising sun! thou blue rejoicing sky!  
Yea, everything that is and will be free!  
Bear witness for me, whereso'er ye be,  
With what deep worship I have still adored  
The spirit of divinest liberty.

When France in wrath her giant limbs upreared,  
And with that oath which smote air, earth, and sea,  
Stamped her strong foot, and said she would be free,  
Bear witness for me how I hoped and feared.

The ideas of our statesmen during the Napoleonic Wars were fastened in Old-World politics. We find, for example, the English conservatism of Hamilton, who believed in authority and had no faith in the wisdom of the masses. On the other hand, the French philosophy which permeated Jefferson made him a democrat and

inspired his steady devotion to what he considered to be the cause of the people. These two types of men struggled for ascendancy, and during the struggle took sides in the conflict between England and France. Although the nation remained neutral, we were seriously injured by both countries. With this situation began the breaking away from Old-World tradition which resulted in our Second War of Independence. It should be pointed out here that the new Western spirit, which prompted the Lewis and Clark Expedition, began to be a factor in our national life. The discussion should point to the conclusion that the variety of elements and the combination of types of thinking have given our country its distinctive character, and that no type of manliness could have been dispensed with in the process.

*Topics to be considered*

1. The United States in the Napoleonic Wars, 1789–1814.

Jefferson and the Democratic friends of France;  
Hamilton and the Federalist friends of England.

Purchase of Louisiana, 1804, a part of Napoleon's  
anti-English policy.

The crumbling of Spain.

2. The United States in collision with England, 1812–14.

Beginning of the United States as a world-power.

European policy (Russia and Germany) friendly to the  
United States out of a desire to raise up an enemy  
to England.

End of the great European wars.

The Hundred Years of Peace between the United  
States and Great Britain.

Read:

*History of the United States*, Henry Adams. Charles Scribner's Sons.

*History of the People of the United States*, vols. I and II, John Bach McMaster. D. Appleton & Co.

*The Making of the Great West*, S. A. Drake. Charles Scribner's Sons.

*Mere Literature*, chap. VIII, Woodrow Wilson. Houghton Mifflin Co.

*Lewis and Clark*, William Lighton. Riverside Biographical Series. Houghton Mifflin Co.

*Rise of the New West*, Frederick J. Turner. Harper & Bros.

Lives of Jefferson (John T. Morse, Jr.), and Hamilton (Henry C. Lodge), American Statesmen Series. Houghton Mifflin Co.

*The Winning of the West*, Theodore Roosevelt. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

*History of the United States Navy*, Edgar S. Maclay, D. Appleton & Co.

*America's Conquest of Europe*, David Starr Jordan, American Unitarian Association.

*The Men Who Made the Nation*, Edwin Erle Sparks. The Macmillan Co.

*The Promotion of Peace*. Bulletin, 1913, no. 12, Fannie Fern Andrews. United States Bureau of Education.

*History of the United States*, Jacob Schouler. Dodd, Mead & Co.

Story subjects:

Jefferson, Napoleon, William Pitt, Lewis and Clark. Constitution *vs.* Guerrière. Lawrence, Hull, Perry, and Jackson.

Why was it better to buy Louisiana from Napoleon than to go to war with France?

How did the Lewis and Clark Expedition help to develop a new spirit in our nation?

How did this new spirit affect our relations with other nations?

Why did the New England Federalists oppose the War of 1812?

Why has the Treaty of Ghent become so famous?

The Rush-Bagot Agreement of 1817 provided that there should be no warships on the Great Lakes which join the United States and Canada, and ever since that time, for nearly a hundred years, this long boundary, now nearly four thousand miles long, has been a boundary of peace without a warship or a fortress, a soldier or a gun.

Why was this agreement a remarkable document?

What influence has it had on the movement for international peace?

## DECEMBER: EUROPEAN INTEREST IN SPANISH AMERICA

### THE PAN-AMERICAN UNION

JOHN BARRETT

But during this formative period of the great Republic of the North forces were at work in the southern half of this hemisphere creating a group of independent, self-governing nations, in spite of the forces of despotism in Europe, laboring under the guise of a so-styled "Holy Alliance," to aid Spain in her attempt to keep them in



subjection. Out of a long travail of fifteen years, fraught with the horrors of fire and sword, repression, imprisonment, denial of rights, there came forth nine weak yet strong republics — strong in the righteousness of their cause.

After the United States had gained her freedom from Europe, she became involved in another struggle for liberty. Having watched the United States win her independence, Mexico and the other Spanish colonies in America rose in revolt against Spain who looked for aid to the Holy Alliance. It is in this period that we see developed a new American policy. On account of the Spanish secessions and a dispute with Russia over the limits of her possessions in the Northwest, the United States announced to the world that this country was not only a land of liberty but a protector of liberty. The Monroe Doctrine, promulgated on December 2, 1823, was a firm declaration against European intervention in American affairs, and a clear statement of our intention not to take part in the wars of the European powers. Moreover, the United States wished to stand alone in this policy, and with singular independence rejected the proposition of the British Prime Minister, George Canning, who suggested a joint declaration on the part of England and the United States. In his message, President Monroe expressed the feeling that the institutions of the New World were essentially different from those of the Old, and therefore should have their independent development. Thus we see the people of the United States, with almost unanimous voice, proclaiming themselves the guardians of the New World. The immediate effect of this new doctrine was to block the proposed intervention of the Holy Alliance, thus allow-

ing the southern half of the western hemisphere to develop into independent nations with governments similar to our own.

The later results and the enlarged conception of the Monroe Doctrine will be treated under March.

*Topics for discussion*

Hidalgo and Bolívar.

England uses the United States to block the Holy Alliance.

The Monroe Doctrine.

Read:

*Narrative and Critical History of America*, vol. VII, chap. VII, vol. VIII, chap. V, Justin Winsor. Houghton Mifflin Co.

*The Monroe Doctrine, an Obsolete Shibboleth*, Hiram Bingham. Yale University Press.

*The Pan-American Union*, John Barrett. Munder Thomsen Press.

*The United States as a World Power*, Archibald C. Coolidge. The Macmillan Co.

*A History of the American People*, Woodrow Wilson. Harper & Bros.

*James Monroe*, D. C. Gilman, American Statesmen Series. Houghton Mifflin Co.

*Diplomacy of the United States*, Theodore Lyman. Wells and Lilly.

*The Monroe Doctrine*, George F. Tucker. Rockwell and Churchill.

*Outline of the Revolution in South America*, "by A South American" (pseudonym). Eastburn.

*History of the Pacific States of North America*, vols. X and XI, Hubert H. Bancroft. A. L. Bancroft & Co.

Story subjects:

Metternich, Alexander I, Padre Hidalgo, Simon Bolívar, George Canning, Lord Byron. James Monroe and John Quincy Adams.

Emphasize the heroic figure of Simon Bolívar, sometimes called the Washington of South America; styled the "Liberator" for his efforts and leadership in releasing five nations from the bonds of Spain. A great warrior, although a greater statesman. Native of Venezuela, he became President of Colombia in 1821. Entered into treaty relations with Peru in 1822, with Chile in 1822; with Mexico in 1823; with Central America in 1825; and with the United States in 1824. He took the advanced stand of providing for arbitration of disputes which might arise between the contracting parties.

"While Bolívar was at work in northern South America, the great San Martín, the 'Liberator' of the southern part of the continent, was by his own personal example of heroic unselfishness and devotion to the cause of freedom preparing the way for the peaceful development of such progressive countries as Argentine and Chile." <sup>1</sup>

On the south wall of the Governing Board Room of the building of the Bureau of American Republics in Washington is a panel representing Bolívar and his army. It represents him leading his dismounted cavalry across a mountain pass. "The 'Liberator' of South America," says John Barrett, "won his greatest successes by his lightning dashes through almost impassable mountain fastnesses, surprising and routing large forces with but a handful of men."

At the right of this panel is one representing the meet-

<sup>1</sup> John Barrett, *The Pan-American Union*.

ing, at the battle of Chacabuco in 1817, of San Martín and Bernardo O'Higgins. "San Martín," continues John Barrett, "one of the truest patriots and one of the ablest generals ever produced by the three Americas, relinquished his leadership at the very moment of victory in order that Bolívar might assume the hard-won mantle of authority and coalesce the warring factions that disrupted the revolutionary movement and threatened internal strife. San Martín deliberately sacrificed his own future for the cause he loved, but left behind him a name untarnished by suspicion of self-seeking or personal aggrandisement."

In the Foyer of the Hall of the Americas in this same building is a remarkably fine bust of Bolívar by Rudolph Evans, and also an equally fine one of San Martín by Herbert Adams.

## JANUARY: THE UNITED STATES A MELTING-POT FOR RACES

### HUMAN BROTHERHOOD

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

O brother man, fold to thy heart thy brother!  
Where pity dwells, the soul of good is there;  
To worship rightly is to love each other,  
Each smile a hymn, each kindly deed a pray'r.

Follow with rev'rent steps the great example  
Of all whose holy work was doing good;  
So shall the wide earth seem a human temple,  
Each loving life a psalm of gratitude.



Then shall all shackles fall; the stormy clangour  
Of wild war-music o'er the earth shall cease;  
Love shall tread out the baleful fire of anger,  
And in its ashes plant the tree of peace.

Although the United States had proclaimed it an unfriendly act for any foreign power to acquire territory in the New World, it welcomed to its shores any person who sought political freedom or who desired to gain an honest livelihood. Between the close of the Revolution and 1820, two hundred and fifty thousand immigrants came to this country, and as far as records can show, they came chiefly from Great Britain. Thus, at the time of the announcement of the Monroe Doctrine we find the people of the United States of the same race as that of the colonial period. To get a clear understanding, however, of the real significance of the later streams of immigration, one ought to have exactly in mind the composition of the American race at this time. We must remember that one of our colonies was Dutch; that there had come to New Hampshire, Pennsylvania, and South Carolina a large immigration of the people called Scotch-Irish, the Protestant inhabitants of the north of Ireland; that to the Middle States had come a large immigration of Germans; and through all the colonies were found the Huguenot-French, comparatively few in number, but strong in character and influence. The immigration of other nationalities was so small as to have no practical effect upon the formation of the race. This, then, was the situation when the United States assumed its new rôle of assimilating the great masses of foreign population.

We may outline the streams of immigration as follows: —

1800-35, English and Scotch.

1835-50, English and Irish.

1845-48, Irish (due to famines).

1845-70, Germans.

1865-85, Scandinavians.

1885-1913, Italians, Slavs, Greeks.

Point out the chief causes of immigration in these different periods.

Read:

*Emigration and Immigration*, Richmond Smith.  
Charles Scribner's Sons.

*Nature and Man in America*, Nathaniel S. Shaler.  
Charles Scribner's Sons.

*The Promised Land*, Mary Antin. Houghton Mifflin Co.

*The American Commonwealth*, second part, James Bryce. The Macmillan Co.

*Albert Gallatin*, J. A. Stevens, American Statesmen Series. Houghton Mifflin Co.

*The Reminiscences of Carl Schurz*, F. Bancroft and William A. Dunning. McClure & Co.

Story subjects:

Alexander Hamilton, John Paul Jones, Albert Gallatin, Louis Kossuth, and Carl Schurz.

Emphasize the life of Carl Schurz as an exemplary American citizen. Tell of his serving a sentence in a German prison in his youth on account of his love of liberty, and how he came to the United States for political freedom. Point out the chief events of his career as scholar, journalist, soldier, and statesman. Tell of his great devotion to American ideals, his love for mankind, and his often expressed opinion that the cardinal duty of the United States was to take the lead among

the nations in substituting international justice and peace for the old war system.

Call attention to significant statistics like the following: In 1900, of the total white population in the United States, there were twenty million of English blood, eighteen million of German blood, fourteen million of Scotch and Irish blood. Two thirds of the population of Wisconsin are of German blood. New York is the fifth German city in the world.

## FEBRUARY: THE INFLUENCE OF THE UNITED STATES ON ASIA AND AFRICA

### THE CABLE HYMN

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

Through Orient seas, o'er Afric's plain  
And Asian mountains borne,  
The vigor of the Northern brain  
Shall nerve the world outworn.

### GOOD WILL TO AMERICA <sup>1</sup>

T. IYENAGA

In truth, all the precious sentiments the past goodness of America toward us has stored in our memory, all the good will our pleasant association with you in school and in social life has cultivated, the vital interests of our commerce, in which America distinguishes herself as our best customer, and the sound and good common sense of the American people, which has never failed to make

<sup>1</sup> From the Proceedings of the Peace Congress at Baltimore, 1911.

them understand us rightly — these form the solid foundation for our friendship with you.

The people of the United States did not isolate themselves from the rest of the world. In 1850, seventeen millions of American capital were invested in the whaling industry in the seas of Japan and China, and thousands of our sailors manned the ships. We should remember here, however, our indebtedness to Russia for this remarkable development of American industry in distant seas. Through her liberal policy toward us, citizens of the United States were guaranteed freedom on the Alaska coast under Russian protection. The northern Pacific was virtually an American possession.

From time to time American schooners were cast away on Japan's shores and received friendly consideration; likewise Japanese sailors, driven out of their route by hurricanes, were taken back to Japan by American vessels. These incidents developed an interest in the hermit nation, and finally induced our Government to attempt the opening of Japan. All attempts failed until Commodore Perry, in 1854, convinced the Japanese that the appliances of their old civilization were powerless to resist those of the new, and that her isolation shut her off from all the wonders of Western progress. This was the beginning of Japan's wonderful career, although her doors still remained closed to foreign commerce. It was reserved for another citizen of our country to open them. Through the efforts of Townsend Harris, the first United States Consul-General in Japan, the Japanese became possessed with the conviction that the world could no longer be kept at arm's length, and in 1859 signed a treaty with the United States declaring that



commerce between these two countries should thereafter be freely carried on. Thus finally terminated Japan's traditional isolation.

The United States has always maintained the attitude of an older brother toward China, and on several important occasions has rendered her valuable protection against European aggrandizement. Our action in 1900, at the time of the Boxer uprising, in preserving the integrity of China, in 1908 in remitting a part of the Boxer indemnity, and in 1904 in exerting an influence among the nations to allow China to remain neutral in the Russo-Japanese War are in line with our historical attitude toward this great Eastern nation.

We have played a different rôle in the case of the Philippine Islands. One of the results of the war with Spain in 1898-99 was to change the policy of the United States from an isolated nation of the New World, acting according to the principles enunciated in the Monroe Doctrine, to a sovereign power in the Orient. What the permanent influence of the United States on the Philippine Islands will be can only be determined by the future policy of our Government. These considerations concern each and every citizen whose responsibilities in the matter can only be determined by studying with open-minded zeal the principles on which our Republic is founded and the course consistent with such foundations.

### *Topics for discussion*

#### 1. Influence of the United States upon Asia.

Commodore Perry opens a new chapter in history for Japan at Nagasaki, 1854.

The United States the constant friend of China.

The United States becomes an Asiatic power by taking the Philippine Islands.

Read:

*Life of Anson Burlingame*, F. W. Williams.  
Charles Scribner's Sons.

*Matthew Calbraith Perry*, William E. Griffis.  
Houghton Mifflin Co.

The China Year Book, published by Routledge.  
Two issues: 1912, 1913.

*The United States as a World Power*, chaps. VI-IX,  
XVII-XIX, Archibald C. Coolidge. The Macmil-  
lan Co.

Story subjects:

Commodore Perry at Nagasaki, 1854. Anson Burlingame, Yung Wing, John Hay, Wu Ting Fang, Sun Yat Sen. The Republic of China.

How did Commodore Perry, when he obtained "specimens of every sort of mechanical products, arms and machinery, with statistical and other volumes illustrating the advance of the useful arts" for his expedition to Japan, teach us the lesson of accuracy and thoroughness?

Point out the significance of Perry's instructions from our Government to confine himself to peaceful measures.

Emphasize that only through patience, persistence, and resolve to act according to the finer feelings of courtesy, was Perry able to accomplish his mission in Japan and to gain the respect of this awakening country.

Read about China's plan to use the Boxer indemnity money for training her young men in the universities of the United States.

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Show how American education influenced China to become a republic modeled after our own.

According to what principle is the United States acting in forbidding exploitation of the Philippine Islands?

Read about the two points of view with regard to the disposition of the Philippines, usually designated as the Imperialist and Anti-imperialist.

2. Influence of the United States in Asia and Africa through missionaries.

Missionaries spread democratic ideas through education.

The influence of Robert College and the American School for Girls at Constantinople on the progress of the Balkan States, especially of Bulgaria.

Read:

*The Land and the Book*, William McClure Thomson. Harper & Bros.

*My Life and Times*, Cyrus Hamlin. Congregational Publishing Society.

Story subjects:

Adoniram Judson. Jessup. Bliss and Thomson in Syria.

Bingham in Hawaii. Robert College in Bulgaria.

## MARCH: THE UNITED STATES AND THE AMERICAN CONTINENT

### ADDRESS <sup>1</sup>

WOODROW WILSON

I want to take this occasion to say that the United States will never again seek one additional foot of ter-

<sup>1</sup> From an address given before the Southern Commercial Congress in Mobile, Alabama, October 28, 1913.

ritory by conquest. She will devote herself to showing that she knows how to make honorable and fruitful use of the territory she has. And she must regard it as one of the duties of friendship to see that from no quarter are material interests made superior to human liberty and national opportunity. I say this, not with a single thought that any one will gainsay it, but merely to fix in our consciousness what our real relationship with the rest of America is. It is the relationship of a family of mankind devoted to the development of true constitutional liberty. We know that that is the soil out of which the best enterprise springs. We know that this is a cause which we are making in common with them because we have had to make it for ourselves. . . . So in emphasizing the points which must unite us in sympathy and in spiritual interest with the Latin-American people, we are only emphasizing the points of our own life, and we should prove ourselves untrue to our own traditions if we proved ourselves untrue friends to-day. Do not think, therefore, gentlemen, that questions of the day are mere questions of policy and diplomacy. They are shot through with the principles of life. We dare not turn from the principle that morality and not expediency is the thing that must guide us and that we will never condone iniquity because it is most convenient to do so.

The preceding survey of our connections with the outside world and our composite make-up in population show how intricate is the problem of citizenship; and if we should add to this a parallel study of our domestic affairs, we should be still more convinced of the difficulties which face the citizen in assuming his duties and obligations. Of one fact we cannot fail to be impressed, and that is the importance of giving to the young citizen a clear conception of the great landmarks which



have shaped our national policy. It is only through such knowledge that we are able to exercise an intelligent patriotism.

In no one of our relations is intelligence more needed than in conducting our affairs justly and peacefully with our neighbors on the western hemisphere. Across our northern boundary, we find ourselves in close relationship with the great Canadian Dominion. Along the four thousand-odd miles of frontier, the population north and south is largely the same, speaking the same language, having the same laws, ideas, and general characteristics. In 1900, there were twelve hundred thousand people of Canadian birth in the United States, while in 1906, sixty-four thousand Americans were living in Canada. With our neighbor to the north of us, then, we are bound by ties which make us one in sentiment, tending to a common goal, although we are living under different forms of government. It is fitting that the centenary of peace between the United States and Great Britain be made the basis of a general peace celebration throughout the world, for a period of one hundred years of peace between two great nations—a period in which great problems have been met and solved—marks an era of the world.

Our relations with the twenty republics to the south of us are far different to-day from what they were in the first quarter of the nineteenth century, when, to protect the struggling colonies from the yoke of Spain, the Monroe Doctrine was put forward as the foreign policy of the United States. To-day we witness in Latin America an immense area of immeasurable resources, sister republics of extraordinary economic and political progress and of social and educational development. We

witness the Pan-American Union, whose object is to promote peace, friendship, and commerce among the American republics, and whose administration is determined by the Pan-American Conferences attended by delegates of all the governments. At the Second Peace Conference at The Hague in 1907, the Latin-American countries established their equality among the nations of the world and secured a recognized status in world-politics. All this gives us a new conception of the Monroe Doctrine, the proper adjustment of which is one of the great problems of our own Republic.

Read:

*The Panama Canal*, Joseph B. Bishop. Charles Scribner's Sons.

*The Monroe Doctrine, an Obsolete Shibboleth*, Hiram Bingham. Yale University Press.

*California*, Josiah Royce, American Commonwealths Series. Houghton Mifflin Co.

*Texas*, George P. Garrison, American Commonwealths Series. Houghton Mifflin Co.

*History of the Pacific States of North America*, H. H. Bancroft. A. L. Bancroft & Co.

*Sam Houston and the War of Independence in Texas*, Alfred M. Williams. Houghton Mifflin Co.

*Monthly Bulletins of the Pan-American Union*. Washington, D.C.

*The United States as a World Power*, chaps. xiv, xv, xvi, Archibald C. Coolidge. The Macmillan Co.

Story subjects:

Stephen Austin, Samuel Houston, and David Crockett. Discovery of gold. Louis Napoleon III, Maximilian, W. H. Seward, Alexander II.

Compare the natural resources of the United States with those of Canada.

Show how great the possibilities are for development under the Federal Union.

Compare the size of Argentine, Brazil, and Chile with that of the United States.

Show how the Panama Canal may mean the possible revolutionizing of world commerce.

What principles should guide our big and powerful nation in dealing with our neighbors on the American continent?

## APRIL: THE UNITED STATES AND THE WORLD'S CULTURE

### OUR COUNTRY

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

Thy great world-lesson all shall learn,  
The nations in thy school shall sit,  
Earth's farthest mountain-tops shall burn  
With watch-fires from thy own uplit.

In the realm of culture, the United States is as much interwoven with the rest of the world as in political relationships. Our people are keenly appreciative of the best thought and work of the world; we are highly desirous of being surrounded by the best literature and art that can be produced. In this field, we are greatly indebted to Europe. Many American artists study in Paris, Rome, and Florence. French pictures are in great demand, and house decoration is much affected by

French designs and methods as well as by John Ruskin's books which are very widely read in our country.

The influence of Germany is great. German scientific treatises are largely read, and many of our brightest university graduates go to Germany for a year or two to complete their studies, and while there, become imbued with German ideas and methods. On literature, the influence of England is more potent than that of any other European country. Being in the same language, the books are read by all classes of our people, who in habits and ideas are fundamentally English.

On the other hand, we have contributed something to the culture of the race, although the largest part of our nation's force has been devoted to the practical needs of material development. During its existence, the United States has been active in reclaiming the great waste lands, in shaping the living conditions for the instreaming millions of strangers, in providing a universal public system of education, and in developing an orderly system of popular government. The abundant and excellent work done in fiction, however, is appreciated by European readers. High authorities beyond our borders recognize the great advances made in classical studies and in the natural sciences. European opinion ranks Dr. Asa Gray among the greatest botanists of his age. Our astronomers stand in the front rank; and in physics, chemistry, biology, medicine, economics, and law, American investigators and students have merited a like fame. Mr. Justice Story may undoubtedly be placed at the head of all the writers and practitioners in jurisprudence and law.

The world, then, has received some of its culture from the brain and genius of America. But we have evolved



nothing absolutely new, nothing entirely different from the Old World. As James Bryce says, in speaking of the people of the United States, "their institutions are old, though many have been remodeled or new faced; their religion is old; their views of morality and conduct are old; their sentiments in matters of art and taste have not greatly diverged from those of the parent stock." Culture knows no nationality; it influences men's minds contemporaneously over the whole civilized world. In thought and culture the world is continually drawing closer together.

Read:

*The American Commonwealth*, James Bryce. The Macmillan Co.

*America's Conquest of Europe*, David Starr Jordan. American Unitarian Association.

*The Friendship of Nations*, chap. v, Lucile Gulliver. Ginn & Co.

*Mere Literature*, Woodrow Wilson. Houghton Mifflin Co.

Point out the advantages of an international exchange of university professors, of public school teachers, and of students. (United States Bureau of Education, *Report of the Commissioner of Education*, 1912, vol. i, pp. 43-48. *Internationalism among Universities*, by Louis P. Lochner; published by World Peace Foundation, Boston.)

Show how our public school system reflects European methods. (The kindergarten, sloyd and manual training, physical culture, industrial education, etc.)

Show how Cecil Rhodes has helped to break down national boundaries in education. (*Cecil Rhodes and his Scholars as Factors in International Conciliation*, by F. J. Wylie; published by American Association for Interna-

tional Conciliation, New York. *Internationalism among Universities*, p. 5, by Louis P. Lochner; published by World Peace Foundation, Boston. United States Bureau of Education, *Report of Commissioner of Education*, 1912, vol. 1, p. 47.)

How does the Cosmopolitan Club in the universities of the world contribute toward a world culture? (*Internationalism among Universities*, by Louis P. Lochner; published by World Peace Foundation, Boston. *The Cosmopolitan Club Movement*, by Louis P. Lochner; published by American Association for International Conciliation, New York. *The Cosmopolitan Movement*, by Louis P. Lochner; from Bulletin, 1913, No. 12, United States Bureau of Education.)

Explain the purposes of the Amerika-Institut at Berlin. (Publications can be obtained from the Amerika-Institut, Universitaet-Strasse 8, Berlin, N. W. 7, Germany.)

Why would similar institutes in all countries bring the world nearer together?

## MAY: THE UNITED STATES AND WORLD BROTHERHOOD

### PEACE AND PROGRESS<sup>1</sup>

RICHARD WATSON GILDER

Dear country mine! far in that viewless west,  
And ocean-warded, strife thou too hast known;  
But may thy sun hereafter bloodless shine,  
And may thy way be onward without wrath,

<sup>1</sup> From *A Winter Twilight in Provence*. Houghton Mifflin Company.

And upward on no carcass of the slain;  
 And if thou smitest let it be for peace  
 And justice — not in hate, or pride, or lust  
 Of Empire. Mayst thou ever be, O land,  
 Noble and pure as thou art free and strong;  
 So shalt thou lift a light for all the world  
 And for all time, and bring the Age of Peace.

ADDRESS <sup>1</sup>

STEPHEN S. WISE

Remember that in this land of ours all the races, all the peoples, all the faiths of the world, are being brought together and are being fused into one great and indivisible whole, as if to prove that, if men will but come near enough together to know one another, whatever their nationality, their race, their religion, hatred and ill-will and prejudice and all uncharitableness are sure to pass away. Herein let America pioneer. Our country seems destined in the Providence of God to be the meeting place of all the peoples, to be the world's experimental station in brotherhood — all of us learning that other nations are not barbarians, that other races are not inferior, that other faiths are not Godless.

The one principle underlying our homogeneous citizenship, composed of so many heterogeneous elements, is adherence to laws which recognize the brotherhood of humanity. No citizen who has the welfare of his country at heart can fail to respect the welfare of his fellows. Founded on the idea of democracy, which makes every person responsible for the common good, the United States is distinctly the nation which can extend the idea

<sup>1</sup> From Address at Young People's Meeting of National Arbitration and Peace Congress, New York, 1907.

of human brotherhood throughout the world. The union of our forty-eight States, working together and abiding by the laws of the Central Government, illustrates one of the most important conditions in the general work of civilization. The principle of federalism implies a desire to live together peacefully; in it we see the seeds of permanent peace between nations.

The prominent part which the United States took in the First and Second Peace Conferences at The Hague in 1899 and 1907 was in keeping with the American spirit of human brotherhood. America had the honor of opening the Hague Court in 1902, since which time this international institution has shown on eleven different occasions its efficacy in settling disputes between nations. In the past, our country has taken the lead among the nations in signing treaties of arbitration, and it fell to one of our Presidents to proclaim the principle of unlimited arbitration treaties. President Taft said: "I do not see why even questions of honor may not be submitted to a tribunal supposed to be composed of men of honor, who understand questions of honor, and why the nations should not then abide by the decision, as well as by the decision regarding any other question of difference between them."

The Peace Palace at The Hague, the great international monument of "peace through justice," was built through the generosity of one of our philanthropists. The Bureau of American Republics at Washington, frequently called the American Peace Palace, was also his gift; the Central American Court of Justice is housed in a noble building, provided by him; while the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, of ten million dollars, exerts an influence in every corner of the world.



The World Peace Foundation, of one million dollars, founded by Edwin Ginn, and the American School Peace League are extending their educational policies to the universities and schools of the world.

The modern peace movement began in the United States in 1815, and since that time our country has taken the leading part in all the efforts for promoting the spirit of justice and human brotherhood. The young American citizen certainly holds the torch of good will which will shed its light over all the earth.

Read:

*Swords and Ploughshares*, Lucia Ames Mead. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

*The Friendship of Nations*, Lucile Gulliver. Ginn & Co.

*The First Hague Conference*, Andrew D. White. World Peace Foundation, Boston.

*American Political Ideas*, John Fiske. Houghton Mifflin Co.

*The Significance of the Eighteenth of May*, Fannie Fern Andrews. In Bulletin, 1912, No. 8, United States Bureau of Education.

*Texts of the Peace Conferences at The Hague, 1899 and 1907*, James Brown Scott. Ginn & Co.

*The New Peace Movement*, William I. Hull. World Peace Foundation, Boston.

Show how the Hague Court of Arbitration, open to the forty-eight nations of the world, approximately parallels the Supreme Court of the United States which has jurisdiction over the forty-eight States of the Union. (*Yearbooks of the American School Peace League*, Fannie Fern Andrews.)

Show how the Interparliamentary Union might

develop into a world legislature. (*The Interparliamentary Union*, by Christian L. Lange; published by the American Association for International Conciliation, New York.)

What is the business which might come before this legislature? (*World Organization*, chap. iv, by Raymond L. Bridgman. Ginn & Co.)

Why would a world court and a world legislature promote world brotherhood?

## JUNE: AMERICAN IDEALS YET TO BE ACHIEVED

### THE BUILDING OF THE SHIP

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!  
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!  
Humanity with all its fears,  
With all the hopes of future years,  
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!  
We know what Master laid thy keel,  
What Workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,  
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,  
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,  
In what a forge and what a heat  
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!  
Fear not each sudden sound and shock,  
'T is of the wave and not the rock;  
'T is but the flapping of the sail,  
And not a rent made by the gale!  
In spite of rock and tempest's roar,  
In spite of false lights on the shore,

Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!  
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,  
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,  
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,  
Are all with thee, — are all with thee!

## PANAMA CANAL TOLLS<sup>1</sup>

ELIHU ROOT

It is worth while to be a citizen of a great country, but size alone is not enough to make a country great. A country must be great in its ideals; it must be great-hearted; it must be noble; it must despise and reject all smallness and meanness; it must be faithful to its word; it must keep the faith of treaties; it must be faithful to its mission of civilization in order that it shall be truly great. It is because we believe that of our country that we are proud, aye, that the alien with the first step of his foot upon our soil is proud to be a part of this great democracy.

To select ideals which are distinctly American involves a careful definition of Americanism, which, as our previous discussions show, is something tangible and capable of interpretation. The American spirit, as we have seen, has been bred by the conditions involved in subduing a wilderness and marshaling a nation on a vast continent. Rooted in Old-World ideas freed by the practical exigencies of life, firm in the expression of a strong national purpose and in the construction of law for its fulfillment, the American spirit looms optimistic, craves progress, seeks tolerance and demands justice. This is the spirit which reacts on our domestic institu-

<sup>1</sup> "The Obligations of the United States as to Panama Canal Tolls," a speech in the United States Senate, January 21, 1913.

tions and our relations with other countries; this is the spirit which dominates our ideals.

"America means opportunity." This idea is wrought into the fabric of our society. Every person born into the citizenship of this nation has an opportunity to do the work for which he is best fitted. It is for each person to plan his own career, to establish his position as a guardian of our national principles.

Universal education is one of our cherished ideals; a country governed by the masses of the people has the added responsibility of creating an intelligent populace, a responsibility which grows keener and keener as we receive the great influxes from countries where education is a luxury for the few, and as we experience the economic changes of a great and growing country.

Our purpose, then, is to build up a society whose government stands for justice and whose populace is the intelligent administrator of justice. With this ideal embedded in the hearts of the people, the struggle between labor and capital and all other measures of internal reform will eventually be adjusted.

The United States is the cosmopolitan nation of the world. Internationalism is her heritage, and with her complex population, she has perforce grown up with this ideal. In this melting-pot of America all the old racial and hereditary hatreds disappear; here there is no distinction of common or noble, of high or low. Coincident with the growth of this free Republic, there has developed a "new world in Europe," "a new world in civilization," where in common life there is common sympathy, regardless of national boundaries. The influence of America has been active in this great world-wide growth of international life, and her influence promises to be



even greater in the future. If, as James Bryce says, "the masses of America seem likely to constitute one half of civilized mankind," the American ideal of human right and justice will react with tremendous force on the thoughts and deeds of the world.

Although we must admit that the United States has not always been true to her ideals, the great fact remains that the world holds us to our obligations; and it behooves each and every citizen to throw his energy into the upbuilding of the nation so that it shall be faithful to its mission of civilization.

The bibliography for this topic includes a review of the books mentioned under the preceding topics.

What forces are tending to make the whole civilized world a great melting-pot?

In what ways are the ideals of the United States becoming the ideals of the world?

Why is the effort to break down militarism consistent with American ideals?

## GRADE VIII

### THE WORLD FAMILY

BY FANNIE FERN ANDREWS

#### INTRODUCTION

#### THE FATHERLAND

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

WHERE is the true man's fatherland?  
Is it where he by chance is born?  
Doth not the yearning spirit scorn  
In such scant borders to be spanned?  
Oh yes! his fatherland must be  
As the blue heaven wide and free!

Where'er a human heart doth wear  
Joy's myrtle-wreath or sorrow's gyves,  
Where'er a human spirit strives  
After a life more true and fair,  
There is the true man's birthplace grand,  
His is a world-wide fatherland!

Where'er a single slave doth pine,  
Where'er one man may help another, —  
Thank God for such a birthright, brother, —  
That spot of earth is thine and mine!  
There is the true man's birthplace grand,  
His is a world-wide fatherland!

The central aim of the first six grades has been to kindle in the child an appreciation of his duties and

obligations in his gradually widening life experiences, so that he may be fired with noble citizenship. The fifth and sixth grades stimulate love of country by teaching its heroic beginnings, its composite structure, and the great principles on which it is founded. The seventh grade emphasizes the relations of the United States with the rest of the world and points out that interest in one's country must involve interest in these relations.

The eighth grade introduces a somewhat new conception of citizenship, and deals with the larger social group, the world. Here, the purpose is to show that civilization progresses only by the mutual assistance of all nations, each making its peculiar contribution. The course leads to an appreciation of all these efforts, explains the various agencies which have helped to make the world a family of nations, and develops the thought that good will is the fundamental principle in the promotion of international harmony — the necessary condition for the highest development of the world.

The subject for the year is treated under ten headings, and the aim has been to show to the teacher, by very brief statements, the ideas to be developed. All this should be taken merely as suggestion, however, for the field is rich in illustration of the forces making for the federation of the world into one great political family.

## THE BALLAD OF EAST AND WEST <sup>1</sup>

RUDYARD KIPLING

Oh, East is East, and West is West, and never the twain  
shall meet,  
Till Earth and Sky stand presently at God's great Judgment Seat;

<sup>1</sup> From *The Seven Seas*. D. Appleton & Co.

But there is neither East nor West, Border, nor Breed,  
nor Birth,  
When two strong men stand face to face, tho' they come  
from the ends of the earth!

## SEPTEMBER: NATIONAL CHARACTERISTICS

### SONG OF PEACE <sup>1</sup>

M. K. SCHERMERHORN

Children of one Father  
Are the nations all;  
"Children mine, beloved,"  
Each one doth He call;  
Be ye not divided,  
All one family;  
One in mind and spirit  
And in charity.

Wealth and pow'r shall perish,  
Nations rise and wane;  
Love of others only  
Steadfast will remain;  
Hate and Greed can never  
'Gainst this Love prevail;  
It shall stand triumphant  
When all else shall fail.

Practically all human problems are the same for all the world. Though the Frenchman, German, and Briton may vary in the details of their lives, just as life in your household is different from life in mine, they are

<sup>1</sup> By permission of the author.



not really much more different than are we of the same nation.

The longing for a home was universal among the peoples in all parts of the world, and thus huts, tents, and houses were used. The early peoples had many pleasures. They sang and played musical instruments, the flute and harp having been used wherever man lived. Dancing was universal. Simple games or playthings sprang up in response to the universal desire for play. It is wonderful to know that these games were the same among all the early peoples. "Cat's-cradle," for example, which is now played by the children of the whole world, has amused children and grown folks as far back as history goes, and was old when the first records of it were made. We could go on through numerous games and show that they have been used by the children of many lands, who invented them to express their desires for play and without any knowledge of what the others were doing. There were and are so many nations and tribes playing games like "London Bridge is Falling Down" that it would take a book to tell about them all. Most of these games had their origin in the manners and customs and religious beliefs of peoples, and they have continued to be played by the children of all nations, because children, even of different nationalities, are so much alike. The story of Cinderella and her glass slipper was first told in Egypt and has delighted the children of all countries for thousands of years.

Why, if people are so much alike, are there races and nationalities? Conditions under which people live have varied their habits, customs, and physical characteristics.

In England, we find a most remarkable illustration of

the influence of environment. The climate gave vigor to the people; and the mixture of the races that had come in earlier days made a nation of men with great mental and physical power. The mineral wealth was sought after by many nations and did much to make the subsequent development of England possible. Because of the insular condition, this store of wealth was protected without great difficulty; and yet the islands were easily visited for purposes of friendly commerce, and the stores of wealth were distributed over the world to the profit of the people of the islands. A commerce was readily developed, and, largely upon the basis of this, England became what she is to-day, — the great naval power of the world, and the possessor of colonies in every part of the earth. It never can be told how important an event it was in the development of nations, when, in some prehistoric time, the sea first passed through the English Channel, and separated the British Isles from the mainland. With land connection, the history of Europe and the world might have been quite different.

When we look at the maps of Europe and America, two differences of a most striking nature attract our attention: the one is the extreme irregularity of the European coast line; the other the great number of nations in that land. The latter fact depends upon several causes. The very irregularity of the coast and the great diversity of the topography have made possible the development of distinct nations. As the race was progressing, mountain barriers, and even rivers, served as boundary lines between separate tribes, and some of these are preserved to this day. We find Switzerland completely inclosed between other nations, because no ancient tribes could drive these people from their

mountain fortress. To appreciate the importance of these influences, one needs but examine a physical map of Europe, and notice how the mountains and the seas almost universally serve as boundaries, and how upon every peninsula there is one, or more, independent nation. This is not so in America, partly because the conditions are not so diverse, but chiefly because the settlement of America was made by races which had already developed. In America, the invigorating climate, the necessity of work, and the great natural resources developed a race which has become renowned for its vigor and energy.

It is the difference of environment, then, that has developed different national characteristics. And this very difference, the scientists tell us, has mingled different peoples into one nation.

### *Suggestions for study*

For an illustration of the diversification that took place in the work of primitive man, read "The Story of Ung," by Rudyard Kipling, in *The Seven Seas*. D. Appleton & Co.

The meaning of the American flag is richly set forth by William I. Hull in his chapter on the "American Flag," in *The New Peace Movement*, World Peace Foundation, Boston. See also *Encyclopædia Britannica*—"Flags"; Andrew Macgeorge, *Flags, their History and Uses*. Blackie & Son.

Let each member of the class bring a picture and give an account of the history and meaning of some one national flag. This will give an insight into the patriotic ideals of the nations.

Let the pupils trace the influence of environment on dif-

ferent nations, like that given above for England. Let them show, for example, how Italy's isolation from other countries has affected her development; why the shores of the Mediterranean have been the center of progress for the human race; how the rocky coast of Scandinavia developed the roving Northmen, etc.

For a poetical account of the American character, see Kipling's "An American," in *The Seven Seas*. D. Appleton & Co.

*Reading for the teacher*

*Beyond War*, Vernon L. Kellogg. Henry Holt & Co.

*The Journal of American Folk-Lore*, C. Peabody. Harvard University.

*Folkways*, W. G. Sumner. Ginn & Co.

*The World's Peoples*, Augustus Henry Keane. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

*History of Civilization*, chap. II, Buckle. The Macmillan Co.

*The Leading Facts of English History*, chaps. I and II, David H. Montgomery. Ginn & Co.

Consult standard physical geographies.

## OCTOBER: EACH NATION'S CONTRIBUTION TO THE WORLD

### ODE SUNG AT THE OPENING OF THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION

ALFRED TENNYSON

Harvest-tool and husbandry,  
Loom and wheel and engin'ry,  
Secrets of the sullen mine,



Steel and gold, and corn and wine,  
Fabric rough, or Fairy fine,  
Sunny tokens of the Line,  
Polar marvels, and a feast  
Of wonder out of West and East,  
And shapes and hues of Art divine!

All of beauty, all of use,  
That one fair planet can produce,  
Brought from under every star,  
Blown from over every main,  
And mixt, as life is mixt with pain,  
The works of peace with works of war.

The world would not be as it is to-day if all peoples, those who have been and those who are, had not given to it of their own thought, products, and inventions. Some people speak of American civilization or European civilization as if they were distinct things, but each has borrowed so much from the other and from the Orient that there is really only one type. Our civilization practically dates from the days when Greece became a great country several centuries before Christ. The Romans learned what the Greeks knew and added many important things that they themselves invented or worked out. The total of these is what is called Roman civilization, and Europe received that legacy of knowledge from Rome, adding to it all the while. America profited by all that Europe knew and has added its share. In past days these increases of knowledge traveled very slowly, but that is no longer true. A great discovery in China will be described in the newspapers the morning after it is announced in Peking, and within a very short time the whole world can make use of it.

The various inventions which have contributed to the progress of the world have been the gifts of many nations. From an Egyptian came the idea of the alphabet. The Phoenicians, who were great travelers, picked up this knowledge from the Egyptians and carried it to the Greeks. The Romans learned the alphabet from the Greeks, changed it somewhat, used it themselves, and passed it down to us of this day. It was the Egyptians who first learned to make paper from a plant called papyrus, from which it took its name. This being very expensive, there arose a demand in the Middle Ages for cheaper methods of manufacturing books. This demand was met by a kind of paper, which had been known in China as early as 123 B.C. and which was introduced into Europe by the Arabs in 712 A.D. Printing was known to the Chinese as early as 1100 A.D., but was independently invented in Europe about 1450, which is the date of the first book which was printed, a copy of the whole Bible, by John Gutenberg, of Mainz, Germany. To Germany is given credit for the European invention of printing by the movable types. In the early part of the nineteenth century printing was mostly done by hand, but in 1814 the London *Times* invented a piece of machinery which made it possible to print one thousand papers an hour. In 1848, the Walter press, which printed from a roll of paper rather than single sheets, was set up in the *Times* office and produced ten thousand papers an hour. Robert Hoe, an American, improved this idea until now one hundred and fifty thousand newspapers can be printed in one hour. Preparing type for printing was much facilitated by an invention of a German-American watchmaker, named Ottmar Mergenthaler. He came to this country and began working on a plan for a machine

which would arrange type in words. His machine is called a linotype, because it assembles pieces of type in a line and then casts a solid piece of metal impressed with their forms. This and other machines have made possible the vast amount of printing which is now done and which renders all knowledge available even to the poorest.

The compass, which enabled the Spanish, Italians, English, and Portuguese to make their discoveries of new lands, was probably first used by a Chinese king about 2000 B.C. and was brought to the attention of Europe by an Italian in 1269 A.D. The invention of the steam engine can be traced, first, to a Frenchman, then to an Englishman, and finally to James Watt, the Scotchman; while steam navigation owes its first start to the American, Robert Fulton, although it remained for the Swedish-American, John Ericsson, to put into use the screw propeller, making possible the great liners of to-day which contribute powerfully to encourage travel and thus to foster the friendship of nations. We might mention also the steam locomotive, invented by the Englishman, George Stephenson; the cotton-gin, invented by the American, Eli Whitney; the telegraph, first brought into use by the American, Samuel F. B. Morse; the telephone, first rudely constructed by a German, but put into practical use by the American, Alexander Graham Bell; and the wireless telegraph, perfected by the young Italian, William Marconi. And if we should study the progress of electricity, we should find that its development is due to many nations. America, England, Germany, France, Italy, Austria, and Russia have all contributed; in fact, all the European nations have helped to make electricity the servant of man which it is to-day. All this shows how the world

to-day is a scientific unit and how the investigations of a man in one country contribute to the good of mankind in all countries.

*Suggestions for study*

**Read:** *Stories of Useful Inventions*, Samuel E. Forman (Century Co.). For the story of the invention of paper, *Introduction to the Literature of Europe*, chap. I, Henry Hallam (Harper & Bros.). For printing, *ibid.*, chap. III, sect. II; also the forty-thousandth-edition number of the *London Times*, September 10, 1912, published in book form by the *Times*.

For Fulton, Whitney, Morse, and Edison see *Four American Inventors*, Francis M. Perry (American Book Co.); *Makers of America*, Fanny E. Coe (American Book Co.); *History of England*, vol. I, chap. II, Thomas Babington Macaulay. (Houghton Mifflin Co.).

For the history of architecture, sculpture, painting, and music read *The World's Discoverers*, William H. Johnson (Little, Brown & Co.); *Stories of Art and Artists*, Clara Erskine Clement (Houghton Mifflin Co.); *Do the Arts Make for Peace*, Frank J. Mather (Publication of the American Association for International Conciliation, February, 1912).

Consult *General History*, Philip Van Ness Myers (Ginn & Co.), chap. II, Egypt; chap. III, Chaldea; chap. IV, Assyria; chap. VIII, Persia; chaps. XVIII-XXI, Greece; chap. XXXI, Rome; chap. XLVI, Renaissance; Conclusion.



# NOVEMBER: "ABOVE ALL NATIONS IS HUMANITY "

## MEMBERS ONE OF ANOTHER

SAADI

When fortune brings distress upon one member,  
The peace of all the others is destroyed.  
O thou, who art careless of thy fellow's grief,  
It fits not thou should'st bear the name of man.

## THE WHITE MAN'S BURDEN <sup>1</sup>

RUDYARD KIPLING

Take up the White Man's burden —  
The savage wars of peace —  
Fill full the mouth of Famine  
And bid the sickness cease.

In olden times, people considered those not of their own tribe or nation as natural enemies, and while they loved and aided one another, believed it was their good fortune when disaster came upon the foreigner. The Greeks called "barbarians" all people who were not Greeks, and their writings are full of expressions of joy because disaster befell these people.

For over a century now the idea of democracy has been making headway in the world. Behind it lies the conviction that every person is of value to the community and that each has rights and duties because he is a member of the community. This feeling, which has fostered

<sup>1</sup> *Collected Verse*. Doubleday, Page & Co.

national unity, and which has resulted in our great modern nations, has given strong impetus to the feeling of brotherhood which religion teaches.

In 1854 the idea of human brotherhood was strikingly impressed upon the world. The heroic services of Florence Nightingale in the Crimean War put a new aspect on the meaning of warfare and established for all time humane treatment of the sick and wounded on the battle-field. The world owes a debt of gratitude to Henri Dunant, a Swiss, who, after the terrible battle of Solferino, began a campaign to organize an international organization to aid the sick and wounded in battle. Through his efforts, the Swiss Government issued a call on June 6, 1864, for an international conference to discuss the matter. This Conference signed a document, known as the "Red Cross Convention," from the badge of its workers, whose provisions set down principles for the care of the sick and wounded on the battle-field. The rights and privileges of Red Cross workers have now been extended to maritime warfare.

Above all nations is humanity, then, even in time of war. Equally useful, however, is the aid of the Red Cross in times of peace. A few years ago an earthquake shook down the buildings and homes of San Francisco; fire broke out in the ruins and the principal parts of the city were destroyed. Thousands were homeless, foodless, penniless. The telegraph carried the news of the disaster to every corner of the world, and all peoples sympathized with the fate of the San Franciscans and hurried aid to the city. Distant countries telegraphed money; all sections of the United States rushed supplies, and the Red Cross was ready at a moment's notice to take its part in performing relief services.

War, pestilence, famine, floods, fires, and other national calamities are the things for which the relief work of the Red Cross is designed to offer help. National societies are organized with many local societies connected with them working under their direction. They collect stores of hospital and ambulance materials and, when the occasion arises, nurses and relief workers are rushed to the scene, acting on the spot for the kind-hearted world which can put its sympathies into action only through such an organization. In all the Americas, Europe, Asia, Africa, and the isles of the sea, the Red Cross rushes to assist the unfortunate without asking about the race or religion of the victims of disaster.

The Spanish-American War campaign of the Red Cross is an excellent example of its missions of mercy. During the summer of 1897 reports began to come out of Cuba of the great suffering among the people of that island, who were in revolt against Spain. A large number of men were in the field fighting, but other men, and the women and children, were taking no part in the struggle. The Spanish authorities, in order to weaken the resistance of the rebels, began to collect these men, women, and children in the seacoast towns under military control. Thousands were forced to leave their homes and their means of livelihood to go to the city, where no work was obtainable and little, if any, provision made for their care. The Spanish authorities thought in this way to destroy the means of resistance by depriving the rebellious Cubans of their families and the aid that reached them from their many sympathizers. But the people thus carried from home did not serve to lessen the strength of the rebellious spirit, and because they were herded in towns without means of

support or even food, a pitiable situation arose which aroused the world. Thousands began to die for want of food or from sickness contracted in unwholesome surroundings; hundreds of thousands were in want. The United States Congress took up the matter of relief for Cubans, appeals were made to kind-hearted people, and early in 1898 the Red Cross began to send food to the unfortunates. The railroads transported these supplies free, the steamship companies carried them without charge to Cuba, and there the Red Cross distributed them. This work was under the authority and with the aid of the Government.

The outbreak of the war changed the character but not the beneficence of the work of the Red Cross. On the Spanish side the Red Cross of that country was equally active, and it was felt that there was necessity for the American and Spanish organizations to coöperate on the battle-field. The Duke of Palmella, head of the Red Cross of Portugal, suggested to the societies of the United States and Spain that his organization stood ready to act as the go-between for the two bodies of humane workers. On the battle-fields and everywhere that war made itself felt, the Spanish and American Red Cross workers helped each other in their humanitarian work as much as they could. In a dozen camps the Red Cross workers, without enmity and only with the purpose of aiding those in need, ministered to the wants of sick and well, friend and enemy, and not a little of their work, and much of the food and medical service they were able to render, were due to other nations than the two at war. The Red Cross societies of Europe and Asia gave freely of money to help out the Spanish and American societies, assisting both sides.



*Suggestions for study*

Read to the class: 2 Kings, chaps. xxiv and xxv; *History of the Red Cross*, by Clara Barton (American Historical Press), and "The Red Cross," in *An American Book of Golden Deeds*, James Baldwin (American Book Co.).

Tell the story of Florence Nightingale; see "Lives of Famous Women," by Sarah K. Bolton, in *The Children's Hour*, edited by Eva March Tappan, vol. viii, p. 467 (Houghton Mifflin Co.). How did the Red Cross come into existence? Who prompted its formation? How does its work in time of peace differ from that in war-time? Tell of some of its latest activities. Does its work cover the world?

*Reading for the teacher*

*Quo Vadis*, Henry Sienkiewicz. Little, Brown & Co.  
*Asia and Europe*, p. 261, Meredith Townsend. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

*First Book of World Law*, p. 251, Raymond L. Bridgman. Ginn & Co.

*The Origin of the Red Cross*, by Mrs. David H. Wright; translation of *Un Souvenir de Solferino*, by Henri Dunant. John C. Winston, Philadelphia.

Apply to National Red Cross, Washington, D.C., for descriptions of work, reports, etc.

On the Russo-Japanese War see *Human Bullets*, Tadayoshi Sakurai. Houghton Mifflin Co.

On the Balkan War see *The Wounded*. World Peace Foundation, Boston.

DECEMBER: INTERDEPENDENCE OF  
NATIONSTHE PEACE OF DIVES<sup>1</sup>

RUDYARD KIPLING

So I make a jest of Wonder, and a mock of Time and  
Space,  
The roofless Seas an hostel, and the Earth a market-  
place,  
Where the anxious traders know  
Each is surety for his foe,  
And none may thrive without his fellows' grace.

In these days we think nothing of sitting down to a breakfast table on which appear bananas from Central America, oranges from California or Florida, coffee from Arabia or Brazil, oatmeal made from grain grown in the Dakotas or Canada. Our cotton clothes may be made from fiber grown in the United States, Egypt, India, Brazil, and other countries. They are doubtless colored with dyes made in Germany from tar coming from coal that was mined in England. Our woolen clothing may have come from the back of an Australian or Western sheep; our shoes from a hide sent from Argentina or the Western ranges. Yet it is not long that this ready interchange of products has been possible, for it was only when the inventions that gave the world swift locomotion — the steam engine, the locomotive, the steamship with its screw propeller, the telegraph and telephone and the mail service by rail and water — it was only when these came that one part of the world could enjoy the

<sup>1</sup> *Collected Verse*. Doubleday, Page & Co.

good things native in other parts of the world. We think nothing of sending a message around the world in a few seconds by telegraph; of boarding a train in New York on Monday morning and eating breakfast in San Francisco on Friday; of sailing from New York and reaching London before the week is past. Forty years ago the clever Frenchman who wrote under the name of Jules Verne told the story of how Phineas Fogg made a wager that he could go around the world in eighty days and how he just managed to win his bet. Now one can go around the world in less than forty days, half the time that Fogg needed forty years ago, and no doubt some one soon will reduce the time to thirty. All of this is wonderful to think of, and it has had a wonderful result. For centuries and centuries people lived and died without ever leaving a small district, a county, or perhaps a state. Now the people of the world travel constantly, and every country contains many inhabitants who are not of that country, but have come there to take up business or to get work. The United States contains people from every country of the world, and several countries have contributed more than a million persons each to the population.

The products of one country are brought to other countries. Great Britain receives at least half of its food supply from other lands, from Canada, the United States, Russia, Rumania, South Africa, and Argentina. She depends upon these nations for the very food that keeps her people alive. The typewriter, an American invention, is sold by one company alone in nearly forty countries of the world. One country's money is used in every part of the world to earn other money for its owners and to do useful work wherever it is needed.

Mexican railroads have been built by Americans, African railroads by Great Britain, Asiatic railroads by Germany and other countries, North African railroads by France. All the American countries are together building railroads that will take the traveler and carry goods from New York almost to the end of South America. Mines of precious stones in South Africa have been developed by the British; other mines elsewhere by the moneyed men of other nations. Over one billion dollars of American money has been invested in Mexico, while Europeans own about the same amount of property in that country. Great Britain has about twenty-five billion dollars invested outside the British Isles, and the other principal European countries also have many billions invested beyond their own borders. This money goes to South America, Asia, Africa, and Europe itself to do useful work and to help bring the standards of civilized endeavor up to the best examples of America and Europe. Altogether there is probably fifty billion dollars of the money of different countries invested in undertakings in other countries. The sum is so vast that it can scarcely be appreciated, even if one realizes that it represents from half to two thirds of all the wealth of the United States, the homes, public buildings, farm lands, mines, etc. Under modern conditions no country could exist in its present state without much and very frequent financial assistance from other countries. This dependency has made it a fact that all the world's prosperity hangs upon the fortune of each nation.

The introduction of the railroad, steamship, and telegraph made the exchange of information much easier and quicker than it was before. This encouraged travel and business, and the peoples of all nations began to



write letters to each other. Postage was once charged according to the distance a letter was sent, and if it went to a foreign country there was an additional charge on that account. Business men complained of these inconveniences, and those which could be remedied by each nation were gradually corrected. Then in a note of August 4, 1862, Montgomery Blair, the Postmaster-General in Lincoln's administration, proposed to all the nations that they make an agreement among themselves to make the mail service more efficient. The result of this American suggestion was that the postal departments of fourteen countries sent men to Paris to talk over the matter, and they reached an agreement about methods "to facilitate the relations of peoples with peoples by means of the postal service." The scheme that had been worked out was so successful that in 1869 the German Government proposed that it be developed. As a result, an International Postal Congress met at Berne, Switzerland, five years later, with representatives from twenty-five nations. On October 8, 1874, the delegates signed the constitution of what is now the Universal Postal Union and arranged for a permanent bureau at Berne through which all their business with each other was to be transacted. The whole world contributes to the support of the bureau, which receives regular reports concerning the work of the four hundred thousand post-offices in the world.

*Suggestions for study*

How do the nations of to-day depend upon each other?

Illustrate from your daily life, clothes, foodstuffs.

Can the nations communicate easily with one another? In what ways? Does one country help to

develop others? Do the nations desire each others' products? Does the United States sell abroad? Do we buy from other countries? Do learned men of one country have an interest in those of other countries? How is it made easy for you to send a letter to China or Europe?

Consider the importance of world commerce as a means of binding nations together and thus preventing war. What things in recent years have tended to facilitate and increase trade between nations? What do we mean by financial interdependence of nations? Name some examples in recent history where nations found they could not enter upon war without serious self-injury. What is the Pan-American Union? What does it include? What part does the United States play in its organization, and what ends is it intended to secure?

To illustrate the first important piece of international finance, tell the story of the four sons of Mayer Rothschild. See *Encyclopædia*, or *The Rothschilds*, John Reeves (Low, London). *Unseen Empire*, David Starr Jordan (American Unitarian Association, 1912).

Some interesting books from which to read to the class are: *How the World is Fed*, and *How the World is Clothed*, Frank George Carpenter (American Book Co.); *How We are Clothed*, *How We are Fed*, *How We Travel*, Chamberlain (The Macmillan Co.); *The Friendship of Nations*, chap. vi, Lucile Gulliver (Ginn & Co.).

For texts of conventions, see *The First Book of World Law*, Raymond L. Bridgman (World Peace Foundation).

Describe the International Bureau of Weights and Measures, *Public International Unions*, p. 35, Paul S.

Reinsch (Ginn & Co.). *The First Book of World Law*, p. 257, Raymond L. Bridgman.

Describe the International Telegraphic Union at Berne. *Public International Unions*, pp. 15-20, 176-78, Paul S. Reinsch. *The First Book of World Law*, p. 264, Raymond L. Bridgman.

Describe the International Institute of Agriculture at Rome. *Public International Unions*, pp. 51-55, Paul S. Reinsch. Write to your Congressman for reports of work and activities.

Under "Universal Postal Union," read *Public International Unions*, pp. 21-28, Paul S. Reinsch. *The First Book of World Law*, p. 17, Raymond L. Bridgman.

Reference may be made to commercial geographies.

On travel compare conditions, described in *Touring in 1600*, by E. S. Bates (Houghton Mifflin Co.), with those of to-day.

See in general *The Development of the International Spirit*, by Hon. William A. Weir, Lake Mohonk Conference on International Arbitration, 1911, p. 197; *The Federation of the World*, by Benjamin F. Trueblood (Houghton Mifflin Co.); *World Organization*, Raymond L. Bridgman (World Peace Foundation).

## JANUARY: JUSTICE AND HONOR BETWEEN NATIONS

### MAGNANIMITY

GEORGE WASHINGTON

Observe good faith and justice toward all nations. Cultivate peace and harmony with all. Religion and morality enjoin this conduct; and can it be that good

policy does not equally enjoy it? It will be worthy of a free, enlightened, and, at no distant period, a great nation to give to mankind the magnanimous and too novel example of a people always guided by an exalted justice and benevolence.

When people live closely together, justice toward one another is essential. It is the same with larger communities. Cities dealing with cities, states with states, nations with nations, must found their action on broad principles of justice. History tells us of a time when justice was confined to the nation to which one belonged, and it was then a maxim that "strange air made a man unfree," — that is, no justice was to be given to the man who was out of his own country. Justice in those days, too, depended largely on the privileges of freedom, and the man who was out of his own country was liable to be made a slave. The old Romans, when they conquered another nation in war, made their captives pass under a yoke as a sign of bondage; and toward the man who had passed under the yoke, the Roman did not feel that he had to act with that sense of justice that marked his action toward his fellow Roman citizens.

Before the year 1648 the Roman idea that one nation was superior to all others prevailed. That year saw the close of the Thirty Years' War, a tremendous struggle between the various parts of Europe for dominion over one another. The Peace of Westphalia in 1648 marked the change from the old system to a new and better one. At the great meetings of diplomats which made that peace, there was much rivalry as to which nation should be considered most important. Each secretly considered itself superior to the others, and none would admit any inferiority. It seems to us a foolish kind of argument,



but it was very serious then. The result was that all the nations which were independent, or, as they were called, sovereign, were recognized as equal. Thus the largest nation agreed to treat the smallest just as well as it would its big neighbor who might be able to whip it in war. It was nothing less than applying the Golden Rule, "Do unto others as you would that they should do unto you," to the relations between nations. No longer could it be said, as the great Hugo Grotius had written in 1625, that "for those who have supreme power, the equity is where the strength is." Henceforth justice was to play a greater part in the affairs of nations.

Just as in the case of individuals before the courts, it was now recognized that nations should receive justice from each other regardless of their relative wealth, power, or position; but for almost two centuries after the Peace of Westphalia that system of equality among nations was confined to Europe.

On July 4, 1776, the American Congress in the Declaration of Independence declared "that these united colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent states; . . . and that as free and independent states, they have full power to levy war, conclude peace, contract alliances, establish commerce, and to do all other acts and things which independent states may of right do." On February 6, 1778, France, by means of a treaty of alliance, recognized the United States as a sovereign nation, this recognition being the first admission of a non-European territory into the family of nations. After the Revolution was over, all the other European nations admitted the sovereignty of the United States.

Many instances could be cited to explain the meaning of justice between nations, but perhaps the case of China and the Powers affords as striking an illustration as we could select. After the open hostility to foreigners in 1900, a secret society, called the Boxers, was organized to drive out the foreigners and to destroy the Christians among the Chinese. It looked as if China would be cut up and parceled out among the European nations, whose citizens were in danger. But the American Secretary of State, John Hay, on July 3, 1900, sent a note to the Powers, declaring that it was the policy of the United States to preserve China for the Chinese, and asking that the other Powers agree to the same action. This policy was adopted, and in return China dispersed the Boxers and punished the guilty officials. But when the demand came for a money indemnity, the United States protested against the injustice of the amount of the claims, between four hundred and five hundred millions, declaring that China could not afford to pay such a huge sum. China recognized the justice of paying an indemnity, which was finally fixed at three hundred and thirty-three millions.

When, however, China decided to adopt what was good in Western civilization, the United States in 1908 showed her friendship and justice toward this great Eastern nation by remitting that part of the Boxer indemnity which remained unpaid. The share of the United States was originally twenty-five million dollars. China felt very grateful. She sent a high official to the United States to thank our people for this act of friendship; but she did more. She had already realized the value of Western education and decided not to use the money which the United States had remitted to her, for

her own purposes, but to use it in training her young men in the learning of the West, so that they would be able to conduct her public affairs in more modern ways. Beginning with 1909, one hundred students, chosen for their ability, were to be sent each year to the United States for four years, or until 1913, to acquire the best education which they could from our colleges. From 1913 on to 1940 the number sent each year was to be fifty, since each student remains here for several years, and about five hundred are in the country all the time. This scheme is being carried out, and the result is that many Chinese are learning our ways and are returning to their native country to become leaders of their fellow citizens.

Honor between nations impels them to acts of justice and to fair treatment because they would be ashamed to do otherwise, to act meanly. National honor is well illustrated in the case of the United States and Cuba. Cuba was for a long time a Spanish possession, but under Spanish rule the people of the island were not treated well and their progress was not rapid. Spain had an obsolete idea that a colony was a territory from which the mother country should get all it could, letting the people shift as they might. Conditions in Cuba were bad, and an insurrection occurred. It was opposed by Spain with means so cruel that the American people were aroused, and the final result was the Spanish-American War, which resulted in the freedom of Cuba. It would have been natural enough if the United States had stepped into the place of Spain and made Cuba her colony. But the United States had given her word that Cuba should be free, and that she would only superintend the erection of self-governing institutions among



the people. After the war was over, United States troops and officials occupied the island for a time and conducted its business. They did all they could to train the Cubans to conduct their own affairs, and finally the people of Cuba drew up a constitution which they submitted to the United States for approval. It met that approval, but it was feared that things might not go smoothly, and so the United States insisted that in case of trouble this country should have the right of stepping in. Sure enough, after Cuba had been running its own affairs for a time, things got into such a state that America had to take charge of things for a while. When the American troops were leaving the island, President Estrada Palma said: <sup>1</sup> "We are in the presence of the most extraordinary fact recorded in the annals of universal history. We are here to see off from our shores the remainder of the troops of the United States left in Cuba after helping us to secure our independence and the blessing of freedom. They could stay longer under any pretext whatever, they could serve to impose upon us an unjust demand, but the Government of the United States, identified with the liberal spirit and noble character of the American people, is willing, on the contrary, to prove the disinterest and sincerity of the aid rendered us, showing at the same time that we have, as an independent people, the confidence of one of the most powerful nations on earth."

*Suggestions for study*

What must happen when people come closely in contact with each other? Is this principle recognized

<sup>1</sup> *Foreign Relations of the United States, 1904*, pp. 298-39. Edited by the Department of State. Government Printing Office.



between nations? What are independent nations called? How do they consider each other? When did they agree on this? Why? When did the United States claim membership in the family of nations? When did she receive membership? What was the next great change in the family of nations? What countries were affected by this change? Are nations as just toward each other as people are toward each other? Ought they to be? Show how justice has been done to China by the United States; by the world. How did the United States treat Cuba? Relate the facts. Why is there less reason for going to war now than there was in ancient or even in mediæval days? Is there a higher standard of international morality than there was in the ancient or mediæval world? If there is a change for the better, how has this change been brought about? What relation, if any, is there between the military power of a nation and the righteousness of a cause?

On the family of nations, see *International Justice*, George Grafton Wilson (Social Service Series of American Baptist Publication Society).

On the open door in China, see *World Politics*, pp. 176-178, Paul S. Reinsch (The Macmillan Co.); *History for Ready Reference*, vol. VI, p. 102, J. N. Larned (C. A. Nichols Co., Springfield).

On the Boxer affair, see *History for Ready Reference*, vol. VI, pp. 115 ff., J. N. Larned. *The Memoirs of Li Hung Chang*, chap. xv (Houghton Mifflin Co.). *China's Story*, chaps. XXIII-XXIV, William Eliot Griffis (Houghton Mifflin Co.).

## FEBRUARY: EFFECTS OF WAR BETWEEN NATIONS

### ILLUSIONS OF WAR <sup>1</sup>

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

War  
I abhor  
And yet how sweet  
The sound along the marching street  
Of drum and fife! And I forget  
Wet eyes of widows, and forget  
Broken old mothers, and the whole  
Dark butchery without a soul.

War is a most detestable thing. If you had seen but one day of war, you would pray God you might never see another. — WELLINGTON.

### ADDRESS <sup>2</sup>

HENRY TURNER BAILEY

In the realm of the arts man has suffered incalculable and irreparable losses through war. The paths of great military heroes . . . have always been marked by the destruction of temples, the burning of palaces, the looting of cities, and the annihilation of priceless treasures, precious works of art impossible to reproduce by any means whatever. The beheaded granite kings of Egypt, the broken horsemen of the Parthenon, the mutilated saints of the shrines of England, cry out forever, like the souls

<sup>1</sup> From *New Poems*. By permission of John Lane Co.

<sup>2</sup> Address delivered before the National Arbitration and Peace Congress, New York, 1907.

beneath the altar in John's vision, "How long, O Lord, holy and true?" When shall the ravages of war be stayed? . . . War has swallowed up all but a handful of the wonderful works of the artists and craftsmen of a thousand generations, and left us poor indeed.

Every nation to-day disclaims any intention to make war upon others. Each professes its willingness to be just and also expresses the belief that other nations intend to be just also. Yet great armies are maintained and great fleets kept up, and this is clearly because of mutual suspicion, of a feeling that the other nation does not speak quite truly when it says it has no intention of attacking others. Surely this is inconsistent, and indeed it is out of accord with all the forces of the twentieth century.

War is very terrible. In the famous charge of the British Light Brigade at Balaklava on October 25, 1854, which Tennyson has immortalized in his ringing poem, there were twenty-five minutes of actual fighting, and for every minute of it eight men lost their lives, full-grown men, in the best of health, many leaving a wife and children, all leaving relatives to mourn their loss. That was an unusually disastrous incident; but the study of many wars has enabled men to figure out that in every battle the average of men killed will be one in fifty. And on the enemy's side, other men will suffer just as much.

War, however, has ceased to be a matter of mere dashing against the enemy. The great battle of Mukden in February and March, 1905, shows what modern warfare is. The battle began on February 16 and raged for nineteen days. The forces that confronted each other

numbered about eight hundred and fifty thousand men, and they were spread over a front one hundred miles wide. The commanders were miles to the rear of their troops, connected with each part of their forces by telephone, keeping track of their movements on maps and giving orders by telephone. It was a game of chess, played by the generals in safety. The first reports said that the Russians lost thirty thousand men dead, over one hundred thousand wounded, and about forty thousand prisoners, out of about three hundred and seventy-five thousand engaged. The Japanese admitted fifty thousand casualties in four hundred thousand men, although the true number was probably one hundred thousand. Two months later, in the naval battle of Tsushima, the fate of three thousand men was sealed in less than three hours.

But war has other effects beside the wounding and killing of men. With so much commerce going on between nations, the slightest disturbance anywhere in the world makes business lose thousands of dollars. When this condition came to be recognized, it had a profound effect on the war system. If two nations went to war, the others were no longer willing to be interfered with in their business. So the nations began to divide in the case of war into belligerents and neutrals. By declaring neutrality in these days, a nation avoids as much as possible the disturbance which war creates, but the effect of war on neutrals may mount up to large proportions, as shown in the war between Italy and Turkey. When the Italian fleet approached the Dardanelles to make an attack on Constantinople, the Turkish authorities planted submarine mines through the straits to blow up the Italian warships if they ventured in, and as a matter



of safety held up all shipping about to pass through the straits. Above the straits millions of bushels of Russian and Rumanian grain was awaiting shipment to England and other countries; there, also awaiting shipment, were the great supplies of petroleum which Russia furnishes to European markets. But the closing of the straits by Turkey, owing to Italy's threatened attack, made it impossible for these supplies to be moved. On May 2, 1912, as many as one hundred and eighty-five vessels were anchored around Constantinople. Russia was losing millions of dollars because her grain could not be moved, and much of it was spoiling. From April 18 to May 18 no vessel was allowed to pass through the straits, and altogether the closing of these straits cost neutral nations, who had no concern in the war, as much as one hundred and fifty million dollars. Those neutral nations protested, and the result was that Italy was unable to carry out her plan of attacking Constantinople. War had to give way to the pursuits of peace.

To make justice the unswerving rule of the nations would save to the world for the pressing needs of civilization two billion dollars annually, which is now spent on armies and navies, and would at the same time release the four billions of dollars now tied up in the battleships of the world.

### *Suggestions for study*

Why does war exist? Can it be avoided? Do nations want war? Why do they maintain armies and navies? Did kings in former times seek to avoid war as rulers do now? Who controls nations now? Who fights in war? What proportion of men are killed in battle? If the same army fights five battles, how many men will

be lost? Describe a modern battle. What game is it like? When war occurs what are the peaceful nations called? Do they suffer? Illustrate. What does the war system cost? Does it accomplish a necessary modern purpose? Can it secure beneficent results among civilized people?

Apply to American School Peace League, 405 Marlborough St., Boston, for illustrative literature. If two great nations wage war upon one another, in what ways are other nations affected, and why? What evil effects have proceeded from war besides death, wounds, and physical suffering?

*Reading for the teacher*

On modern war, see "The Most Up-to-Date Business — War," by Frederick Palmer, in *McClure's Magazine*, September, 1913, vol. xli. *The Future of War*, part I, chaps. I, III, V, VI; part II, chaps. V-VII, Jean de Bloch. World Peace Foundation.

Read: "A Voyage to Lilliput," chap. v, Jonathan Swift, R.L.S. No. 89. Houghton Mifflin Co. *Great Captains*, Theodore A. Dodge. Houghton Mifflin Co.

*The Forces Warring against War*, p. 15, Havelock Ellis. World Peace Foundation.

*Friendship of Nations*, pp. 16, 17, 18, 100, 166, 167, 193, 208, 209, 218, 219, 220, Lucile Gulliver. Ginn & Co.

## MARCH: GROWTH OF LAW AS AN AGENCY FOR PROMOTING GOOD WILL

Peace is the permanence of law. Under peace the affairs of nations as well as the affairs of individual men will be settled by judges, or by juries, or by both.

DAVID STARR JORDAN.

Till the war-drum throb'd no longer, and the battle-  
flags were furl'd

In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world.

ALFRED TENNYSON in "Locksley Hall."

We do not know when the people of the earth first began to have laws. All that we know is that the study of ancient history constantly reveals codes of law of earlier and earlier dates. Egypt, Assyria, and Chaldea had laws, many of which differ but little from our own of to-day.

Why did people in those far-off times have laws? They found them necessary, in order to live together peaceably, for laws are a means to secure justice. When families began to have dealings with other families, they became a tribe, and the strongest man of the tribe became its chief. When the chief made a decision which seemed right and just to the tribe, that decision resulted in the growth of a custom for the tribe; and that custom was law. When the tribes were closely united among themselves, they reached out to control other tribes. Each obeyed the customs it had found good, and each stood together. When the chief decided that it would benefit his tribe if it could conquer another, all the

tribesmen went out with him and loyally fought for the glory of their own people. After a while, many tribes were conquered and there resulted larger units, or nations, in which it became customary to recognize single rulers, or kings, and this custom became a general law.

It was not until the latter part of the sixteenth century that the relations of nations came to be a matter of study for scholars or to be subject to rules that might by any stretch of the imagination be accepted as genuine law. Hugo Grotius, a brilliant Dutchman, was the first to reduce the rules which existed in his time to a sound basis. His great work, *The Rights of War and Peace*, was published in 1625. In this book he sought to state the rules which should govern the relations between nations. In doing this he followed what he called the law of nature, or "natural human law," which corresponds in all essentials to the customs which were followed by early peoples and which in time hardened into rules of law.

We have seen how the Treaty of Westphalia solved many problems that had been troubling Europe. From this treaty is dated the modern period of diplomatic history. Among other things, it laid the basis for freedom in religious matters, and established the principle of the independent or sovereign state, two most essential elements in securing justice in the family of nations. From that time until the present, international law has developed, and this is due to the rapid growth of international relations, and the consequent sense of world unity with a world will and a world conscience.

Fifty years ago the slave trade in Africa outraged the best instincts of all civilized peoples, who were agreed that it should be stopped. It was a question on which all



civilized nations felt the same, and in 1885 at Berlin means were taken by the nations as a whole to prevent it. In 1890, at Brussels, Belgium, the nations made a general treaty to carry out the principles agreed upon at Berlin, and as a result it is now unlawful for the citizens of any Christian nation to traffic in slaves.

The rapid means of communication has made it necessary for the nations to protect themselves against flight from justice by an individual. All nations recognize that when a man commits a crime in one country and flees to another, he should not escape justice, so they have made agreements or extradition treaties, as they are called, providing that persons who are citizens of one country and are charged with certain enumerated crimes shall be handed over to the authorities of that country by the authorities of any other to which they may flee.

A great deal of law has grown up around the right of nations to do business with other nations. This right is exercised by means of diplomatic agents, ambassadors or ministers, and consuls who represent their governments at foreign capitals. The duties of ambassadors and ministers, who are sent to other countries by the chief executive, consist in looking out for the interests of their own country in the foreign state, and this is done by means of negotiation and treaties, about which a large number of rules of law have been adopted.

The great bulk of the intercourse between nations is conducted in a friendly spirit, seeking only justice and a proper solution of the questions involved. Just as in commercial life, most business among nations is transacted without friction; probably nine tenths is dealt with in this pleasant manner. Disputes, however, do

arise between nations as between persons, and just as the person appeals to a court, so international law now provides a legal appeal for the nations.

*Suggestions for study*

How did law grow up among early peoples? What is the object of law? How did international law grow up? Who was the father of international law? When did the modern period of international law begin? What were its foundations? Who conducts the business of nations with each other? How is it conducted? How are disputes settled, if they arise?

On Grotius, see introduction to *The Rights of War and Peace*, Old South Leaflets, No. 101. Directors of Old South Work, Old South Meeting House, Boston. For literature on pacific settlement of international disputes, write to American School Peace League, Boston.

## APRIL: AGREEMENTS BETWEEN NATIONS

War will eliminate itself. By the next centennial, arbitration will rule the world. — GENERAL SHERIDAN, in 1876.

With the calling of the First Hague Conference, in 1899, the people of the world began to consider more carefully than they had ever done before the desirability of settling disputes by pacific methods; and since the organization of a Permanent Court of Arbitration, established by the Conference, the nations have made agreements or treaties providing that differences which

may arise between them shall be referred to this Court. Those who desire to secure peace and avoid the possibility of war have done all that they could to encourage the negotiation of such treaties, and at present there are well over one hundred and fifty of them in existence.

The treaties are by no means alike, but the principal ones exclude questions affecting vital interests, independence, and national honor. Great efforts have been made by those interested in international friendliness to have these exceptions omitted from treaties, but the effort has not been successful among those nations known as the "Great Powers." The exceptions, however, are admittedly indefinite. They indicate things which a nation must decide for itself. "It is true," wrote Senator Elihu Root, "that there are some questions of national policy and conduct which no nation can submit to the decision of any one else, just as there are some questions of personal conduct which every man must decide for himself." As a matter of fact, however, the exceptions have worked well in practice, for arbitration, like all other public business between nations, depends mostly for its success upon the spirit of fairness of the parties. Countries that are friendly to each other are not likely to stand on a strict interpretation of such excluding phrases, and instances have occurred where matters involving national honor or vital interests have been arbitrated.

The value of arbitration lies in its ability to allay public feeling. The arbitration treaty puts the common-sense view of a dispute into writing, and if a dispute does occur, the existence of the contract makes it easier and surer that the question will be settled in a friendly way. Most of the arbitration treaties in existence have never been used and will never need to be. In one case the



United States and Great Britain settled the century-old dispute concerning rights to fish on the coast of Newfoundland, and Russia and Turkey solved a money question originating in their war of 1877, after they had disputed over it for nearly thirty-five years.

In international affairs, just as in national, new problems are always arising. Some nations may have problems peculiar to themselves, and even where many nations have the same problem, conditions are sure to vary among them. How to have as many and as definite rules as possible to cover the ordinary routine of public business is therefore a problem confronted by all nations, and it is solved by the negotiation of treaties. These are of two kinds, those to which many nations are parties, and those to which only two nations are parties. The former are really parts of international law, but the two-party treaties are not of that character, though they are law for the countries which make the agreements. These are made on any subject upon which two nations find it useful or desirable to have an agreement or a contract or even an understanding. They are negotiated upon all sorts of subjects, but most of them relate to the intercourse between countries, being intended to make communications or business with each other easier. Commercial relations, the rights of consuls and their privileges, naturalization, emigration, and extradition are the principal subjects of such treaties, though most geographical boundaries are determined by treaty. There are so many of these treaties in the world that it would take over one hundred thousand pages to print them all, and the characteristic of all of them is that they constitute agreements on anything upon which the parties desire to agree.



Most of the treaties are simple, even if the questions with which they deal are themselves complicated. Often controversies that have been discussed in dispatches hundreds of pages long are settled by treaties as easy to understand as a nursery rhyme. All really good treaties are simple, for, if they cannot be understood, the diplomats know that something may occur that will cause a dispute over them, and this they always try to avoid.

Since the United States began as a nation, over six hundred and fifty different treaties have been made, but about two hundred of them are no longer in force. Sometimes it has been advantageous to write a new treaty on the same subject, the newer one taking the place of the older. Many treaties have provided for the accomplishment of a single act and were of no importance after the act was accomplished, while we have made many treaties with States that no longer exist. When, for example, the United States began its existence as a nation, the country that we now know as Germany was not a single nation, but many independent states. When, however, in 1870, modern Germany was organized from all these separate states, we began, of course, to make treaties with the German Empire.

One of the most important treaties made by this nation is that with Great Britain, which established an unfortified boundary of over three thousand miles between the two countries, the United States and Canada. This treaty has been kept for a hundred years and offers to the world a practical example of disarmament between two great nations.

*Suggestions for study*

What do arbitration treaties accomplish? What international disputes are settled by arbitration? What disputes are not? Do the exceptions make much difference if countries desire to settle the dispute? Do arbitration treaties help nations to keep friendly? What are agreements between nations called? On what subjects do nations make agreements? Why should treaties be easily understood? How many treaties has the United States made? Why do they cease to exist in some cases? What is an Arbitration Treaty? What questions are usually excepted from arbitration? Do you think such questions should be excepted? How did the General Arbitration Treaties prepared by President Taft with Great Britain and France differ from other Arbitration Treaties? In your opinion would it be wise for the United States to make such a treaty with England, France, and other countries?

For references on arbitration, read *International Arbitration*, Robert C. Morris (Yale University Press). *The New Peace Movement*, pp. 151-64, William I. Hull (World Peace Foundation).

For references on treaties, read *The Practice of Diplomacy*, chaps. XII-XVI; chaps. XVII-XVIII, "Arbitration and its Procedure," and "International Claims," John W. Foster (Houghton Mifflin Co.).

"Disarmament on the Great Lakes," address of Charles Henry Butler at the Mohonk Conference on International Arbitration, May 18, 1910 (World Peace Foundation).

## MAY: WORLD CONFERENCES LEADING TO WORLD FEDERATION

### ODE SUNG AT THE OPENING OF THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION

ALFRED TENNYSON

Uplift a thousand voices full and sweet,  
In this wide hall with earth's invention stored,  
And praise th' invisible universal Lord,  
Who lets once more in peace the nations meet,  
Where Science, Art, and Labor have outpour'd  
Their myriad horns of plenty at our feet.

So similar has public business among nations grown to be that each year delegates from almost every country come together to discuss problems of interest to them all. Some of the most prominent of these gatherings are the great medical congresses, in which the science of the world is assembled to devise means for the control and prevention of disease; those of applied chemistry, which have rendered great service to many lands in securing pure food by regulation of traffic in foodstuffs; not to dwell on the periodic congresses of hygiene, alcohol, opium, agriculture, education, government, finance, moral training, pure science, geology, zoölogy, and the races of men. All this points to a closer union between the sovereign states. In fact, some people of clear discernment have argued that they point to a real United States of the world.

On the eighteenth of May, 1899, an event took place which will always be remembered as a landmark in the

history of mankind. This occurrence affects equally every civilized nation on the globe, and it is necessary, therefore, that everybody should understand its meaning. The anniversary of this event has already been observed in many countries, and the "Eighteenth of May" is destined to become a great international day, which will proclaim good will among all men.

In August, 1898, people all over the world were surprised by a letter which the Czar addressed to the nations that were represented at the Russian Court. This letter was an invitation to send delegates to a meeting which should consider what could be done to keep nations from going to war with each other. The Czar had been considering this matter for some time. He, however, was not the only ruler who had thought seriously about this condition of affairs, and his invitation to attend a peace conference met with unanimous response. Every Government invited accepted, and this included all the nations of Europe, twenty in number, four from Asia, and two from America, the United States and Mexico.

On account of the unique nature of the conference, the Czar thought it best not to hold it in the capital of any one of the Great Powers, where so many political interests are centered. Holland was selected as the country most admirably adapted for such a meeting. It was announced to the Governments that the Queen of the Netherlands would offer hospitality to the conference, and the Netherlands Minister of Foreign Affairs sent out a formal invitation to the Governments to meet at The Hague.

The young Queen, who was then only eighteen years old, to show her appreciation of the honor conferred on



her country, and of the deep meaning of the conference, placed at its disposal the most beautiful building in the land. The conference was, therefore, held in the widely famed "House in the Woods," sometimes used as the summer residence of the royal family, situated in a beautiful park about a mile from the city. When these one hundred delegates, representing twenty-six nations of the world, came together on the eighteenth of May, 1899, it was fitting that their meeting-place should be noted in history, since they were destined to become the historic figures of a great event in world affairs. The large ballroom, known as the "Orange Zaal," was designated for the general meetings. The walls and dome of this hall are covered with immense paintings by Jordaens, and by pupils of the great Flemish artist, Rubens. One of these, over the front entrance, represents Peace descending from Heaven, and apparently entering the hall.

The key to world peace is how to end a dispute before war begins. Many differences between nations have been settled without war by calling in a third party, just as an umpire on the ball-field is called upon to decide which side is in the right. The great statesmen at The Hague recognized the folly of going to war to settle a dispute, and adopted a plan which encourages the nations to refer all their disputes to an umpire — in other words, to submit their differences to arbitration. The statesmen at the Hague Conference appointed a Committee on Arbitration, and the plan which this committee adopted makes it unnecessary for nations to go to war with each other in the future. The committee on arbitration divided its work into three parts. It said, first, that if two nations have a dispute, serious enough

to cause war, they may call in another nation or nations who will view the matter with them in an impartial light and thus try to bring about a friendly settlement. A further important statement was made — that one or more powers, strangers to the dispute, may, of their own free will, offer their assistance. This provision, called "Special Mediation by Neutral Powers," certainly meant a great change in the attitude of nations toward each other.

Before this rule was adopted, any offer on the part of any nation to intercede or intervene between two powers at variance might have been considered an unfriendly act. We can see how important this provision is by the action of President Roosevelt, who, during the war between Russia and Japan, invited these two powers to send delegates to a meeting which he hoped might bring about the end of one of the most terrible wars in history. During this conference, which was held in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, and which ended in the Peace of Portsmouth, the peoples of the world looked on with interest and sympathy and it was the common hope that war should cease.

But the crowning glory of the First Peace Conference was the establishment of a court where nations in dispute could take their cases and have them tried, just as people living in the various countries can refer their controversies to the courts for settlement. This court was to be the umpire or arbiter, and, therefore, it was called the Permanent Court of Arbitration. The importance of this court was well understood by those far-sighted statesmen, who adopted every measure possible which could make the court useful to nations. They passed a rule saying that it was the duty of each power to remind

disputants that the court existed. This court has well proved its worth, for since it was opened in April, 1901, twelve important cases of international controversy, representing nearly every great nation of the world, have been settled by its judges. The American people like to remember that it was the United States and Mexico that took the first case there.

The headquarters of the Permanent Court of Arbitration is situated on the avenue leading from The Hague to Scheveningen. Mr. Andrew Carnegie gave the Netherlands Government the sum of \$1,500,000 toward the erection and maintenance of a building, called the Peace Palace.

The results of the First Peace Conference were far greater than the world ever dreamed of. And perhaps the greatest result of all was the calling of a Second Peace Conference which was held in 1907, and which included practically all the nations of the world.

Fourteen decisions or conventions were agreed upon by this conference, but the most important was the one which concerned the Hague Court. This world umpire, situated at The Hague, had shown its ability to settle disputes that might arise between nations; but the Second Peace Conference made this doubly assured. These statesmen decided that, in case of a conflict between two powers, either of them might go to the court and ask to have the difference settled, even though the other were unwilling to have the case referred. This was, indeed, a great improvement over the rule made by the First Peace Conference, which compelled both nations to agree to submit their difference to the court before it could be tried.

Our American delegates in the Second Hague Confer-



ence urged the establishment of a Permanent International Court, which should be to the nations of the world what our Supreme Court is to the States of the United States. Eight years before, at the First Peace Conference, the delegates thought that it would be perfectly impracticable to have such a court, but this conference decided unanimously that it was not only practicable but very desirable.

Perhaps the greatest service which the Second Peace Conference gave to the world was its decision in favor of holding periodic conferences. The Third Hague Conference, which will probably be held about the year 1915, will develop and extend the work of the two previous ones. The holding of such periodic conferences has laid the foundation for a Parliament of the Nations, which will stand side by side with the International Court, the dream of poets and statesmen for the past three centuries.

### *Suggestions for study*

Show how the people of the world meet in congresses.

For what purposes? What is the benefit and significance of private international congresses? What made the Hague Conferences possible? Who called the first one? Where was it held? Why? When and why is its anniversary celebrated? What did it do for peace? For war? How did it reduce the possibility of war? What was the Dogger Bank affair? What nations were the first to arbitrate at The Hague? When did the Second Conference meet? What peace problem did it study? What was the result? What provision exists for other such meetings? What is the Hague Tribunal? What is the difference between



this tribunal and the proposed Court of Arbitral Justice?

Read: *The Two Hague Conferences*, William I. Hull. World Peace Foundation.

*The New Peace Movement*, pp. 1-33, William I. Hull. World Peace Foundation.

*Diplomatic Memoirs*, vol. II, chaps. xxxvii-xxxviii, John W. Foster. Houghton Mifflin Co.

*The Existing Elements of a Constitution of the World*, Henri La Fontaine. American Association for International Conciliation.

*Swords and Ploughshares*, Lucia Ames Mead. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

*The First Hague Conference*, Andrew D. White. World Peace Foundation.

*The Two Hague Conferences*, Joseph H. Choate. Princeton University Press.

*The Significance of the Eighteenth of May*. U.S. Bureau of Education, Bulletin no. 8 (1912).

## JUNE: HOW CAN WE BE OF SERVICE IN THE WORLD FAMILY

### THE BOY COLUMBUS <sup>1</sup>

ANONYMOUS

"'T is a wonderful story," I hear you say,  
"How he struggled and worked and plead and prayed,  
And faced every danger undismayed,  
With a will that would neither break nor bend,

<sup>1</sup> From *Manual of Patriotism*, compiled by Charles R. Skinner. New York State Education Department.

And discovered a new world in the end —  
But what does it teach to a boy of to-day?  
All the worlds are discovered, you know, of course,  
All the rivers are traced to their utmost source:  
There is nothing left for a boy to find,  
If he had ever so much a mind  
To become a discoverer famous;  
And if we'd much rather read a book  
About someone else, and the risks he took,  
Why nobody, surely, can blame us."

So you think all the worlds are discovered now;  
All the lands have been charted and sailed about,  
Their mountains climbed, their secrets found out;  
All the seas have been sailed, and their currents known —  
To the uttermost isles the winds have blown  
They have carried a venturing prow?  
Yet there lie all about us new worlds, everywhere,  
That await their discoverer's footfall; spread fair  
Are electrical worlds that no eye has yet seen,  
And mechanical worlds that lie hidden serene  
And await their Columbus securely.  
There are new worlds in Science and new worlds in Art,  
And the boy who will work with his head and his heart  
Will discover his new world surely.

This topic is intended to bring the pupils into direct relation to the good-will movement by showing what they can do to help in the broader sphere of world relationships. The child will readily see that being a member of a family, a school, town, state, nation, and the world, he is a citizen, and therefore has functions to perform in all these relations. These obligations make up the sum total of citizenship which it is everybody's privilege to enjoy. In performing his duties well in any

one of these ways, he becomes a better citizen in all other respects. As family devotion is one of the most essential characteristics of the members of a great country, so service which exalts a nation is a contributing factor to world progress. Thus, patriotic devotion to one's country means loyalty to the great principles of humanity. Before one is an American, he is a human being.

The child should be shown also that just as he has duties in the smaller community, his nation has duties and privileges and responsibilities in the family of nations. He should be shown that the wills of the citizens and their ideals determine the attitude of his own nation toward its sister nations, and that by his doing what he can toward bringing the world into a closer community of interest he is not only working to the great advantage of his own nation, but also to the advantage of the family of nations and of the people of the world themselves, who must advance together toward the desired end of a fuller life, actuated by the principles of justice. Finally, it should be pointed out that by its history and tradition the United States has a peculiar mission to perform in becoming the leader in this advancement of world civilization.

*Suggestions for study*

Describe a good citizen under any flag. What would he do in his home? In his school? In his community? For his nation? To promote a world-wide spirit of good will?

1. Universal education. — Education should be provided for every boy and girl in the world, that they may become intelligent and capable and helpful citi-

zens. Boys and girls can help to realize this world ideal by respect for school, by taking advantage of higher educational opportunities, and by helping others to be interested in, and to secure an education. Study Lincoln's desire for an education; Helen Keller's efforts to go through college; the eagerness to learn shown by the Japanese and the Jews. Read Mary Antin's *The Promised Land* (Houghton, Mifflin Co.). What new opportunities are there for vocational education; for knowing about farming? How and why does the United States Government help education? In the evening schools are many foreign-speaking people learning English. How can you help them?

*Reading for the teacher*

*Studies in Foreign Education*, Cloudesley Brereton.  
Houghton Mifflin Co.

*A Textbook in the History of Education*, Paul Monroe.  
The Macmillan Co.

*The Educative Process*, William C. Bagley. The Macmillan Co. (Chap. II, "The Function of the School"; chap. III, "The Ethical End of Education"; chap. XIV, "The Development of Ideals.")

2. Self-government. — Government by the people has proved to be the most efficient and progressive form of government. To make and execute laws which will compel the energies of the peoples to bend every material and physical force to the use and comfort of mankind is the problem of a self-governed world. How can our children help? By respecting the laws which govern them — by performing some definite service, perhaps through a civic club — by studying



the problems of public health and the combined efforts of the nations to rid the earth of disease. To what extent does self-government exist throughout the world? How is our own country governed? Are there any Civic Leagues in your town? Can you join them? Write to the Women's Municipal League, 6 Marlborough Street, Boston, to learn what the Junior Leagues do to help the city. Write to the Superintendent of Schools, Three Rivers, Wisconsin, to learn of work there. What great foreigners have contributed to the health of our country? Read about the work of Louis Pasteur in his *Life*, by Vallery Radot; of Noguchi, a remarkable Japanese scientist, in the Rockefeller Institute; of Paul Erlich, the greatest living expert in medical science. How were Walter Reed in Cuba and Colonel Gorgas at Panama able to improve the health conditions? Read:

*Walter Reed and Yellow Fever*, Howard A. Kelly.  
McClure, Phillips & Co.

*Civil Government in the United States*, John Fiske. Houghton Mifflin Co.

*Preparing for Citizenship, and Government and Politics in the United States*, W. B. Guitteau.  
Houghton Mifflin Co.

*How We are Governed*, Anna L. Dawes. Ginn & Co.

*School Civics*, F. D. Boynton. Ginn & Co.

3. World hospitality. — The spirit of justice and friendship should permeate every part of the world, so that peoples of whatever race or nationality may find protection wherever they may wish to make their homes. How may boys and girls help to bring

this about? By cultivating the habit of acting justly and in a friendly spirit; by respecting the different races and nationalities in their midst; by studying the marvelous things already accomplished by the peoples working together; by coming into personal contact with children of other lands, either by story-reading or by correspondence. (This latter can be arranged through the American School Peace League if the teacher has no access to foreign correspondence.)

Read:

*The Friendship of Nations*, Lucile Gulliver.  
Ginn & Co.

*Hans Brinker, or the Silver Skates*, Mary  
Mapes Dodge. Century Co.

*Heidi*, Johanna Spyri, Everyman's Library,  
E. P. Dutton & Co.

Little People Everywhere Series, Little,  
Brown & Co.

The Little Cousin Series, Mary H. Wade. L.  
C. Page & Co.

The World and its People Series. Silver,  
Burdett & Co.

(The later volumes in these series are appropriate for the eighth grade.)

4. Fraternal union. — The crowning world ideal is a union between all the members of the family of nations where law and justice rule in place of force and warfare, in which the smallest and largest nation shall be on the same terms of equality before the law of nations. How can we help to bring about this greatest of all political triumphs? By realizing the great benefits we have received through the union of

our forty-eight States under the American Constitution; by holding firm to the principles of our forefathers in establishing peace and justice; by realizing that international federation is truly an American ideal, that our greatest statesmen have championed it and that the world looks to us to lead in the realization of this ideal.

In what ways does the Federation of the States of our Union prefigure the Federation of the World? In answering, think of the duties and powers of our National Congress and our Supreme Court in comparison with the duties and powers of an International Congress and an International Court.

Our population is made up of people from many other nations. What advantage does this fact give the United States in its international relations?

In what other ways has the United States an advantage over the Great Powers of Europe in taking a firm stand for the advancement of international peace and good will?

*Reading for the teacher*

*World Organization*, Raymond L. Bridgman. World Peace Foundation.

*The Mission of the United States in the Cause of Peace*, Justice David J. Brewer. World Peace Foundation pamphlet.

*The Federation of the World*, Benjamin F. Trueblood. Houghton Mifflin Co.

*The Friendship of Nations*, Lucile Gulliver. Ginn & Co.





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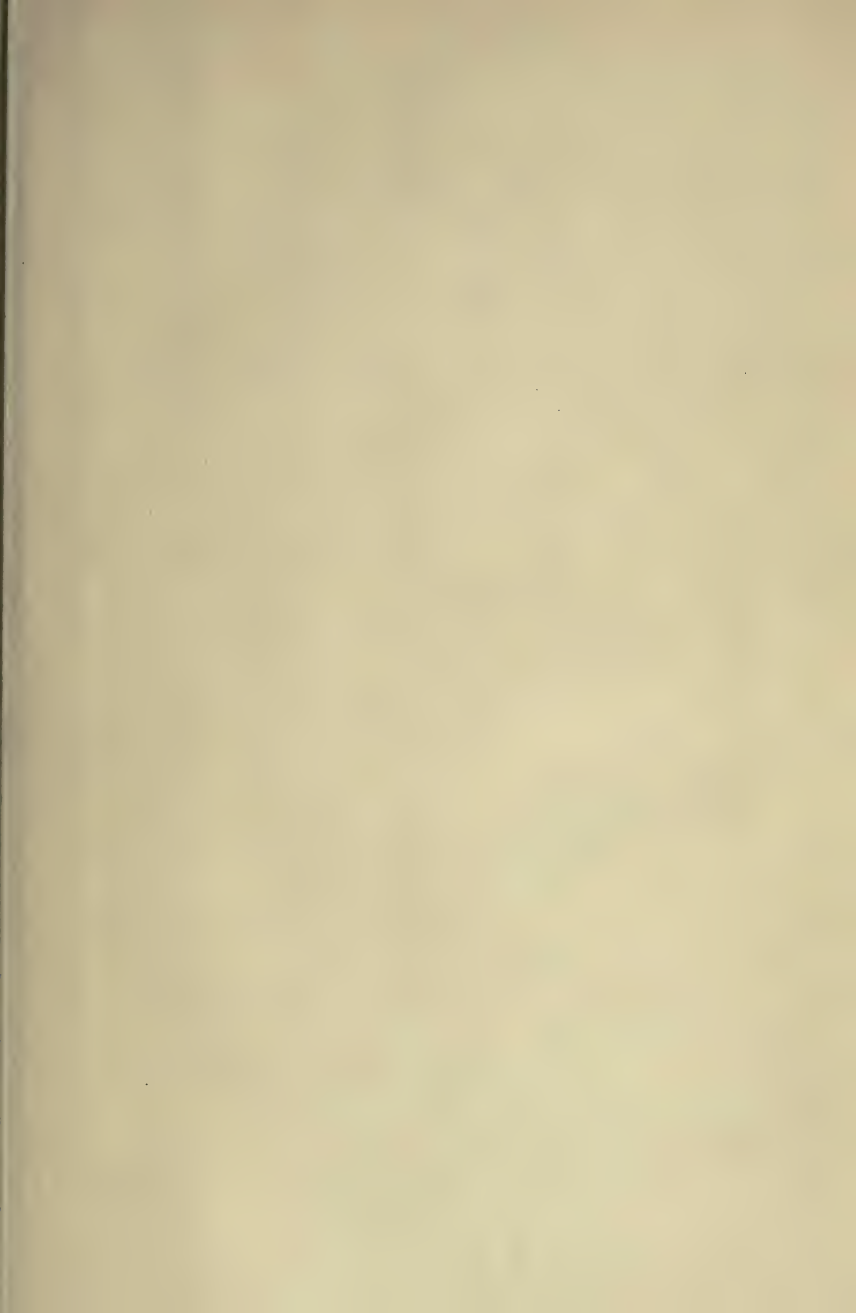


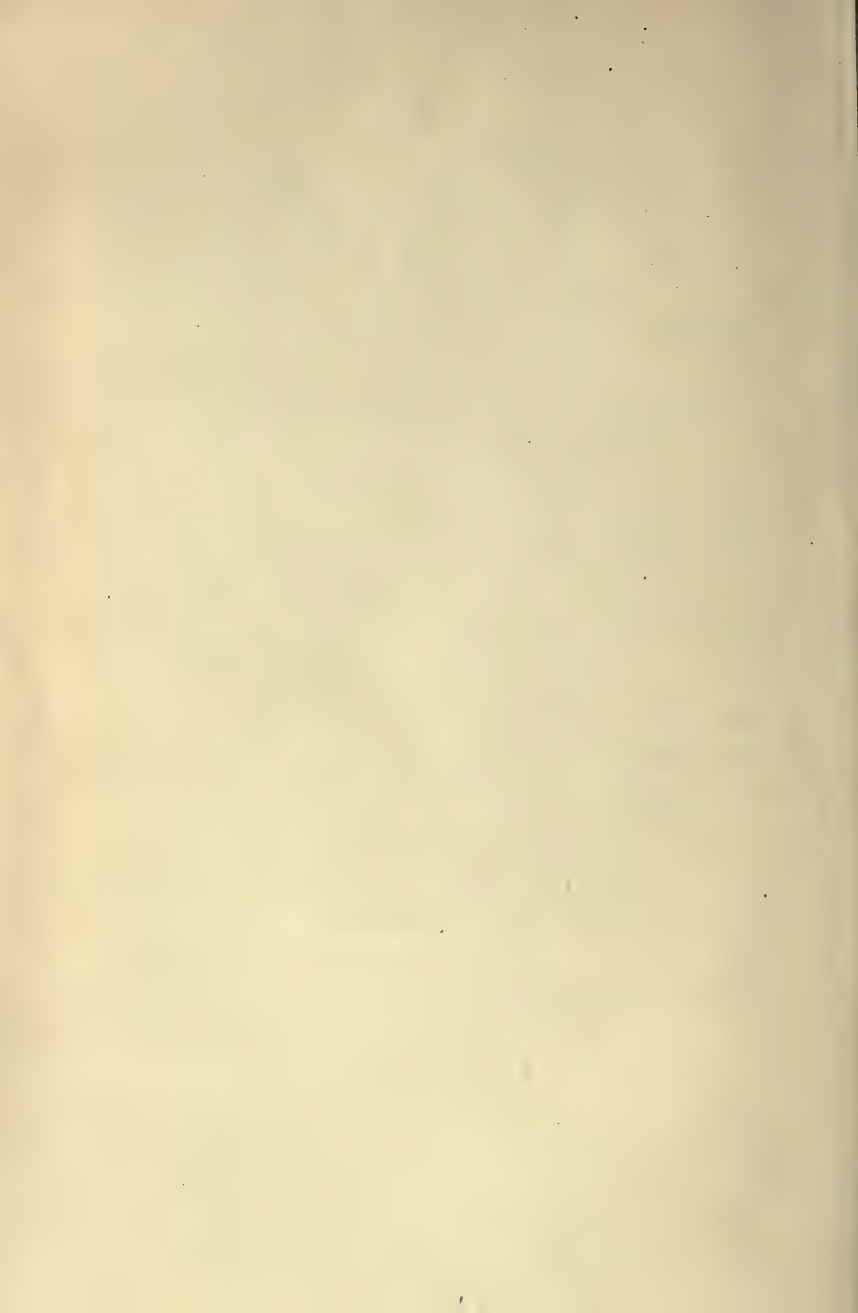
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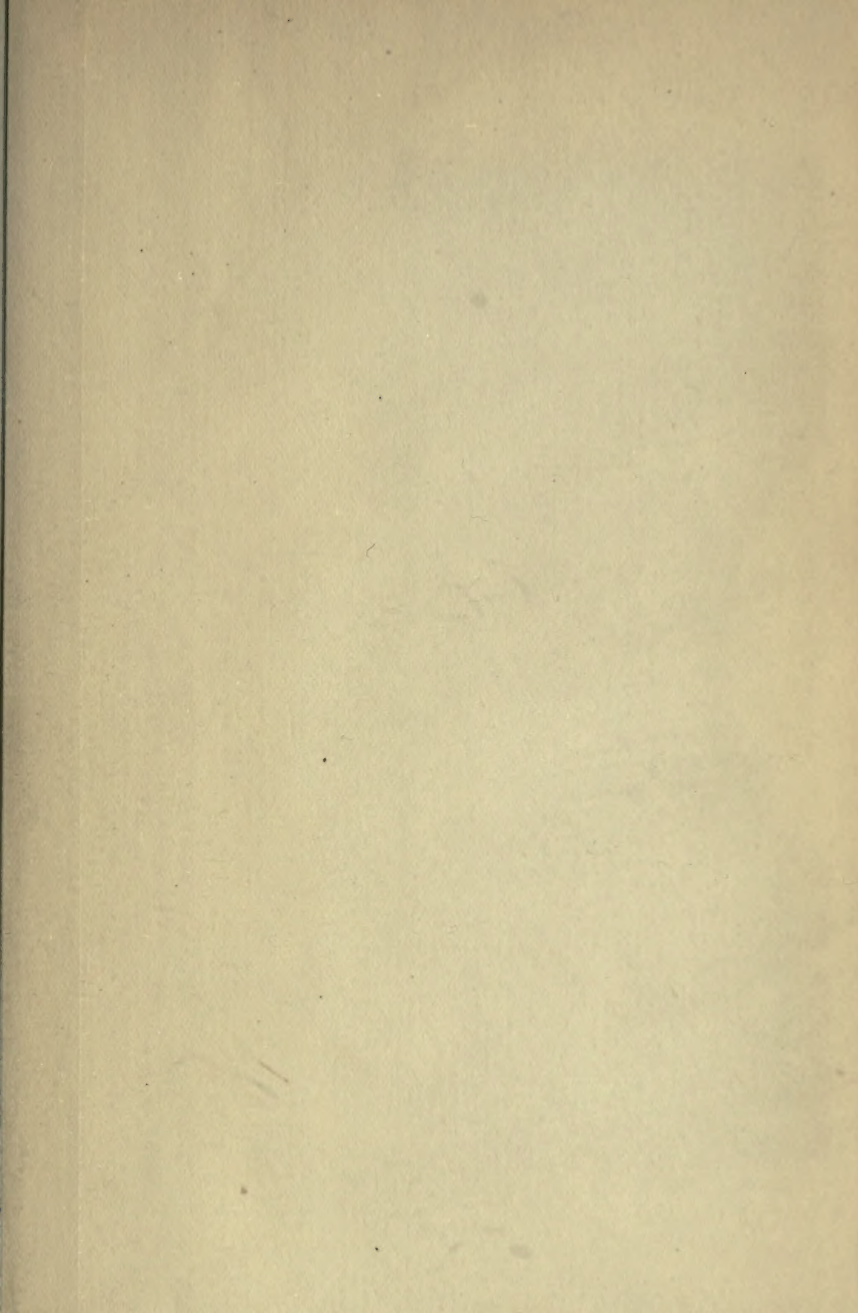
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